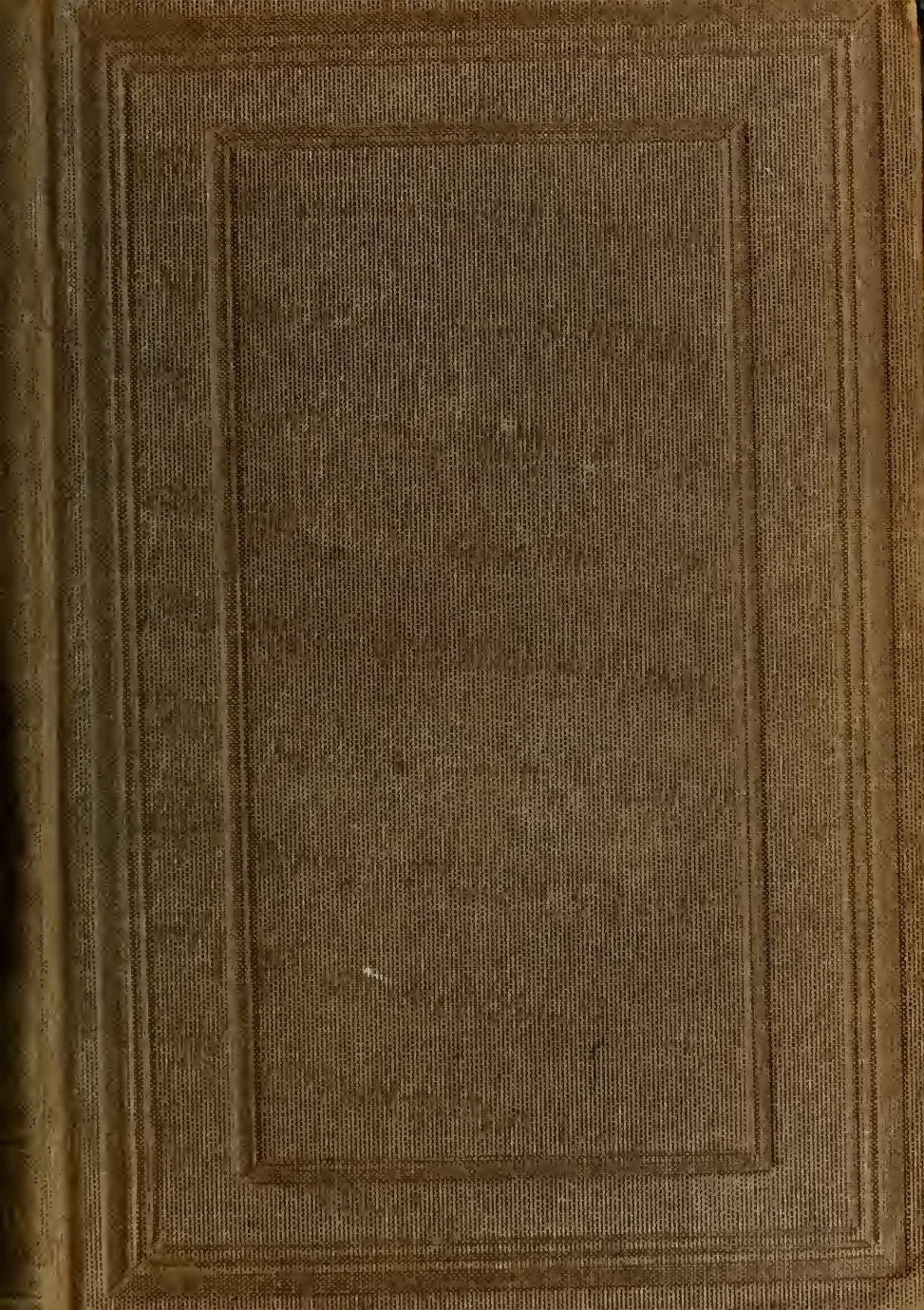
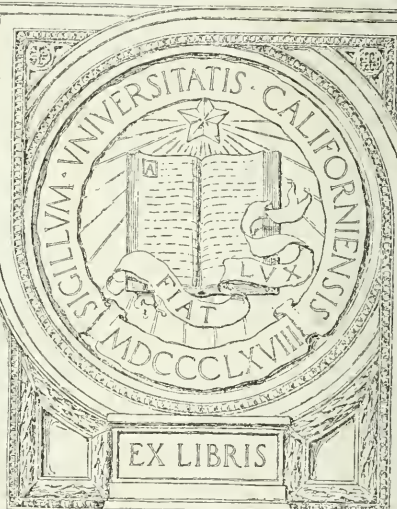
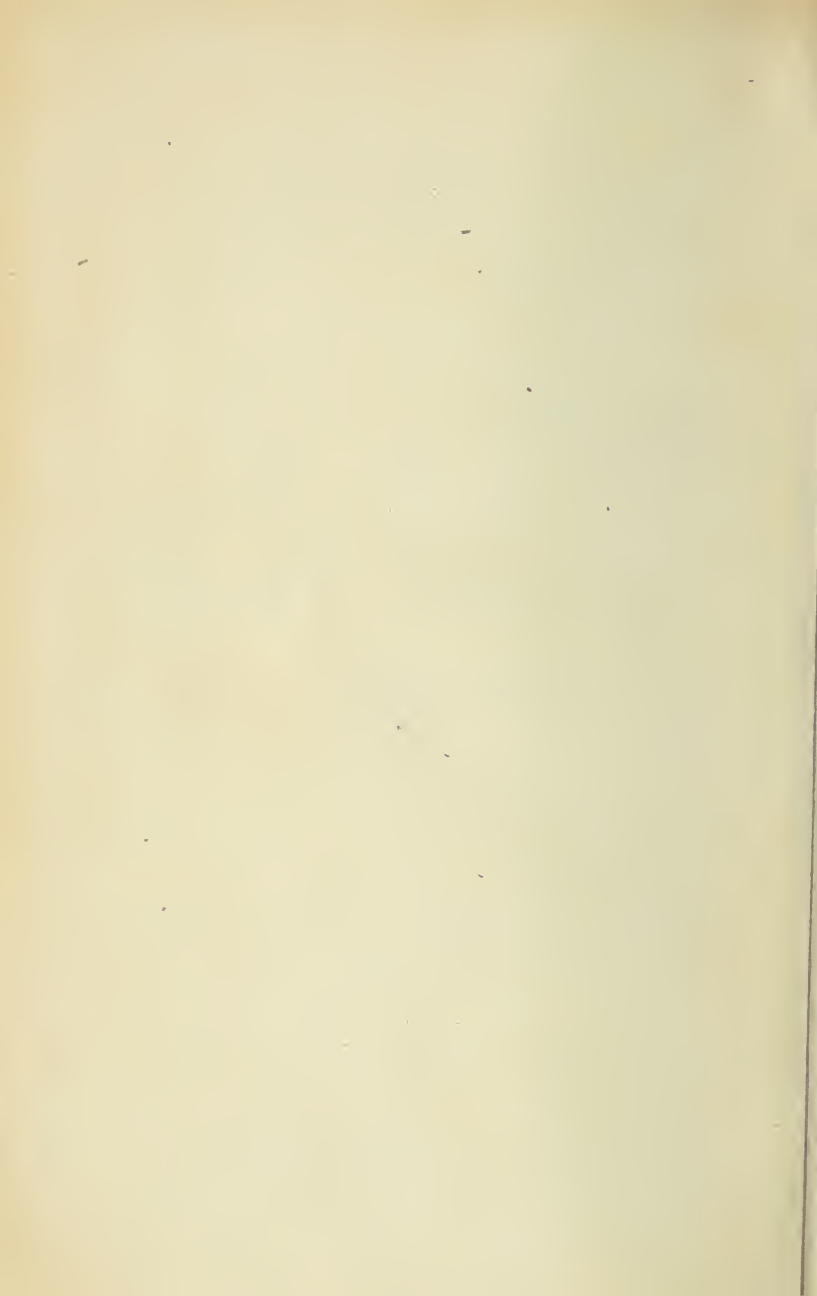




UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

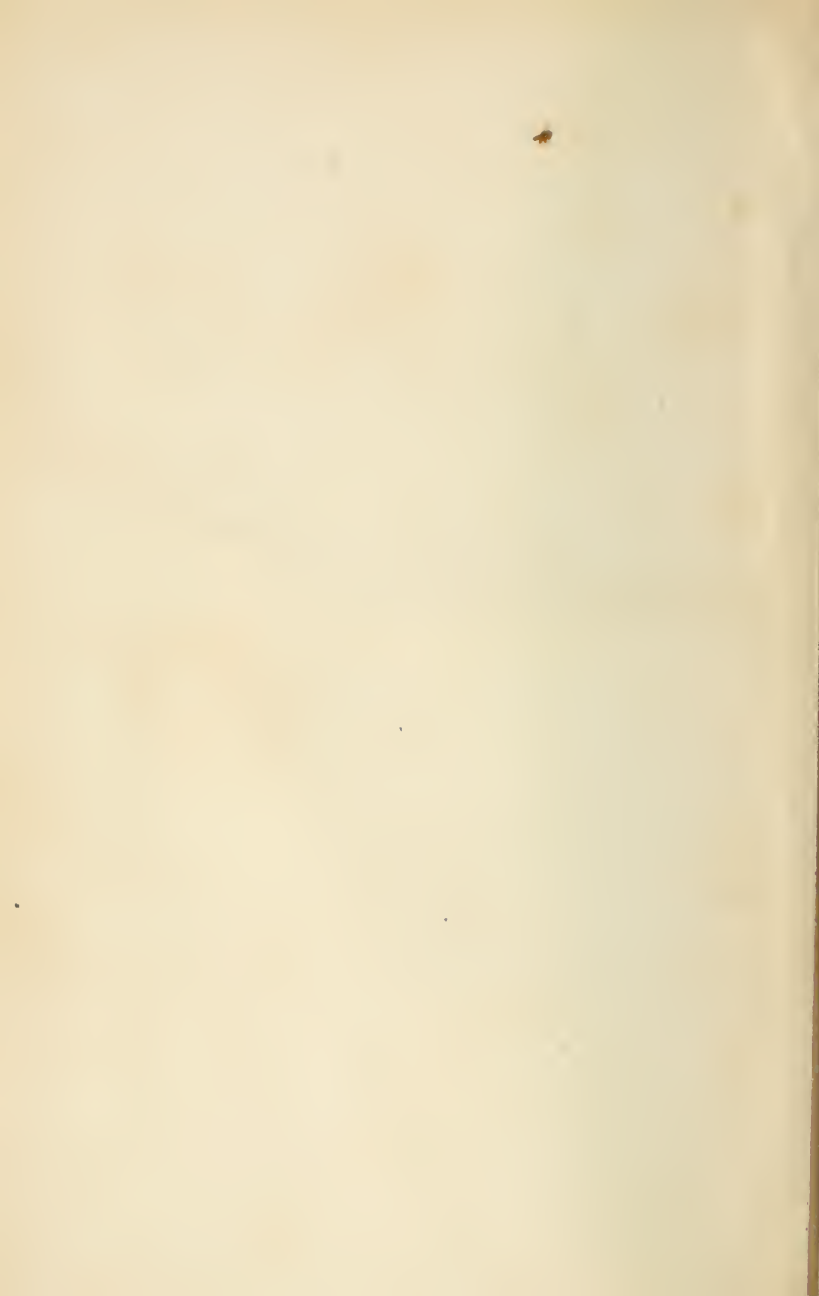


EX LIBRIS





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

New and Enlarged Edition

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL I



REDFIELD
34 BEEKMAN STREET NEW YORK
1860

CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES
1877

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1859, by

J. S. REDFIELD,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern
District of New York.

EDWARD O. JENKINS,
Printer & Stereotyper,
No. 26 FRANKFORT STREET.

ADDED TO THE

LIBRARY OF THE

U. S. DISTRICT COURT

CONTENTS.

VOL. I.

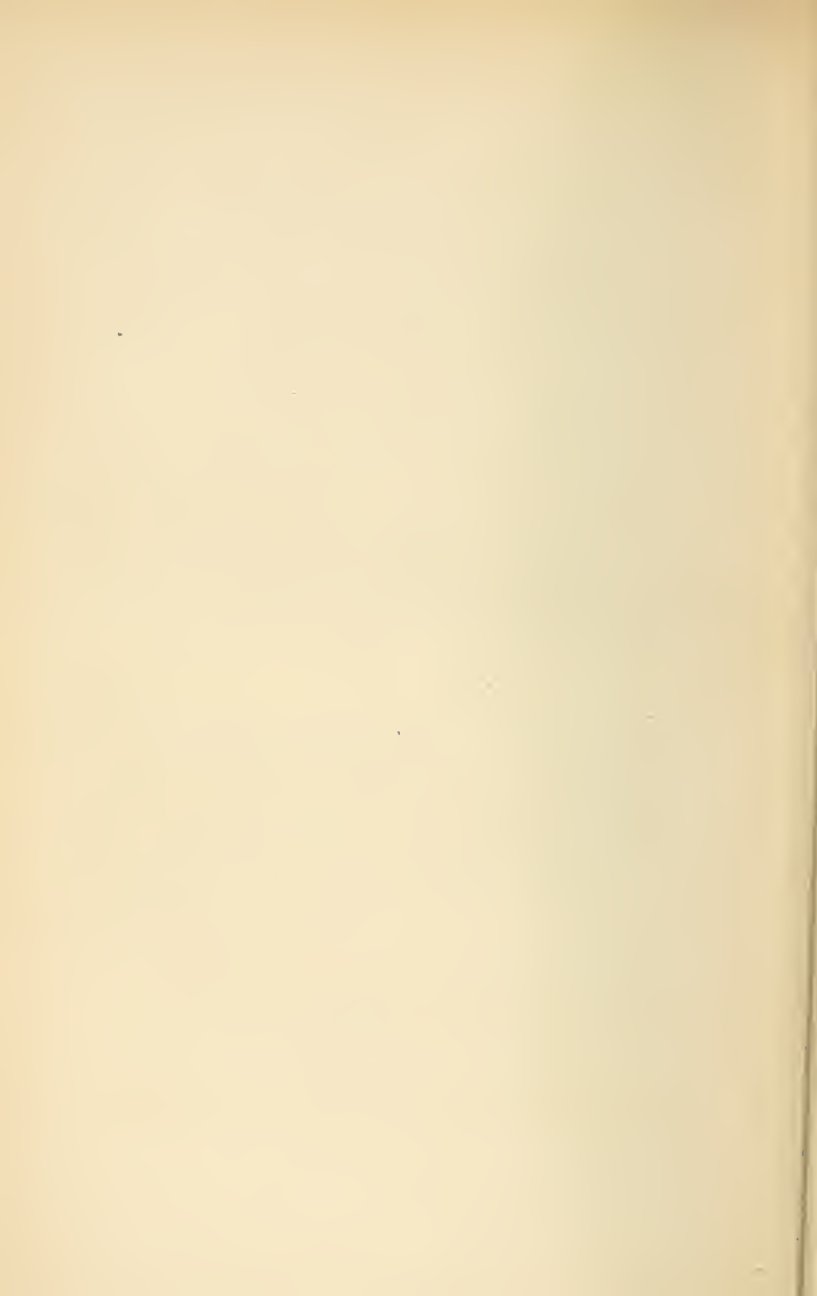
PREFACE	vii
BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION	xiii
LILLIAN	13
THE BRIDAL OF BELMONT	31
THE RED FISHERMAN	48
THE LEGEND OF THE HAUNTED TREE	57
THE TROUBADOUR	71
THE LEGEND OF THE TEUFEL-HAUS	121
EVERY-DAY CHARACTERS:	
I.—THE VICAR	131
II.—QUINCE	135
III.—THE BELLE OF THE BALL	139
A FRAGMENT OF A BALLAD	143
THE COVENANTER'S LAMENT FOR BOTHWELL BRIGG	150
HOPE AND LOVE	153
PRIVATE THEATRICALS	156
ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES	159
UTOPIA	162
PALINODIA	166
HOBBLEDEHOYS	170
TO A LADY	173
CONFESSIONS	178
SYBIL'S LETTER	182

OUR BALL	185
MY PARTNER	189
LETTER FROM MISS AMELIA JANE MORTIMER	193
AN OLD-FASHIONED RECIPE	198
GOOD-NIGHT	201
JOSEPHINE	203
MARSTON MOOR	206
STANZAS	210
TWENTY-EIGHT AND TWENTY-NINE	212
HOW SHALL I WOO HER?	216
STANZAS	218
THE CONFESSION OF DON CARLOS	221
TO JULIA	225
LINES TO FLORENCE	232
STANZAS	235
CASSANDRA	237
SONNET TO ADA	240
MY LITTLE COUSINS	241
ARMINIUS	243
VERSES ON SEEING THE SPEAKER ASLEEP	246
I REMEMBER HOW MY CHILDHOOD FLEETED	248
MEMORY	249
TELL HIM I LOVE HIM YET	251
STANZAS	253
STANZAS WRITTEN IN LADY MYRTLE'S BOCCACCIO	255
EPITAPH ON THE LATE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS	259
THE CHANT OF THE BRAZEN HEAD	264

CHARADES:

I.—THERE WAS A TIME YOUNG ROLAND THOUGHT	268
II.—SIR HARRY WAS FAMED	270
III.—MORNING IS BEAMING	271
IV.—MY FIRST WAS DARK O'ER EARTH AND AIR	272
V.—COME FROM MY FIRST, AY, COME	272
VI.—SIR HILARY CHARGED AT AGINCOURT	273

VII.—HE TALKED OF DAGGERS AND OF DARTS . . .	274
VIII.—MY FIRST CAME FORTH IN BOOTED STATE . . .	275
IX.—I GRACED DON P'EDRO'S REVELRY . . .	276
X.—ALAS! FOR THAT FORGOTTEN DAY . . .	277
XI.—ON THE CASEMENT FRAME THE WIND BEAT HIGH . . .	278
XII.—THE CANVAS RATTLED ON THE MAST . . .	279
XIII.—UNCOUTH WAS I OF FACE AND FORM . . .	280
XIV.—LORD RONALD BY THE RICH TORCHLIGHT . . .	281
XV.—ONE DAY MY FIRST YOUNG CUPID MADE . . .	283
XVI.—THE INDIAN LOVER BURST . . .	284
XVII.—WHEN RALPH BY HOLY HANDS WAS TIED . . .	285
XVIII.—A TEMPLAR KNEEL'D AT A FRIAR'S KNEE . . .	286
XIX.—ROW ON, ROW ON!—THE FIRST MAY LIGHT . . .	287
XX.—MY FIRST, IN TORRENTS BLEAK AND BLACK . . .	288
XXI.—THE WIDOW JONES IS FAIR AND FAT . . .	289
XXII.—THERE KNEELS IN HOLY ST. CUTHBERT'S AISLES . . .	290
XXIII.—IN OTHER DAYS, WHEN HOPE WAS BRIGHT . . .	292
XXIV.—MY FIRST'S AN AIRY THING . . .	293
XXV.—COUNT HAROLD . . .	294
L'ENVOI . . .	301
XXVI.—QUEEN BESS WILL TAKE THE AIR TO-DAY . . .	302
XXVII.—I CARE NOT, SINCE OUR LOT IS CAST . . .	304
XXVIII.—UPON A COLD DECEMBER NIGHT . . .	306
XXIX.—HE TOLD HER HE HAD BENT THE KNEE . . .	308
XXX.—SIR GEOFFREY LAY IN HIS CUSHIONED CHAIR . . .	309



PREFACE.

It is not pretended that this collection contains all the poems written by Praed,—not even all that were published by him. The object of this present edition is but to add a few to those already discovered and collectively issued, to answer the desires of a widely spread body of admirers of this author, until a more complete and authentic edition shall be published by his family.

Of course, the most important duty of the editor of this edition must be, to state clearly the sources whence these poems are derived, and to prove their authenticity. This we proceed to do briefly.

The second edition of the *Etonian* has at the end the valedictory of the editors, Walter Blunt and Winthrop Mackworth Praed. Immediately preceding this is a list of the contributors and their several productions. We find under Praed's name the following poetical pieces: 'The Eve of Battle,' 'Laura,' 'Confession of Don Carlos,' 'Lines to Julio,' 'Lines to Julia,' 'Marius amidst the Ruins of Carthage,' 'Lines to Florence,' 'The County Ball,' 'The Bachelor,' 'Changing Quarters,' 'Gog,' 'Sonnet to Ada,' 'Reminiscences,' 'Scrap-Book,' and 'Surly Hall.'

The Poems of 'Athens' and 'Australia' are taken from the official publication of the Cambridge Prize Poems, from 1813—1858 (Cambridge, 1859).

The publisher of the *Etonian* was the well-known publisher and writer Charles Knight, who, in 1846, in the *Penny Magazine*, gave a brief memoir of Praed, and some examples of his writings. In 1823 Knight started '*Knight's Quarterly Magazine*,' to which he says "Mr. Praed contributed much prose and more verse." He mentions particularly '*The Troubadour*,' and copies fourteen "Enigmas" by our author, which are Nos. 6, 7, and 9—20 inclusive, of those printed in this collection. The writers in Knight's Magazine all used one or more noms de plume, and as several of these "Enigmas" occur there over the signature of '*Vyvyan Joyeuse*,' we feel persuaded that we are right in attributing all thus signed to Praed, especially as the internal evidence corroborates this idea. '*Peregrine Courtenay*,' a favorite pseudonym of his in the '*Etonian*,' is also found in Knight as the author of '*The Troubadour*.' Vyvyan Joyeuse contributed '*Give me a low and humble Mound*,' '*My first Folly*,' (which Knight assures Praed wrote,) '*What you Will*,' '*Song*,' and Charades Nos. 6, 10, 11, 16, 18, 23 and 24. Pater-son Aymar seems to have been his favorite signature for his prose pieces and editorials.

In the *Literary Souvenir*, (London, 1827,) edited by Alaric A. Watts, was published '*Alexander and Diogenes*,' with the author's name.

In the same, in 1830, were '*The Legend of the Drachenfels*' and '*L'Envoi*,' "by Praed," and '*Memory*,' and '*How shall I woo Her*,' "by the author of *Lilian*." In 1831 '*The Legend of the Haunted Tree*,' '*Cassandra*,' '*The Belle of the Ball-Room*,' and '*My Little Cousins*,' "by the author of *Lilian*," appeared.

In 1832, '*Stanzas written in Lady Myrtle's Boccaccio*,' '*The Bridal of Belmont*,' '*Stanzas*,' were all stated to be "by the Author of *Lilian*."

In 1828 Knight edited the *London Magazine*, to which he says Praed contributed several papers. "We print one of the

prose articles—‘The Best Bat in School.’” It becomes probable from this phrase that Praed wrote some poetry for the Magazine, and we find accordingly several poems in his style, all signed ξ, which we feel confident are to be attributed to him,—an opinion shared by the previous editor. The new Monthly Magazine opened a wide field, in which Dr. Griswold* had labored but sparingly. All the poems that we assume were written by Praed in this periodical are signed ϕ, with the single exception of “Josephine,” which we did not venture to omit, as Dr. Griswold may have had other evidence of its authenticity. One of the poems signed ϕ we are assured Praed wrote, by the following authority. The London Magazine in 1828 quoted from “My Partner,” expressly mentioning Praed as the author. Now, unless we can imagine that our poet valued his reputation so little as to permit another to imitate his writings over a signature used by him, we are forced to accept all these poems as rightfully belonging in this collection.

In one of the ‘Annuals,’ also, we find two pieces thus signed, side by side with those bearing his name, and if we prefer to accept the more apparent explanation of all this, and pronounce all these to be Praed’s, we can assure our readers that the imitator, if ever found, will only divide the laurels: they need not be afraid of admiring an impostor, for ϕ, single or duplicate, is identical in spirit with what we have been accustomed to admire as Praed.

We will even confess that the series of Charades published in the New Monthly Magazine continued after Praed’s death, believing, as we do, that the manuscript may have been in the editor’s hands.

We will further own, that a poem entitled ‘Pellets for Prosers,’ and signed ϕ, appeared in the same book, dated ‘Athenæum Club, Feb. 23, 1841.’ But remembering that the metre is dif-

* Editor of the former edition.

ferent from Praed's, and that Theodore Hook was the editor, we may imagine this to be one of his numerous hoaxes, intended to cover the loss of his valuable contributor, if we are unwilling to concede that the use of the signature was a mere accident, which was never repeated.

In reply to the inquiry why no English edition of these poems has appeared, we can only say that repeated announcements of its preparation have appeared, and the causes of its delay are unknown to the reading world. The cause of the publication here may best be told in the words of the late Rev. Dr. Rufus W. Griswold.*

“The writer of this preface, while a boy, was accustomed to read with delight the pieces of Praed as they appeared in our periodicals, and when news came of the poet's death, he directed the importation of a copy of his works, and was surprised with the information that they had never been collected; but the bookseller who had ordered them from London, Mr. Langley, whose store was then in the Astor House, readily undertook the publication of as many of his compositions as were accessible in old souvenirs and magazines, and the result was the only volume of them hitherto printed, a volume which now has become rare. The present (1852) edition of these poems is much more full than any hitherto published.” This edition, published by Mr. Redfield, was reprinted in 1854, and with a few additions in 1856. Having kindly accepted the services of the present editor, he now is able to claim the renewed attention of those who admired the sportive fancy of ‘Lilian,’ and the spirited delineations of the ‘Every-day Characters.’

It has been deemed advisable to annex to the ‘Charades,’ by which our author's renown has been so widely extended, a series of replies, not intended to prevent the exercise of the read-

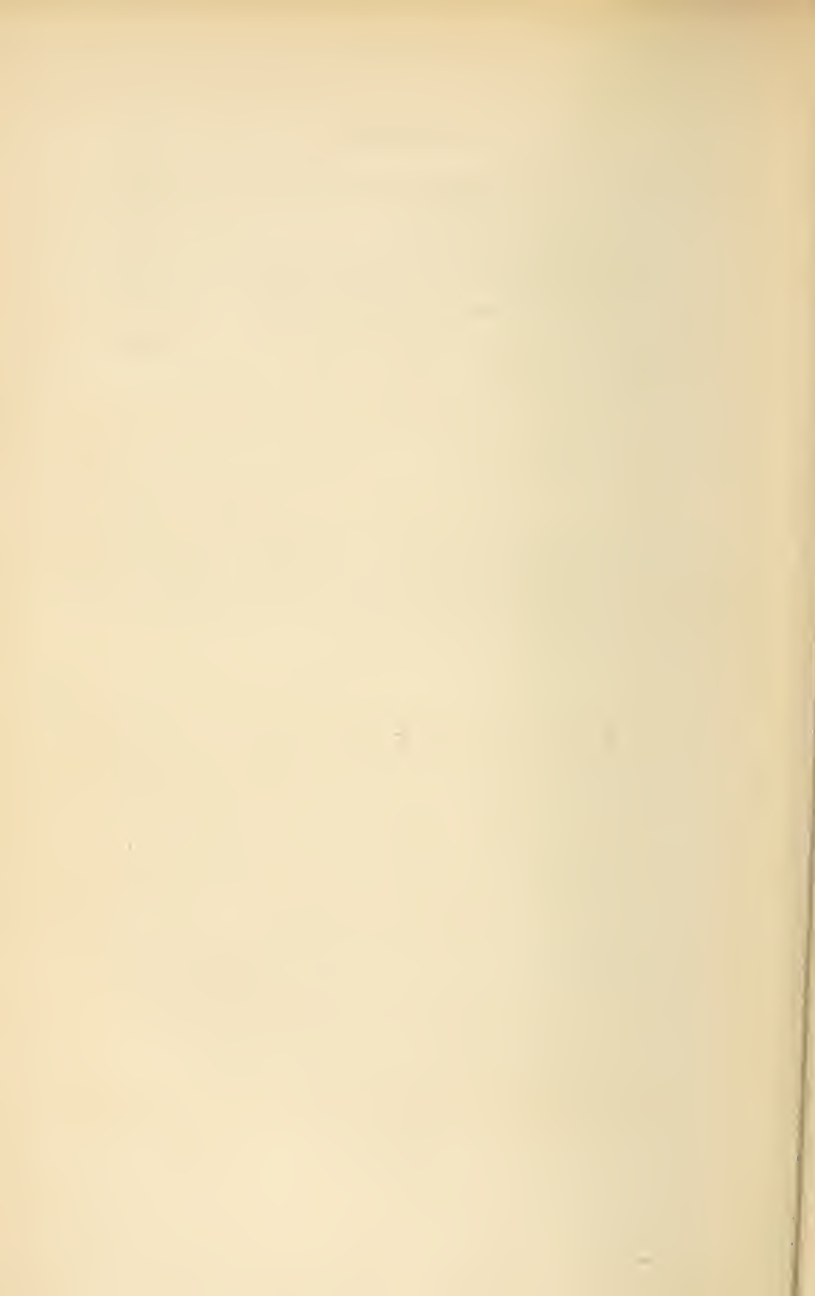
* Preface to the former edition.

er's ingenuity, but to commemorate, in some measure, the extent of the appreciation of his merits.

Finally, if the editor is enabled to afford a single reader a renewal of the pleasure which he experienced when he first read the volume, he will deem his labor well repaid.

W. H. W.

Boston, *May*, 1859.



BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED was born at London, in 1802. His father was a lawyer of eminence, and his family ranked among the gentry, a line of distinction very clearly drawn. His pedigree has a farther claim on our attention, as it shows his affiliation to a branch of that Winthrop family which has so fruitfully blossomed on the shores of the New World. At an early age he was placed at Eton, where he won a high reputation for his proficiency in the classics. He was destined, however, to win here higher prizes than reward the studies of the school-boy. He established in 1820 the Etonian, as a school Magazine. In his editorial labors he was assisted by Walter Blunt, a King's scholar, but he himself was the life of the enterprise. His contributors were Edmund Beale, William Chrichton, Henry Nelson Coleridge, Hon. Francis Curzon, Richard Durnford, Charles Fursdon, John Moultrie, Henry Necch, William Henry Ord, Thomas Powys Outram, John Louis Petit, Walter Trower, and William Sydney Walker ; several of whom have well redeemed the promise of their youth. His productions at this time were numerous, and of great variety. Prose and poetry, essays, sketches, tales, sonnets and satires, all were written with a spirit and profusion which become the more remarkable when we remember his daily routine of tasks well learned, and daily sports zealously pursued and enjoyed. These early efforts of his pen were no school compositions, to be suppressed by a maturer judgment ; his sketches of the little of life which

had passed before his eyes possess the same keenness of perception and smoothness of rhythm which render his later poems so true and graceful.

Four editions of the *Etonian* were called for by the public, and a copy now is to be found only by the most diligent research. In 1828, the *London Magazine*, a high authority, says, in mentioning one of the "Annals," "The writers appear to be chiefly formed from a set known to the world as the writers of the *Etonian*, one of the best books ever written by young men, though at the same time a work not of much promise of either depth or strength; their talents are of a calibre well adapted for an annual, brisk, pointed, and polished." Later in the same year, the same authority rebuked an attempt to publish another magazine at Eton, "with the memory of the '*Etonian*' still fresh at Eton,—with its exquisite poetry, its playful wit, its keen satire, its precocious knowledge, living in the public—not the local mind." These extracts will prove that Praed and his fellow-workers had achieved high distinction before they had arrived at the dignity and responsibilities of manhood. His success undoubtedly influenced his future career. His verses teem with allusions to his happy life at Eton, and not even his success at Cambridge seems to have effaced his fondness for his early pleasures, and the scene of his first triumphs.

From Eton he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he obtained an unprecedented number of prizes. In 1822 he was a Brown's Medalist, both for the Greek ode and epigrams; in 1823 for the Greek ode; in 1824 for epigrams. In 1823 and 1824 he also took the Chancellor's Medal for an English poem, in the former year offering "Australia, in the latter, "Athens."

On leaving the University he settled in London and studied law; and in 1829 he was called to the bar. During his stay at Cambridge he was one of the chief speakers in the great Cambridge Debating Society, the "Union," where his principal

opponent was Thomas Babington Macaulay. In June, 1823, appeared the first number of Knight's Quarterly Magazine, edited by Charles Knight, since well known as an enterprising London publisher and editor. The brilliant college debaters found here a neutral ground, and labored to achieve a high position for their chosen organ. In this they succeeded, and the untimely end of the enterprise was due to no apathy on the part of the public, but to irregularities in the fulfillment of promises, which prevented the editor from feeling a certainty of a prompt issue of the successive numbers. In fine, though the contributors were zealous, they did not appreciate the importance of keeping the printer supplied with copy. In the *Etonian*, the productions were supposed to be the work of the members of an association called the "King of Clubs," whereof Praed was at once president and secretary, under two different names. The sketches of the different members were well touched by the pen of the secretary, Richard Hodgson, and the characters were well maintained in the report of the different meetings. In Knight's Quarterly Magazine a similar arrangement was made, and the admirers of Lady Mary Vernon met in her presence to repeat their verses and criticise each others productions. The favorite character of Praed in this collection was Vyvyan Joyeuse, whose appearance he thus described: "A tall thin youth, with long sallow features, thick brown hair curled attentively, and small grey eyes." This imitation of the famous "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*" has been pronounced by a good authority to be "lively, well written, with the character of each speaker well individualized," and "the only good copy of the original yet produced." Wilson evidently appreciated the talent of his young follower, for in No. 12 of the *Noctes* he introduced Vyvyan Joyeuse as an interlocutor, a rare distinction, and thus praised the Magazine: "It is a gentlemanly miscellany, got together by a clan of young scholars, who look upon the world with a cheerful eye

and all its on-goings with a spirit of hopeful kindness. I cannot but envy them their gay juvenile temper, so free from gall and spite; and am pleased to the heart's core with their elegant accomplishments. Their egotism is the joyous freedom of exulting life; and they see all things in a glow of enthusiasm which makes ordinary objects beautiful, and beauty still more beautiful." "Do you wish for my advice, my young friend?"

Mr. Joyeuse. "Upon honor, Sir Christopher, I am quite overpowered. Forgive me when I confess that I had my misgivings on entering your presence. But they are all vanished. Believe me that I value most highly the expression of your goodwill and friendly sentiments towards myself and coadjutors."

North. "Love freedom—continue, I ought to say, to love it; and prove your love by defending all the old sacred institutions of this great land. Keep aloof from all association with base ignorance, and presumption, and imposture. Let all your sentiments be kind, generous and manly, and your opinions will be safe; for the heart and the head are the only members of the Holy Alliance, and woe unto all men when they are not in Union. Give us some more of your classical learning,—more of the sparkling treasures of your scholarship, for in that all our best miscellanies are somewhat deficient, (mine own not excepted,) and you may here lead the way. Are you not Etonians, Wyke-amists, Oxonians, and Cantabs, and in the finished grace of manhood? Don't forget your classics." We shall see hereafter other proofs of Blackwood's interest in the success of his 'young friend.'

The other leading contributors to Knight's Quarterly were Macaulay, John Moultrie, Channeey Hare Townsend, and Charles Knight. To this periodical Praed "contributed much prose and more poetry.

"In 1826 the writer" (we quote from a brief memoir of Praed by Charles Knight,) "and his friend Barry St. Leger, of whose

original talent, too soon to be extinguished, we may give some examples,—projected a weekly sheet, which might amuse the town with some light reading; at a time when society was dull enough, after the great commercial panic. Mr. Praed, who then resided at Eton, cordially joined in the scheme, and the name of ‘The Brazen Head’ was adopted—an unfortunate name, which the town did not understand. The work had no success whatever, although Praed’s contributions were among his best efforts. He took the management of the oracular decrees of ‘The Brazen Head;’ and fun and wisdom were mingled in the sententious creation of Friar Bacon, in a sort of philosophy of which the inventor of gunpowder and spectacles could have no conception.”

About this time, also, or perhaps a little earlier, an attempt was made by Praed and his friends to establish a successor to Knight’s Quarterly, concerning which Wilson writes in No. 19 of the *Noctes* :

Shepherd. “Oh! Mr. North—my dear freen’, I was sorry, sorry when Knight’s Quarterly Magazine took a pain in its head, and gied a wamle ower the counter in the dead-thraws. It was rather incomprehensible to me, for the maist part, wi’ its Italian literature, and the lave o’t; but the contributors were a set o’ spunkie chiels—collegians, as I understand, frae Cambridge College. What’s become o’ them now that their Journal is dead?”

North. “I think I see them, like so many resurrection men, digging up the Album. Yes, Hogg, they are clever, accomplished chaps, with many little pleasing impertinences of their own, and may make a figure. How asinine not to have marched a levy *en masse* into Ebony’s *sanctum sanctorum*!”

Shepherd. “I never thocht o’ that before. So it was. But then, ye behave sae cavalierly to contributors! It’s an awfu thing to be buried alive in the Balaam-Box!”

Again in the twenty-second 'Noctes' he writes —

North. "Macauley and Praed have written very good prize poems. These two young gentlemen ought to make a figure in the world. By the way, you would be glad, Tickler, that Knight's Quarterly Magazine is *rediviva*?

Tickler. I was so. May it flourish. It is an able and elegant miscellany."

We presume our readers are fully satisfied that the expectations of the friends of the 'Etonian' were speedily realized, and that our author, before entering upon the more serious labors of his life, had established a reputation among the most independent and fastidious critics.

We find that during the period of his study of the law, our author found time to contribute to the magazines of the day. The "Annals" were then in the height of success, and though we may now wonder at the enthusiasm with which their tiny engravings were received, we must confess that many of them afforded their readers a profusion of poetry of a high order. Pringle, Moir (Δ), Tennyson, Letitia E. Landon, nay, Scott and Byron, were contented to fill these pages. The style of Praed, and his favorite subjects, were alike suited to these dainty productions of the press. For them he wrote much, and his master-piece, 'The Red Fisherman,' appeared in the Friendship's Offering, then edited by his friend Knight. The New Monthly Magazine was also a favorite of his, and many of the poems here presented have been gleaned from its pages. In 1828-9, when Knight edited the London Magazine, Praed, "in the old friendly spirit, contributed several papers."

We have thus briefly glanced at the literary career of the author, and may now turn to watch his more serious movements. In 1830 and 1831 he was returned to Parliament for the borough of St. Germain, in Cornwall.

Here he seems to have soon taken a prominent position among the younger Conservatives as an effective debater. During the extended debates on the Reform Bill he spoke often and well, and was noticed by Blackwood as a rising man, with such leaders as the Lords Ashley, Mahon and Porchester, and the commoners Pusey, Walsh, and Wrangham. In 1832 he unsuccessfully contested St. Ives. From December, 1834, to April, 1835, he held the place of Secretary of the Board of Control, and in 1835 he was returned for Great Yarmouth. During this period of comparative freedom from public labors, we may presume he reflected on the dreary condition of a Bachelor's life. Perhaps the example of his early friend Moultrie, who addressed the following sonnet to him, may have had some influence upon him, and have overcome the specious pleadings of Tom Quince :

I.

In youth and early manhood thou and I
Through this world's path walked blithely side by side,
Unlike, and yet by kindred aims allied,
Both courting one coy mistress—Poesy.
Those days are over, and our paths now lie
Apart, dissevered by a space as wide
As the blank realms which heaven and earth divide,
And widening day by day continually.
Each hath forsaken the sweet Muses' shrine
For cares more serious ; thou for wordy strife
And senatorial toils,—how unlike mine !
Who lead the country pastor's humble life,
Sweetening its cares with joys denied to thine,
Fair children and a loved and loving wife.

II.

So sang I all unwitting of the prize,
Which thou meanwhile hadst won, and wearest now,
The fairest garland that enwreathes thy brow,
Crowned though it be for youth's rich phantasies
And manhood's virtues, by the good and wise,
With well-earned laurel. I have witnessed how
Thy whole heart honors the blest nuptial vow ;
How well become thee this world's tenderest ties ;

And gladlier now doth my mind's eye repose
 On thy bright home,—thy breathing-times of rest
 From public turmoil,—on the love that glows
 In the fond father's and the husband's breast,
 Than on thy well-waged strifes with factious foes
 Or lettered triumphs, e'en by them confessed.

III.

In youth's impetuous days thy heart was warm,
 Thy tongue unchecked, thy spirit bold and high,
 With such blind zeal for miscalled liberty,
 That friend and foe looked on thee with alarm.
 But since maturer years dispelled the charm
 And weaned thee from thy first idolatry,
 With what foul gibes doth faction's spiteful fry,
 Venting its rage around thee, shriek and swarm :
 Recreant or renegade, the mildest name
 With which they greet thee ; but thy heart meanwhile
 Is pure beyond the reach of venal blame,
 Free, firm, unstained by selfishness or guile,
 Too noble for even party to defile :
 If thou art faithless, let me be the same.

At all events, he married,* July 7, 1835, Helen, daughter of G. Bogle, Esq.

We have the following sketch of his appearance at this time, from the pen of N. P. Willis, Esq. :

"It was our good fortune when first in England (in 1834 or '35,) to be a guest at the same hospitable country-house for several weeks. The party there assembled was somewhat a famous one—Miss Jane Porter, Miss Julia Pardoe, Krazinski, (the Polish historian,) Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, (the Oriental traveller,) venerable Lady Cork, ('Lady Bellair' of D'Israeli's novel,)

* On the 24th Feb., 1835, his father, William Mackworth Praed, died at Bitton, near Teignmouth, Co. Devon, aged 78. He was sergeant-at-law, and for a long time Chairman of the Audit Office. He left, beside our author, two sons ; one a barrister, the other connected with the banking business, which we believe had been long conducted by different branches of the family.

and several persons more distinguished in society than in literature. Praed, we believe, had not been long married, but he was there with his wife. He was apparently about thirty-five, tall, and of dark complexion, with a studious bend in his shoulders, and of irregular features strongly impressed with melancholy. His manners were particularly reserved, though as unassuming as they well could be. His exquisitely beautiful poem of 'Lillian' was among the pet treasures of the Lady of the house, and we had all been indulged with a sight of it, in a choicely bound manuscript copy,—but it was hard to make him confess to any literary habits or standing. As a gentleman of ample means and retired life, the kind of notice drawn upon him by the admiration of this poem seemed distasteful. His habits were very secluded. We only saw him at table and in the evening; and for the rest of the day he was away in the remote walks and woods of the extensive park around the mansion, apparently more fond of solitude than of anything else. Mr. Praed's mind was one of wonderful readiness—rhythm and rhyme coming to him with the flow of an improvisatore. The ladies of the party made the events of every day the subjects of charades, epigrams, sonnets, etc., with the design of suggesting inspiration to his ready pen; and he was most brilliantly complying, with treasures for each in her turn."

In 1835 he reëntered Parliament as member for Aylesbury, and was afterwards Recorder of Barnstaple, and Deputy High Steward for the University of Cambridge, but the career thus opened for him was suddenly terminated. In the autumn of 1838 his failing health obliged him to give up his appointments and engagements, and he died on the fifteenth of July, 1839, of consumption.

It has been asserted that his public life was a failure, and that his college successes would have remained his only triumphs. We must confess that we see nothing to support this view

either on recalling what he attained to, or on noticing the present position of those who were then esteemed only his equals. We prefer to believe that his talent would have been as apparent in the debates of Parliament, and the manifold employments of a statesman, as it had been in the gay rivalries of his youth. "When admitted to the bar he went the Norfolk circuit, and was rapidly rising till his parliamentary duties took him away from his profession." The formal obituary notice which thus mentions his legal attainments also notices his prominent position as a political man. We prefer to say with his friend Charles Knight,—“The two great speakers of the Cambridge Union, Thomas Babington Macaulay and Winthrop Mackworth Praed, sat on opposite benches, where the oratory of sport had become a stern reality. The one has fulfilled all the hopes of his youth; the other, we can only speak of him with unbidden tears.

‘ But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.’ But not the praise.’”

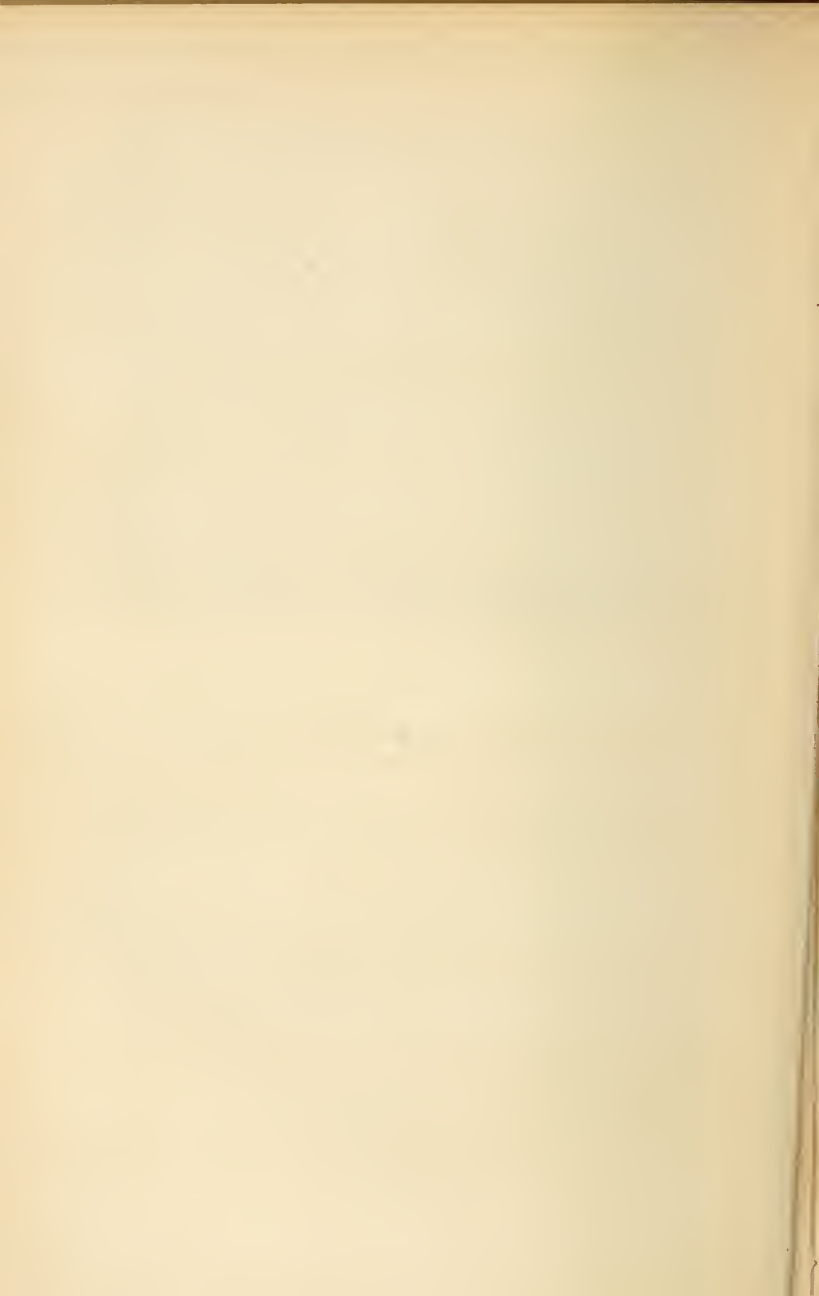
It seems almost useless to add any remarks upon the position which should be assigned to our Poet. Few writers have written purer lines, few satirists have done their task with more gentleness. While we laugh at the follies of the day as he portrays them, we feel that the very subject of the picture would read the lines, with complacent thoughts at the skill which had individualized him as his own ideal. We are compelled to admire not only the truthfulness of the poet, but his facility also.

A sturdy critic has held that he who writes easily never writes well; but we can here point to a notable contradiction of his rule. It seems to have been easier for Praed to write melodious verse than for others to write nervous prose. Perhaps we may ascribe to this cause the predominant tone of his poetry. The

light and graceful touches of the pencil may well sketch forth a group of nymphs, while it would fail to do justice to the requirements of a more ambitious subject. Yet as the taste of the reading public no longer demands the frightful visions of souls despairing and lost, the stories of madness and death, we may well expect a cordial recognition on its part of the merits of a poet whose heart was always responsive to the charms of the fire-side, and a true, even if seemingly prosaic affection ; and whose cheerful determination to see the bright side of everything is visible in all his writings. We will not attempt comparisons with other poets, but we avow our belief that wherever there shall be found a mind which appreciates the beauty of graceful thoughts and kindly sentiments expressed in flowing lines and melodious cadences, there will be found an admirer of the poetry of Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

W. H. W.

Boston, June 1st, 1859.



POEMS BY W. M. PRAED.

LILLIAN.*

"A dragon's tail is flayed to warm
A headless maiden's heart."

Miss ——.

"And he's cleckit this great muckle bird out o' this wee egg! he could wile the very flounders out
o' the Frith!" *Mr. Saddletree.*

CANTO I.

THERE was a dragon in Arthur's time,
When dragons and griffins were voted "prime,"
Of monstrous reputation :
Up and down, and far and wide,
He roamed about in his scaly pride ;
And ever, at morn and even-tide,
He made such rivers of blood to run
As shocked the sight of the blushing sun,
And deluged half the nation.

* This poem appeared originally with the following advertisement.

"THE reader is requested to believe that the following statement is literally true ; because the writer is well aware that the circumstances under which Lillian was composed are the only source of its merits, and the only apology for its faults. At a small party at Cambridge, some malicious belles endeavored to confound their sonnetteering friends, by setting unintelligible and inexplicable subjects for the exer-

It was a pretty monster, too,
 With a crimson head, and a body blue,
 And wings of a warm and delicate hue,
 Like the glow of a deep carnation :
 And the terrible tail that lay behind,
 Reached out so far as it twisted and twined,
 That a couple of dwarfs, of wondrous strength,
 Bore, when he travelled, the horrible length,
 Like a Duke's at the coronation.

His mouth had lost one ivory tooth,
 Or the dragon had been, in very sooth,
 No insignificant charmer ;
 And that—alas ! he had ruined it,
 When on new-year's day, in a hungry fit,
 He swallowed a tough and a terrible bit—
 Sir Lob, in his brazen armor.
 Swift and light were his steps on the ground,
 Strong and smooth was his hide around,
 For the weapons which the peasants flung
 Ever unfelt or unheeded rung,

cise of their poetical talents. Among many others, the Thesis was given out which is the motto of Lillian :

" A dragon's tail is flayed to warm
 A headless maiden's heart,"

and the following was an attempt to explain the riddle. The partiality with which it had been honored in manuscript, and the frequent applications which have been made to the author for copies, must be his excuse for having a few impressions struck off for private circulation among his friends. It was written, however, with the sole view of amusing the ladies in whose circle the idea originated ; and to them, with all due humility and devotion, it is inscribed.

" TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, *October 26, 1822.*"

Arrow, and stone, and spear,
As snow o'er Cynthia's window flits,
Or raillery of twenty wits
On a fool's unshrinking ear.

In many a battle the beast had been,
Many a blow he had felt and given :
Sir Digore came with a menacing mien,
But he sent Sir Digore straight to Heaven ;
Stiff and stour were the arms he wore,
Huge the sword he was wont to clasp ;
But the sword was little, the armor brittle,
Locked in the coil of the dragon's grasp.

He came on Sir Florice of Sesseney Land,
Pretty Sir Florice from over the sea,
And smashed him all as he stepped on the sand,
Cracking his head like a nut from the tree.
No one till now, had found, I trow,
Any thing good in the scented youth,
Who had taken much pains to be rid of his brains,
Before they were sought by the dragon's tooth.

He came on the Sheriff of Hereford,
As he sat him down to his Sunday dinner ;
And the Sheriff he spoke but this brief word :
"St. Francis, be good to a corpulent sinner !"
Fat was he, as a Sheriff might be,
From the crown of his head to the tip of his toe ;
But the Sheriff was small, or nothing at all,
When put in the jaws of the dragon foe.

He came on the Abbot of Arnondale,
As he kneeled him down to his morning devotion;
But the dragon he shuddered, and turned his tail
About, "with a short uneasy motion."
Iron and steel, for an early meal,
He stomached with ease, or the Muse is a liar;
But out of all question, he failed in digestion,
If ever he ventured to swallow a friar!

Monstrous brute!—his dread renown
Made whispers and terrors in country and town;
Nothing was babbled by boor or knight,
But tales of his civic appetite.
At last, as after dinner he lay,
Hid from the heat of the solar ray,
By boughs that had woven an arbor shady,
He chanced to fall in with the Headless Lady.
Headless! alas! 't was a piteous gibe;
I'll drink Aganippe, and then describe.

Her father had been a stout yeoman,
Fond of his jest and fond of his can,
But never over-wise;
And once, when his cups had been many and deep,
He met with a dragon fast asleep,
'T was a faery in disguise:
In a dragon's form she had ridden the storm,
The realm of the sky invading;
Sir Grahame's ship was stout and fast,
But the faery came on the rushing blast,

And shivered the sails, and shivered the mast,
And down went the gallant ship at last,
 With all the crew and lading.
And the fay laughed out to see the rout,
 As the last dim hope was fading ;
And this she had done in a love of fun,
 And a love of masquerading.
She lay that night in a sunny vale,
And the yeoman found her sleeping ;
Fiercely he smote her glittering tail,
But oh ! his courage began to fail,
 “ When the faery rose all weeping.
“ Thou hast lopped,” she said, “ beshrew thine hand !—
The fairest foot in faery land !

“ Thou hast an infant in thine home !
Never to her shall reason come,
 For weeping or for wail,
Till she shall ride with a fearless face
 On a living dragon’s scale,
And fondly clasp to her heart’s embrace
 A living dragon’s tail.”
The faery’s form from his shuddering sight
Flowed away in a stream of light.

Disconsolate that youth departed,
 Disconsolate and poor ;
And wended, chill and broken-hearted,
 To his cottage on the moor ;

Sadly and silently he knelt
His lonely hearth beside ;
Alas ! how desolate he felt
As he hid his face and cried.
The cradle where the babe was laid
Stood in its own dear nook,
But long—how long ! he knelt, and prayed,
And did not dare to look.
He looked at last ; his joy was there,
And slumbering with that placid air
Which only babes and angels wear.
Over the cradle he leaned his head ;
The cheek was warm, and the lip was red :
And he felt, he felt, as he saw her lie,
A hope—which was a mockery.
The babe unclosed her eye's pale lid :—
Why doth he start from the sight it hid ?
He had seen in the dim and fitful ray,
That the light of the soul hath gone away !
Sigh nor prayer he uttered there,
In mute and motionless despair,
But he laid him down beside his child,
And LILLIAN saw him die—and smiled.
The mother ? she had gone before ;
And in the cottage on the moor,
With none to watch her and caress,
No arm to clasp, no voice to bless,
The witless child grew up alone,
And made all Nature's book her own.

If, in the warm and passionate hour
When Reason sleeps in Fancy's bower,
If thou hast ever, ever felt
A dream of delicate beauty melt
Into the heart's recess,
Seen by the soul, and seen by the mind,
But indistinct its loveliness,
Adored, and not defined;
A bright creation, a shadowy ray,
Fading and flitting in mist away,
Nothing to gaze on, and nothing to hear,
But something to cheat the eye and ear
With a fond conception and joy of both,
So that you might, that hour, be loth
To change for some one's sweetest kiss
The visions of unenduring bliss,
Or lose some one's sweetest tone,
The murmur thou drinkest all alone—
If such a vision hath ever been thine,
Thou hast a heart that may look on mine!

For, oh! the light of my saddened theme
Was like to naught but a poet's dream,
Or the forms that come on the twilight's wing,
Shaped by the soul's imagining.
Beautiful shade with her tranquil air,
And her thin white arm, and her flowing hair,
And the light of her eye so coldly obscure,
And the hue of her cheek so pale and pure!
Reason and thought she had never known,
Her heart was as cold as a heart of stone;

So you might guess from her eyes' dim rays,
And her idiot laugh, and her vacant gaze.
She wandered about all lone on the heather,
She and the wild heath-birds together ;
For Lillian seldom spoke or smiled,
But she sang as sweet as a little child.
Into her song her dreams would throng,
 Silly, and wild, and out of place ;
And yet that wild and roving song
 Entranced the soul in its desolate grace.
And hence the story had ever run,
That the fairest of dames was a headless one.

The pilgrim in his foreign weeds
 Would falter in his prayer ;
And the monk would pause in his half-told beads
 To breathe a blessing there ;
The knight would loose his vizor-clasp,
And drop the rein from his nerveless grasp,
And pass his hand across his brow
With a sudden sigh, and a whispered vow,
And marvel Flattery's tale was told,
From a lip so young to an ear so cold.
She had seen her sixteenth winter out,
When she met with the beast I was singing about :
The dragon, I told you, had dined that day ;
So he gazed upon her as he lay,
Earnestly looking, and looking long,
With his appetite weak and his wonder strong.
Silent he lay in his motionless coil ;
And the song of the lady was sweet the while :—

“Nonny Nonny ! I hear it float,
Innocent bird, thy tremulous note :
It comes from thy home in the eglantine,
And I stay this idle song of mine.
Nonny Nonny ! to listen to thine !

“Nonny Nonny ! ‘ LILLIAN sings
The sweetest of all living things !’
So Sir Launcelot averred ;
But surely Sir Launcelot never heard
Nonny Nonny ! the natural bird !”

The dragon he lay in mute amaze,
Till something of kindness crept into his gaze ;
He drew the flames of his nostrils in,
He veiled his claws with their speckled skin,
He curled his fangs in a hideous smile ;
And the song of the lady was sweet the while :—

“Nonny Nonny ! who shall tell
Where the summer breezes dwell ?
Lightly and brightly they breathe and blow,
But whence they come and whither they go,
Nonny Nonny ! who shall know ?

“Nonny Nonny ! I hear your tone,
But I feel ye cannot read mine own ;
And I lift my neck to your fond embraces,
But who hath seen in your resting-places,
Nonny Nonny ! your beautiful faces ?”

A moment! and the dragon came
Crouching down to the peerless dame,
With his fierce red eye so fondly shining,
And his terrible tail so meekly twining,
And the scales on his huge limbs gleaming o'er,
Gayer than ever they gleamed before.
She had won his heart, while she charmed his ear,
And Lillian smiled, and knew no fear.
And see, she mounts between his wings;
(Never a queen had a gaudier throne,)
And faery-like she sits and sings,
Guiding the steed with a touch and a tone,
Aloft, aloft in the clear blue ether,
The dame and the dragon they soared together;
He bore her away on the breath of the gale—
The two little dwarfs held fast by the tail.

Fanny! a pretty group for drawing;
My dragon like a war-horse pawing,
My dwarfs in a fright, and my girl in an attitude,
Patting the beast in her soulless gratitude.
There; you may try it if you will,
While I drink my coffee and nib my quill.

CANTO II.

The sun shone out on hill and grove;
It was a glorious day,
The lords and ladies were making love,
And the clowns were making hay;

But the town of Brentford marked with wonder
 A lightning in the sky, and thunder,
 And thinking ('t was a thinking town)
 Some prodigy was coming down,
 A mighty mob to Merlin went,
 To learn the cause of this portent;
 And he, a wizard sage, but comical,
 Looked through his glasses astronomical,
 And puzzled every foolish sconce
 By this oracular response :

*“ Now the slayer doth not slay,
 Weakness flings her fear away,
 Power bears the powerless,
 Pity rides the pitiless ;
 Are ye lovers ? are ye brave ?
 Hear ye this, and seek, and save !
 He that would wed the loveliest maid,
 Must don the stoutest mail,
 For the rider shall never be sound in the head,
 Till the ridden be maimed in the tail.
 Hey diddle diddle ! the cat and the fiddle !
 None but the lover can read me my riddle ! ”*

How kind art thou, and oh ! how mighty,
 Cupid ! thou son of Aphrodite !
 By thy sole aid in old romance,
 Heroes and heroines sing and dance ;
 Of cane and rod there's little need ;
 They never learn to write or read ;

Yet often, by thy sudden light,
Enamored dames contrive to write;
And often, in the hour of need,
Enamored youths contrive to read.

(I make a small digression here :

I merely mean to make it clear,
That if Sir Eglamour had wit
To read and construe, bit by bit,
All that the wizard had expressed,
And start conjectures on the rest,
Cupid had sharpened his discerning,
The little god of love and learning.)

He revolved in his bed what Merlin had said,

Though Merlin had labored to scatter a veil on't;
And found out the sense of the tail and the head

Though none of his neighbors could make head or
tail on't.

Sir Eglamour was one o' the best

Of Arthur's table round;

He never set his spear in rest,

But a dozen went to the ground.

Clear and warm as the lightning flame,

His valor from his father came,

His cheek was like his mother's;

And his hazel eye more clearly shone

Than any I ever have looked upon,

Save Fanny's and two others!

With his spur so bright, and his rein so light,

And his steed so swift and ready;

And his skilful sword, to wound or ward,

And his spear so sure and steady;

He bore him like a British knight
From London to Penzance ;
Avenged all weeping women's slight,
And made all giants dance.
And he had travelled far from home,
Had worn a mask at Venice,
Had kissed the Bishop's toe at Rome,
And beat the French at tennis :
Hence he had many a courtly play,
And jeerings and jibes in plenty,
And he wrote more rhymes in a single day
Than Byron or Bowles in twenty.

He clasped to his side his sword of pride,
His sword, whose native polish vied
With many a gory stain ;
Keen and bright as a meteor-light ;
But not so keen and not so bright,
As Moultrie's* jesting vein.
And his shield he bound his arm around,
His shield, whose dark and dingy round,
Naught human could get through ;
Heavy and thick as a wall of brick,
But not so heavy and not so thick
As Roberts's Review.†

* Rev. John Moultrie, who, in 1823, (when many manuscript copies of "Lillian" were in circulation,) wrote some beautiful and pathetic lyrics, some of which appeared in Knight's Quarterly Magazine.

† "My Grandmother's Review—the British."—*Don Juan*. Roberts was the editor.—*Vide Byron's celebrated Letter to him.*

With a smile and a jest he set out on the quest,
Clad in his stoutest mail,
With his helm of the best, and his spear in the rest,
To flay the dragon's tail.
The warrior travelled wearily,
Many a league and many a mile;
And the dragon sailed in the clear blue sky;
And the song of the lady was sweet the while:—

“My steed and I, my steed and I,
On in the path of the winds we fly,
And I chase the planets that wander at even,
And bathe my hair in the dews of heaven!
Beautiful stars, so thin and bright,
Exquisite visions of vapor and light,
I love ye all with a sister's love,
And I rove with ye wherever ye rove,
And I drink your changeless, endless song,
The music ye make as ye wander along!
Oh! let me be, as one of ye,
Floating for aye on your liquid sea;
And I'll feast with you on the purest rain,
To cool my weak and wildered brain,
And I'll give you the loveliest lock of my hair
For a little spot in your realm of air!”

The dragon came down when the morn shone bright,
And slept in the beam of the sun;
Fatigued, no doubt, with his airy flight,
As I with my jingling one.

With such a monstrous adversary
Sir Eglamour was far too weary
 To think of bandying knocks ;
He came on his foe as still as death,
Walking on tiptoe, and holding his breath,
And instead of drawing his sword from his sheath,
 He drew a pepper-box !
The pepper was as hot as flame,
 The box of a wondrous size ;
He gazed one moment on the dame,
Then, with a sure and steady aim
Full in the dragon's truculent phiz
He flung the scorching powder—whiz !
 And darkened both his eyes !

Have you not seen a little kite
 Rushing away on its paper wing,
 To mix with the wild wind's quarrelling ?
Up it soars with an arrowy flight,
 Till, weak and unsteady,
 Torn by the eddy,
It dashes to earth from its hideous height ?
Such was the rise of the beast in his pain,
Such was his falling to earth again ;
Upward he shot, but he saw not his path,
Blinded with pepper, and blinded with wrath ;
One struggle—one vain one—of pain and emotion !
And he shot back again, like " a bird of the ocean !"
Long he lay in a trance that day,

And alas! he did not wake before
The cruel knight with skill and might,
Had lopped and flayed the tail he wore.

Twelve hours by the chime he lay in his slime,
More utterly blind, I trow,
Than a Polypheme in the olden time,
Or a politician now.

He sped, as soon as he could see,
To the Paynim bowers of Rosalie;
For there the dragon had hope to cure,
By the tinkling rivulets, ever pure,
By the glowing sun, and fragrant gale,
His wounded honor and wounded tail!
He hied him away to the perfumed spot:
The little dwarfs clung—where the tail was not!
The damsel gazed on that young knight,
With something of terror, but more of delight;
Much she admired the gauntlets he wore,
Much the device that his buckler bore,
Much the feathers that danced on his crest,
But most the baldrick that shone on his breast.
She thought the dragon's pilfered scale
Was fairer far than the warrior's mail,
And she lifted it up with her weak white arm,
Unconscious of its hidden charm,
And round her throbbing bosom tied,
In mimicry of warlike pride.

Gone is the spell that bound her!
The talisman hath touched her heart,
And she leaps with a fearful and fawn-like start

As the shades of glamory depart—
Strange thoughts are glimmering round her ;
Deeper and deeper her cheek is glowing,
Quicker and quicker her breath is flowing,
And her eye gleams out from its long dark lashes,
Fast and full, unnatural flashes ;

For hurriedly and wild
Doth Reason pour her hidden treasures,
Of human griefs, and human pleasures,
Upon her new-found child.

And “oh !” she saith, “my spirit doth seem
To have risen to-day from a pleasant dream ;
A long, long dream—but I feel it breaking !
Painfully sweet is the throb of waking ;”
And then she laughed, and wept again :
While, gazing on her heart’s first rain,
Bound in its turn by a magic chain,

The silent youth stood there :
Never had either been so blest ;—
You that are young may picture the rest,
You that are young and fair.
Never before, on this warm land,
Came Love and Reason hand in hand.

When you are blest, in childhood’s years
With the brightest hopes and the lightest fears,
Have you not wandered in your dream,
Where a greener glow was on the ground,
And a clearer breath in the air around,
And a purer life in the gay sunbeam,
And a tremulous murmur in every tree,
And a motionless sleep on the quiet sea ?

And have you not lingered, lingered still,
All unfettered in thought and will,

A fair and cherished boy ;
Until you felt it pain to part
From the wild creations of your art,
Until your young and innocent heart

Seemed bursting with its joy ?
And then, oh then, hath your waking eye
Opened in all its ecstaey,
And seen your mother leaning o'er you,
The loved and loving one that bore you,
Giving her own, her fond caress,
And looking her eloquent tenderness ?
Was it not heaven to fly from the scene
Where the heart in the vision of night had been,
And drink, in one o'erflowing kiss,
Your deep reality of bliss ?
Such was LILLIAN's passionate madness,
Such was the calm of her waking gladness.

Enough ! my tale is all too long :

Fair children, if the trifling song,

That flows for you to-night,
Hath stolen from you one gay laugh,
Or given your quiet hearts to quaff

One cup of young delight,
Pay ye the rhymers for his toils
In the coinage of your golden smiles,
And treasure up his idle verse,
With the stories ye loved from the lips of your nurse.

THE BRIDAL OF BELMONT.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

WHERE foams and flows the glorious Rhine,
Many a ruin wan and gray
O'erlooks the corn-field and the vine,
Majestic in its dark decay.
Among their dim clouds, long ago,
They mocked the battles that raged below,
And greeted the guests in arms that came,
With hissing arrow, and scalding flame :
But there is not one of the homes of pride
That frown on the breast of the peaceful tide,
Whose leafy walls more proudly tower
Than these, the walls of Belmont Tower.

Where foams and flows the glorious Rhine,
Many a fierce and fiery lord
Did carve the meat, and pour the wine,
For all that revelled at his board.
Father and son, they were all alike,
Firm to endure, and fast to strike ;

Little they loved but a Frau or a feast,
Nothing they feared but a prayer or a priest;
But there was not one in all the land
More trusty of heart, or more stout of hand,
More valiant in field, or more courteous in bower,
Than Otto, the Lord of Belmont Tower.

Are you rich, single, and 'your Grace'?
I pity your unhappy case;
Before you leave your travelling carriage,
The women have arranged your marriage;
Where'er your weary wit may lead you,
They pet you, praise you, fret you, feed you;
Consult your taste in wreaths and laces,
And make you make their books at Races,
Your little pony, Tam O'Shanter,
Is found to have the sweetest canter;
Your curriele is quite reviving,
And Jane 's so bold when you are driving!
Some recollect your father's habits,
And know the warren, and the rabbits!
The place is really princely—only
They 're sure you 'll find it vastly lonely.
You go to Cheltenham, for the waters,
And meet the Countess and her daughters;
You take a cottage at Geneva—
Lo! Lady Anne and Lady Eva.
In horror of another session,
You just surrender at discretion,
And live to curse the frauds of mothers,
And envy all your younger brothers.

Count Otto bowed, Count Otto smiled,
When My Lady praised her darling child ;
Count Otto smiled, Count Otto bowed,
When the child those praises disavowed ;
As a knight should gaze Count Otto gazed,
Where Bertha in all her beauty blazed ;
As a knight should hear Count Otto heard,
When Liba sang like a forest bird—
But he thought, I trow, about as long
Of Bertha's beauty and Liba's song,
As the sun may think of the clouds that play
O'er his radiant path on a summer day.
Many a maid had dreams of state,
As the Count rode up to her father's gate ;
Many a maid shed tears of pain,
As the count rode back to his Tower again ;
But little he cared, as it should seem,
For the sad, sad tear, or the fond, fond dream—
Alone he lived—alone, and free
As the owl that dwells in the hollow tree :
And the Baroness said, and the Baron swore,
There never was knight so shy before !

It was almost the first of May :
The sun all smiles had passed away ;
The moon was beautifully bright ;
Earth, heaven, as usual in such cases,
Looked up and down with happy faces ;
In short, it was a charming night.
And all alone, at twelve o'clock,
The young Count clambered down the rock,

Unfurled the sail, unchained the oar,
And pushed the shallop from the shore.
The holiness that sweet time flings
Upon all human thoughts and things,
When Sorrow checks her idle sighs,
And care shuts fast her wearied eyes;
The splendor of the hues that played
Fantastical o'er hill and glade,
As verdant slope and barren cliff
Seemed darting by the tiny skiff;
The flowers, whose faint tips, here and there,
Breathed out such fragrance, you might swear
That every soundless gale that fanned
The tide came fresh from fairy land;
The music of the mountain rill,
Leaping in glee from hill to hill,
To which some wild bird, now and then,
Made answer from her darksome glen—
All this to him had rarer pleasure
Than jester's wit or minstrel's measure;
And, if you ever loved romancing,
Or felt extremely tired of dancing,
You will not wonder that Count Otto
Left Lady Hildegonde's ridotto.

What melody glides o'er the star-lit stream?

“Lurley! Lurley!”

Angels of grace! does the young Count dream?

“Lurley! Lurley!”

Or is the scene indeed so fair

That a nymph of the sea or a nymph of the air

Has left the home of her own delight,
To sing to our roses or rocks to-night?

“Lurley ! Lurley !”

Words there are none ; but the waves prolong
The notes of that mysterious song :
He listens, and listens, and all around
Ripple the echoes of that sweet sound—

“Lurley ! Lurley !”

No form appears on the river side ;
No boat is borne on the wandering tide ;
And the tones ring on, with naught to show
Or whence they come or whither they go—

“Lurley ! Lurley !”

As fades one murmur on the ear,
There comes another, just as clear ;
And the present is like to the parted strain
As link to link of a golden chain :

Lurley ! Lurley !”

Whether the voice be sad or gay,
’T were very hard for the Count to say ;
But pale are his cheeks and pained his brow,
And the boat drifts on he recks not how ;
His pulse is quick and his heart is wild,
And he weeps, he weeps, like a little child.

Oh mighty music ! they who know
The witchery of thy wondrous bow,
Forget, when thy strange spells have bound them,
The visible world that lies around them.
When Lady Mary sings Rosini,
Or stares at spectral Paganini,

To Lady Mary does it matter
Who laugh, who love, who frown, who flatter?
Oh no ; she cannot heed or hear
Reason or rhyme from prince or peer :
In vain for her Sir Charles denounces
The horror of the last new flounces ;
In vain the Doctor does his duty
By doubting of her rival's beauty ;
And if my Lord, as usual, raves
About the sugar or the slaves,
Predicts the nation's future glories,
And chants the requiem of the Tories,
Good man ! she minds him just as much
As Marshal Gerard minds the Dutch.
Hid was the bright heaven's loveliness
 Beneath a sudden cloud,
As a bride might doff her bridal dress
 To don her funeral shroud ;
And over flood, and over fell,
 With a wild and wicked shout,
From the secret cell, where in chains they dwell,
 The joyous winds rushed out ;
And the dark hills through, the thunder flew,
 And down the fierce hail came ;
And from peak to peak the lightning threw
 Its shafts of liquid flame.
The boat went down ; without delay,
The luckless boatman swooned away ;
And when, as a clear Spring morning rose
He woke in wonder from repose,

The river was calm as the river could be,
And the thrush was awake on the gladsome tree,
And there he lay, in a sunny cave,
On the margin of the tranquil wave,
Half deaf with that infernal din,
And wet, poor fellow, to the skin.
He looked to the left and he looked to the right—
Why hastened he not, the noble knight,
To dry his aged nurse's tears,
To calm the hoary butler's fears,
To listen to the prudent speeches
Of half a dozen loquacious leeches—
To swallow cordials circumspectly,
And change his dripping cloak directly ?
With foot outstretched, with hand upraised,
In vast surprise he gazed, and gazed :
Within a deep and damp recess
A maiden lay in her loveliness !
Lived she ?—in sooth 't were hard to tell,
Sleep counterfeited Death so well.
A shelf of the rock was all her bed ;
A ceiling of crystal was o'er her head ;
Silken robe, nor satin vest,
Shrouded her form in its silent rest ;
Only her long, long golden hair
About her lay like a thin robe there ;
Up to her couch the young knight crept :
How very sound the maiden slept !
Fearful and faint the young knight sighed :
The echoes of the cave replied.

He leaned to look upon her face ;
He clasped her hand in wild embrace ;
Never was form of such fine mould—
But the hands and the face were as white and cold
As they of the Parian stone were made,
To which, in great Minerva's shade,
The Athenian sculptor's toilsome knife
Gave all of loveliness but life.
On her fair neck there seemed no stain,
Where the pure blood coursed thro' the delicate vein ;
And her breath, if breath indeed it were,
Flowed in a current so soft and rare,
It would scarcely have stirred the young moth's wing
On the path of his noonday wandering ;
Never on earth a creature trod,
Half so lovely, or half so odd.

Count Otto stares till his eyelids ache,
And wonders when she 'll please to wake ;
While Fancy whispers strange suggestions,
And Wonder prompts a score of questions.
Is she a nymph of another sphere ?
Whence came she hither?—what doth she here ?
Or if the morning of her birth
Be registered on this our earth,
Why hath she fled from her father's halls ?
And where hath she left her cloaks and shawls ?
There was no time for Reason's lectures,
There was no time for Wit's conjectures ;
He threw his arm, with timid haste,
Around the maiden's slender waist,

And raised her up in a modest way,
From the cold, bare rock on which she lay.
He was but a mile from his castle gate,
And the lady was scarcely five stone weight;
He stopped, in less than half an hour,
With his beauteous burden, at Belmont Tower.

Gay, I ween, was the chamber dressed,
As the Count gave order for his guest;
But scarcely on the couch 'tis said,
That gentle guest was fairly laid,
When she opened at once her great blue eyes,
And, after a glance of brief surprise,
Ere she had spoken, and ere she had heard
Of wisdom or wit a single word,
She laughed so long, and laughed so loud,
That Dame Ulrica often vowed
A dirge is a merrier thing by half
Than such a senseless, soulless laugh.
Around the tower the elfin crew
Seemed shouting in mirthful concert too;
And echoed roof, and trembled rafter,
With that unsentimental laughter.

As soon as that droll tumult passed,
The maiden's tongue, unchained at last,
Asserted all its female right,
And talked and talked with all its might.
Oh, how her low and liquid voice
Made the rapt hearer's soul rejoice!

'T was full of those clear tones that start
From innocent childhood's happy heart,
Ere passion and sin disturb the well
In which their mirth and music dwell.
But man nor master could make out
What the eloquent maiden talked about ;
The things she uttered like did seem
To the babbling waves of a limpid stream ;
For the words of her speech, if words they might be,
Were the words of a speech of a far countrie ;
And when she had said them o'er and o'er,
Count Otto understood no more
Than you or I of the slang that falls
From dukes and dupes at Tattersall's,
Of Hebrew from a bearded Jew,
Or metaphysics from a Blue.

Count Otto swore, (Count Otto's reading
Might well have taught him better breeding,)
That whether the maiden should fume or fret,
The maiden should not leave him yet ;
And so he took prodigious pains
To make her happy in her chains ;
From Paris came a pair of cooks,
From Gottingen a load of books ;
From Venice stores of gorgeous suits,
From Florence minstrels and their lutes ;
The youth himself had special pride
In breaking horses for his bride ;
And his old tutor, Doctor Hermann,
Was brought from Bonn to teach her German.

And there in her beauty and her grace
The wayward maiden grew ;
And every day, of her form or face
Some charm seemed fresh and new ;
Over her cold and colorless cheek
The blush of the rose was shed,
And her quickened pulse began to speak
Of human hope and dread !
And soon she grasped the learned lore
The old gray pedant taught,
And turned from the volume to explore
The hidden mine of thought.
Alas ! her bliss was not the same
As it was in other years,
For with new knowledge sorrow came,
And with new passion tears.
Oft, till the Count came up from wine,
She would sit by the lattice high,
And watch the windings of the Rhine
With a very wistful eye ;
And oft on some rude cliff she stood,
Her light harp in her hand,
And still as she looked on the gurgling flood,
She sang of her native land.
And when Count Otto pleaded well
For priest, and ring, and vow,
She heard the knight that fond tale tell,
With a pale and pensive brow :
“ Henceforth my spirit may not sleep,
As ever till now it slept ;

Henceforth mine eyes have learned to weep,
As never till now they wept.
Twelve months, dear Otto, let me grieve
For my own, my childhood's home,
Where the sun at noon, or the frost at eve,
Did never dare to come;
And when the Spring its smiles recalls,
Thy maiden will resign
The holy hush of her father's halls
For the stormy joys of thine."
But where that father's halls?—vain, vain!
She threw her sad eyes down;
And if you dared to ask again,
She answered with a frown.

Some people have a knack, we know,
Of saying things mal-a-propos,
And making all the world reflect
On what it hates to recollect:
They talk to misers of their heir,
To women of the times that were,
To ruined gamblers of the box,
To thin defaulters of the stocks,
To cowards of their neighbors' duels,
To Hayne of Lady II.'s jewels,
To poets of the wrong Review,
And to the French of Waterloo.
The Count was not of these; he never
Was half so clumsy, half so clever;
And when he found the girl had rather
Say nothing more about her father,

He changed the subject—told a fable—
Believed that dinner was on the table—
Or whispered, with an air of sorrow,
That it would surely rain to-morrow.

The Winter storms went darkly by,
And, from a blue and cloudless sky,
Again the sun looked cheerfully
Upon the rolling Rhine ;
And Spring brought back to the budding flowers
Its genial light and freshening showers,
And music to the shady bowers,
And verdure to the vine.

And now it was the First of May ;
For twenty miles round all is gay ;
Cottage and castle keep holiday ;
For how should sorrow lower
On brow of rustic or of knight,
When heaven itself looks all so bright,
Where Otto's wedding feast is dight
In the hall of Belmont Tower ?

Stately matron and warrior tall
Come to the joyous festival ;
Good Count Otto welcomes all,
As through the gate they throng ;
He fills to the brim the wassail cup ;
In the bright wine Pleasure sparkles up,
And draughts and tales grow long ;
But grizly knights are still and mute,
And dames set down the untasted fruit,

When the bride takes up her golden lute,
And sings her solemn song :

“ A voice ye hear not, in mine ear is crying ;
What does the sad voice say ?
‘ Dost thou not heed thy weary father’s sighing ?
Return, return to-day !
Twelve moons have faded now :
My daughter, where art thou ?’

“ Peace ! in the silent evening we will meet thee,
Gray ruler of the tide !
Must not the lover with the loved one greet thee ?
The bridegroom with his bride ?
Deck the dim couch aright,
The bridal couch to-night.”

The nurses to the children say
That, as the maiden sang that day,
The Rhine to the heights of the beetling tower
Sent up a cry of fiercer power,
And again the maiden’s cheek was grown
As white as ever was marble stone,
And the bridesmaid her hand could hardly hold,
Its fingers were so icy cold.

Rose Count Otto from the feast,
As entered the hall the hoary priest.
A stalwart warrior, well I ween,
That hoary priest in his youth had been ;
But the might of his manhood he had given
To peace and prayer, the Church and Heaven.

For he had travelled o'er land and wave ;
He had kneeled on many a martyr's grave ;
He had prayed in the meek St. Jerome's cell,
And had tasted St. Anthony's blessed well.
And reliques round his neck had he,
Each worth a haughty kingdom's fee—
Scrapings of bones, and points of spears,
And vials of authentic tears—
From a prophet's coffin a hallowed nail,
And a precious shred of our Lady's veil ;
And therefore at his awful tread,
The powers of darkness shrank with dread ;
And Satan felt that no disguise
Could hide him from those chastened eyes.
He looked on the bridegroom, he looked on the bride,
The young Count smiled, but the old priest sighed.

“Fields with the father I have won ;
I am come in my cowl to bless the son ;
Count Otto, ere thou bend thy knee,
What shall the hire of my service be?”

“Greedy hawk must gorge his prey,
Pious priest must win his pay ;
Name the guerdon, and so to the task :
Thine it is, ere thy lips can ask.”

He frowned as he answered—“Gold or gem,
Comt Otto, little I reckon of them ;
But your bride has skill of the lute, they say :
Let her sing me the song I shall name to-day.”

Loud laughed the Count: "And if she refuse
The ditty, Sir Priest, thy whim shall choose,
Row back to the house of old St. Goar;
I never bid priest to a bridal more."

Beside the maiden he took his stand,
He gave the lute to her trembling hand;
She gazed around with a troubled eye;
The guests all shuddered, and knew not why;
It seemed to them as if a gloom
Had shrouded all the banquet room,
Though over its boards, and over its beams,
Sunlight was glowing in merry streams.

The stern priest throws an angry glance
On that pale creature's countenance;
Unconsciously her white hand flings
Its soft touch o'er the answering strings;
The good man starts with a sudden thrill,
And half relents from his purposed will;
But he signs the cross on his aching brow
And arms his soul for its warfare now.
"Mortal maid or goblin fairy,
Sing me, I pray thee, an Ave-Mary!"

Suddenly the maiden bent
O'er the gorgeous instrument;
But of song, the listeners heard
Only one wild, mournful word—
"Lurley ! Lurley !"

And when the sound, in the liquid air,
Of that brief hymn had faded,
Nothing was left of the nymph who there
For a year had masqueraded ;
But the harp in the midst of the wide hall set,
Where her last strange word was spoken !
The golden frame with tears was wet,
And all the strings were broken !

THE RED FISHERMAN.

Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified !

Romeo and Juliet.

THE abbot arose, and closed his book,
And donned his sandal shoon,
And wandered forth, alone, to look
Upon the summer moon :
A starlight sky was o'er his head,
A quiet breeze around ;
And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed,
And the waves a soothing sound :
It was not an hour, nor a scene, for aught
But love and calm delight ;
Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought
On his wrinkled brow that night.
He gazed on the river that gurgled by,
But he thought not of the reeds :
He clasped his gilded rosary,
But he did not tell the beads ;
If he looked to the heaven, 'twas not to invoke
The Spirit that dwelleth there ;
If he opened his lips, the words they spoke
Had never the tone of prayer.

A pious priest might the abbot seem,
He had swayed the crosier well ;
But what was the theme of the abbot's dream,
The abbot were loth to tell.

Companionless, for a mile or more,
He traced the windings of the shore.
Oh, beauteous is that river still,
As it winds by many a sloping hill,
And many a dim o'erarching grove,
And many a flat and sunny cove,
And terraced lawns, whose bright arcades
The honeysuckle sweetly shades,
And rocks, whose very crags seemed bowers,
So gay they are with grass and flowers !

But the abbot was thinking of scenery,
About as much in sooth,
As a lover thinks of constancy,
Or an advocate of truth.
He did not mark how the skies in wrath
Grew dark above his head ;
He did not mark how the mossy path
Grew damp beneath his tread ;
And nearer he came, and still more near,
To a pool, in whose recess
The water had slept for many a year,
Unchanged and motionless ;
From the river stream it spread away
The space of a half a rood ;
The surface had the hue of clay
And the scent of human blood ;

The trees and the herbs that round it grew
Were venomous and foul ;
And the birds that through the bushes flew
Were the vulture and the owl ;
The water was as dark and rank
As ever a Company pumped ;
And the perch, that was netted and laid on the bank,
Grew rotten while it jumped :
And bold was he who thither came
At midnight, man or boy ;
For the place was cursed with an evil name,
And that name was "The Devil's Decoy !"
The abbot was weary as abbot could be,
And he sat down to rest on the stump of a tree :
When suddenly rose a dismal tone—
Was it a song, or was it a moan ?
"Oh, oh ! Oh, oh !
Above, below !
Lightly and brightly they glide and go ;
The hungry and keen on the top are leaping,
The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping ;
Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,
Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy !"
In a monstrous fright, by the murky light,
He looked to the left and he looked to the right,
And what was the vision close before him,
That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him ?
'Twas a sight to make the hair uprise,
And the life-blood colder run :
The startled priest struck both his thighs,
And the abbey clock struck one !

All alone, by the side of the pool,
A tall man sat on a three-legged stool,
Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,
And putting in order his reel and rod;
Red were the rags his shoulders wore,
And a high red cap on his head he bore;
His arms and his legs were long and bare;
And two or three locks of long red hair
Were tossing about his seraggy neck,
Like a tattered flag o'er a splitting wreck.
It might be Time, or it might be trouble,
Had bent that stout back nearly double—
Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets
That blazing couple of Congreve rockets,
And shrunk and shrivelled that tawny skin,
Till it hardly covered the bones within.
The line the abbot saw him throw
Had been fashioned and formed long ages ago,
And the hands that worked his foreign vest
Long ages ago had gone to their rest:
You would have sworn, as you looked on them,
He had fished in the flood with Hain and Shem!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Minnow or gentle, worm or fly—
It seemed not such to the abbot's eye;
Gaily it glittered with jewel and gem,
And its shape was the shape of a diadem.
It was fastened a gleaming hook about,
By a chain within and a chain without;

The fisherman gave it a kick and a spin,
And the water fizzed as it tumbled in !

From the bowels of the earth,
Strange and varied sounds had birth—
Now the battle's bursting peal,
Neigh of steed, and clang of steel ;
Now an old man's hollow groan
Echoed from the dungeon stone ;
Now the weak and wailing cry
Of a stripling's agony !

Cold by this was the midnight air ;
But the abbot's blood ran colder,
When he saw a gasping knight lie there,
With a gash beneath his clotted hair,
And a hump upon his shoulder.
And the loyal churchman strove in vain
To mutter a Pater Noster ;
For he who writhed in mortal pain
Was camped that night on Bosworth plain—
The cruel Duke of Glo'ster !

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a haunch of princely size,
Filling with fragrance earth and skies.
The corpulent abbot knew full well
The swelling form, and the steaming smell ;
Never a monk that wore a hood
Could better have guessed the very wood

Where the noble hart had stood at bay,
Weary and wounded, at close of day.

Sounded then the noisy glee
Of a revelling company—
Sprightly story, wicked jest,
Rated servant, greeted guest
Flow of wine, and flight of cork:
Stroke of knife, and thrust of fork:
But, where'er the board was spread,
Grace, I ween, was never said!

Pulling and tugging the fisherman sat;
And the priest was ready to vomit,
When he hauled out a gentleman, fine and fat,
With a belly as big as a brimming vat,
And a nose as red as a comet.
“A capital stew,” the fisherman said,
“With cinnamon and sherry!”
And the abbot turned away his head,
For his brother was lying before him dead,
The mayor of St. Edmond's Bury!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box:
It was a bundle of beautiful things—
A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's wings,
A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,
A mantle of silk, and a bracelet of pearl,
And a packet of letters, from whose sweet fold
Such a stream of delicate odors rolled,

That the abbot fell on his face, and fainted,
And deemed his spirit was half-way sainted.

Sounds seemed dropping from the skies,
Stifled whispers, smothered sighs,
And the breath of vernal gales,
And the voice of nightingales :
But the nightingales were mute,
Envious, when an unseen lute
Shaped the music of its chords
Into passion's thrilling words :

"Smile, lady, smile!—I will not set
Upon my brow the coronet,
Till thou wilt gather roses white
To wear around its gems of light.
Smile, lady, smile!—I will not see
Rivers and Hastings bend the knee,
Till those bewitching lips of thine
Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.
Smile, lady, smile!—for who would win
A loveless throne through guilt and sin?
Or who would reign o'er vale and hill,
If woman's heart were rebel still?"

One jerk, and there a lady lay,
A lady wondrous fair;
But the rose of her lip had faded away,
And her cheek was as white and as cold as clay,
And torn was her raven hair.
"Ah, ah!" said the fisher, in merry guise,

“ Her gallant was hooked before ;”
And the abbot heaved some piteous sighs,
For oft he had blessed those deep blue eyes,
The eyes of Mistress Shore !

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Many the cunning sportsman tried,
Many he flung with a frown aside ;
A minstrel’s harp, and a miser’s chest,
A hermit’s cowl, and a baron’s crest,
Jewels of lustre, robes of price,
Tomes of heresy, loaded dice,
And golden cups of the brightest wine
That ever was pressed from the Burgundy vine ;
There was a perfume of sulphur and nitre,
As he came at last to a bishop’s mitre !
From top to toe the abbot shook,
As the fisherman armed his golden hook ;
And awfully were his features wrought
By some dark dream or wakened thought.
Look how the fearful felon gazes
On the scaffold his country’s vengeance raises,
When the lips are cracked and the jaws are dry
With the thirst which only in death shall die :
Mark the mariner’s frenzied frown
As the swaling wherry settles down,
When peril has numbed the sense and will,
Though the hand and the foot may struggle still :
Wilder far was the abbot’s glance,
Deeper far was the abbot’s trance :

Fixed as a monument, still as air,
He bent no knee, and he breathed no prayer ;
But he signed—he knew not why or how—
The sign of the Cross on his clammy brow.

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he stalked away with his iron box.

“ Oh, ho ! Oh, ho !

The cock doth crow ;
It is time for the fisher to rise and go.
Fair luck to the abbot, fair luck to the shrine !
He hath gnawed in twain my choicest line ;
Let him swim to the north, let him swim to the south,
The abbot will carry my hook in his mouth !”

The abbot had preached for many years,
With as clear articulation
As ever was heard in the House of Peers
Against Emancipation ;
His words had made battalions quake,
Had roused the zeal of martyrs ;
He kept the court an hour awake,
And the king himself three quarters :
But ever, from that hour, ’tis said,
He stammered and he stuttered,
As if an axe went through his head
With every word he uttered.
He stuttered o’er blessing, he stuttered o’er ban,
He stuttered, drunk or dry ;
And none but he and the fisherman
Could tell the reason why !

THE LEGEND OF THE HAUNTED TREE.

"DEEP is the bliss of the belted knight,
When he kisses at dawn the silken glove,
And rides, in his glittering armor dight,
To shiver a lance for his Lady-love!

"Lightly he couches the beaming spear;
His mistress sits with her maidens by,
Watching the speed of his swift career,
With a whispered prayer and a murmured sigh.

"Far from me is the gazing throng,
The blazoned shield, and the nodding plume;
Nothing is mine but a worthless song,
A joyless life, and a nameless tomb."

"Nay, dearest Wilfrid, lay like this
On such an eve is much amiss:
Our mirth beneath the new May moon
Should be echoed by a livelier tune.
What need to thee of mail and crest,
Of foot in stirrup, spear in rest?
Over far mountains and deep seas,
Earth hath no fairer fields than these;

And who, in Beauty's gaudiest bowers,
Can love thee with more love than ours?"

The minstrel turned with a moody look
From that sweet scene of guiltless glee;
From the old who talked beside the brook,
And the young who danced beneath the tree:
Coldly he shrank from the gentle maid,
From the chiding look and the pleading tone;
And he passed from the old elm's hoary shade,
And followed the forest path alone.
One little sigh, one pettish glance,
And the girl comes back to her playmates now,
And takes her place in the merry dance,
With a slower step and a sadder brow.

"My soul is sick," saith the wayward boy,
"Of the peasant's grief, and the peasant's joy;
I cannot breathe on from day to day,
Like the insects which our wise men say
In the crevice of the cold rock dwell,
Till their shape is the shape of their dungeon's cell;
In the dull repose of our changeless life,
I long for passion, I long for strife,
As in the calm the mariner sighs
For rushing waves and groaning skies.
Oh for the lists, the lists of fame!
Oh for the herald's glad acclaim;
For floating pennon and prancing steed,
And Beauty's wonder at Manhood's deed!"

Beneath an ancient oak he lay ;
More years than man can count, they say,
On the verge of the dim and solemn wood,
Through sunshine and storm, that oak had stood.
Many a loving, laughing sprite,
Tended the branches by day and by night ;
And the leaves of its age were as fresh and green
As the leaves of its early youth had been.
Pure of thought should the mortal be
Who sleeps beneath the Haunted Tree ;
That night the minstrel laid him down
Ere his brow relaxed its sullen frown ;
And Slumber had bound its eyelids fast,
Ere the evil wish from his soul had passed.
And a song on the sleeper's ear descended,
A song it was pain to hear, and pleasure,
So strangely wrath and love were blended
In every tone of the mystic measure.

“I know thee, child of earth ;
The morning of thy birth
In through the lattice did my chariot glide ;
I saw thy father weep
Over thy first wild sleep,
I rocked thy cradle when thy mother died.

“And I have seen thee gaze
Upon these birks and braes,
Which are my kingdoms, with irreverent scorn ;
And heard thee pour reproof
Upon the vine-clad roof,
Beneath whose peaceful shelter thou wert born.

“I bind thee in the snare
Of thine unholy prayer ;
I seal thy forehead with a viewless seal :
I give into thine hand
The buckler and the brand,
And clasp the golden spur upon thy heel.
“When thou hast made thee wise
In the sad lore of sighs,
When the world’s visions fail thee and forsake,
Return, return to me,
And to my haunted tree ;
The charm hath bound thee now ; Sir Knight, awake !”

Sir Isumbras, in doubt and dread,
From his feverish sleep awoke,
And started up from his grassy bed
Under the ancient oak.
And he called the page who held his spear,
And, “Tell me, boy,” quoth he,
“How long have I been slumbering here,
Beneath the greenwood tree ?”—
“Ere thou didst sleep, I chanced to throw
A stone into the rill ;
And the ripple that disturbed its flow
Is on its surface still ;
Ere thou didst sleep, thou bad’st me sing
King Arthur’s favorite lay ;
And the first echo of the string
Has hardly died away.”
“How strange is sleep !” the young knight said,
As he clasped the helm upon his head,

And, mounting again his courser black,
To his gloomy tower rode slowly back :
“How strange is sleep ! when his dark spell lies
On the drowsy lids of human eyes,
The years of a life will float along
In the compass of a page’s song.
Methought I lived in a pleasant vale,
The haunt of the lark and the nightingale,
Where the summer rose had a brighter hue,
And the noon-day sky a clearer blue,
And the spirit of man in age and youth
A fonder love, and a firmer truth.
And I lived on, a fair-haired boy,
In that sweet vale of tranquil joy ;
Until at last my vain caprice
Grew weary of its bliss and peace.
And one there was, most dear and fair,
Of all that smiled around me there—
A gentle maid, with a cloudless face,
And a form so full of fairy grace ;
Who, when I turned with scornful spleen
From the feast in the bower, or the dance on the green,
Would humor all my wayward will
And love me and forgive me still.
Even now, methinks, her smile of light
Is there before me, mild and bright ;
And I hear her voice of fond reproof,
Between the beats of my palfrey’s hoof.
’T is idle all : but I could weep ;—
Alas !” said the knight, “ how strange is sleep !”

ND OF THE HAUNTED TREE.

ek with his spear the brazen plate
ung before the castle gate ;
orch threw high its waves of flame
orth the watchful menials came ;
They lighted the way to the banquet hall,
They hung the shield upon the wall,
They spread the board, and they filled the bowl,
And the phantoms passed from his troubled soul.

Sir Isumbras was ever found
Where blows were struck for glory ;
There sate not at the Table Round
A knight more famed in story :
The king on his throne would turn about
To see his courser prancing ;
And, when Sir Launcelot was out,
The queen would praise his dancing ;
He quite wore out his father's spurs,
Performing valor's duties—
Destroying mighty sorcerers,
Avenging injured beauties,
And crossing many a trackless sand,
And rescuing people's daughters
From dragons that infest the land,
And whales that walk the waters.
He throttled lions by the score,
And giants by the dozen ;
And, for his skill in lettered lore,
They called him "Merlin's Cousin."

A score of steeds, with bit and rein,
 Stood ready in his stable;
An ox was every morning slain,
 And roasted for his table.
And he had friends, all brave and tall,
 And crowned with praise and laurel,
Who kindly feasted in his hall,
 And tilted in his quarrel;
And minstrels came and sang his fame
 In very rugged verses;
And they were paid with wine and game,
 And rings, and cups, and purses.

And he loved a Lady of high degree,
 Faith's fortress, Beauty's flower;
A countess for her maid had she,
 And a kingdom for her dower;
And a brow whose frowns were vastly grand,
 And an eye of sunlit brightness,
And a swan-like neck, and an arm and hand
 Of most bewitching whiteness;
And a voice of music, whose sweet tones
 Could most divinely prattle
Of battered casques, and broken bones,
 And all the bliss of battle.
He wore her scarf in many a fray,
 He trained her hawks and ponies,
And filled her kitchen every day
 With leverets and conies;

He loved, and he was loved again :—

I won't waste time in proving,
There is no pleasure like the pain
Of being loved, and loving.

Dame Fortune is a fickle gipsy,
And always blind, and often tipsy ;
Sometimes, for years and years together,
She'll bless you with the sunniest weather,
Bestowing honor, pudding, pence,
You can't imagine why or whence ;—
Then in a moment—Presto, Pass !—
Your joys are withered like the grass ;
You find your constitution vanish,
Almost as quickly as the Spanish ;
The murrain spoils your flocks and fleeces ;
The dry-rot pulls your house to pieces ;
Your garden raises only weeds ;
Your agent steals your title-deeds ;
Your banker's failure stuns the city ;
Your father's will makes Sugden witty ;
Your daughter, in her beauty's bloom,
Goes off to Gretna with the groom ;
And you, good man, are left alone,
To battle with the gout and stone.

Ere long, Sir Isumbras began
To be a sad and thoughtful man :
They said the glance of an evil eye
Had been on the knight's prosperity :

Less swift on the quarry his falcon went,
Less true was his hound on the wild deer's scent,
And thrice in the list he came to the earth,
By the luckless chance of a broken girth.
And Poverty soon in her rags was seen
At the board where Plenty erst had been ;
And the guests smiled not as they smiled before,
And the song of the minstrel was heard no more ;
And a base ingrate, who was his foe,
Because, a little month ago,
He had cut him down, with friendly ardor,
From a rusty hook in an Ogre's larder,
Invented an atrocious fable,
And libelled his fame at the Royal Table :
And she at last, the worshipped one,
For whom his valorous deeds were done,
Who had heard his vows, and worn his jewels,
And made him fight so many duels—
She, too, when Fate's relentless wheel
Deprived him of the Privy Seal,
Bestowed her smiles upon another,
And gave his letters to her mother.
Fortune and Fame—he had seen them depart,
With a silent pride of a valiant heart :
Traitorous friends—he had passed them by,
With a haughty brow and a stifled sigh.
Boundless and black might roll the sea,
O'er which the course of his bark must be ;
But he saw, thro' the storms that frowned above,
One guiding star, and its light was Love.

no reply

Now all was dark ; the doom was spoken !
His wealth all spent, and his heart half-broken ;
Poor youth ! he had no earthly hope,
Except in laudanum, or a rope.

He ordered out his horse, and tried,
As the Leech advised, a gentle ride.
A pleasant path he took,
Where the turf, all bright with the April showers,
Was spangled with a hundred flowers,
Beside a murmuring brook.
Never before had he roved that way ;
And now, on a sunny first of May,
He chose the turning, you may guess,
Not for the laughing loveliness
Of turf, or flower, or stream ; but only
Because it looked extremely lonely.

He had wandered, musing, scarce a mile,
In his melancholy mood,
When, peeping o'er a rustie stile,
He saw a little village smile,
Embowered in thick wood.
There were small cottages, arrayed
In the delicate jasmine's fragrant shade ;
And gardens, whence the rose's bloom
Loaded the gale with rich perfume ;
And there were happy hearts ; for all
In that bright nook kept festival,
And welcomed in the merry May,
With banquet and with roundelay

Sir Isumbras sate gazing there,
 With folded arms, and mournful air;
 He fancied—'twas an idle whim—
 That the village looked like a home to him.

And now a gentle maiden came,
 Leaving her sisters and their game,
 And wandered up the vale;
 Sir Isumbras had never seen
 A thing so fair—except the Queen;—
 But out on Passion's doubts and fears!
 Her beautiful eyes were full of tears,
 And her cheeks were wan and pale.
 None courted her stay of the joyous throng,
 As she passed from the group alone;
 And he listened, which was very wrong,
 And heard her singing a lively song,
 In a very dismal tone:

“Deep is the bliss of the belted knight,
 When he kisses at dawn the silken glove,
 And goes, in his glittering armor dight,
 To shiver a lance for his Lady-love!”

That thrilling voice, so soft and clear—
 Was it familiar to his ear?
 And those delicious drooping eyes,
 As blue and as pure as the summer skies—
 Had he, indeed, in other days,
 Been blessed in the light of their holy rays?

He knew not ; but his knee he bent
Before her in most knightly fashion,
And grew superbly eloquent
About her beauty, and his passion.
He said that she was very fair,
And that she warbled like a linnet ;
And that he loved her, though he ne'er
Had looked upon her till that minute.
He grieved to mention that a Jew
Had seized for debt his grand pavilion ;
And he had little now, 'twas true,
To offer, but a heart and pillion :
But what was wealth ? In many a fight—
Though he, who shouldn't say it, said it—
He still had borne him like a knight,
And had his share of blows and credit ;
And if she would but condescend
To meet him at the Priest's to-morrow,
And be henceforth his guide, his friend,
In every toil, in every sorrow,
They'd sail instanter from the Downs ;
His hands just now were quite at leisure ;
And, if she fancied foreign crowns,
He'd win them with the greatest pleasure.

“ A year is gone ”—the damsel sighed,
But blushed not, as she so replied—
“ Since one I loved—alas ! how well
He knew not, knows not—left our dell.
Time brings to his deserted cot
No tidings of his after lot ;

But his weal or wo is still the theme
Of my daily thought and my nightly dream.
Poor Alice is not proud or coy ;
But her heart is with her minstrel boy."

Away from his arms the damsel bounded,
And left him more and more confounded.
He mused of the present, he mused of the past,
And he felt that a spell was o'er him cast ;
He shed hot tears, he knew not why,
And talked to himself and made reply,
Till a calm o'er his troubled senses crept,
And, as the daylight waned, he slept.
Poor gentleman !—I need not say,
Beneath an ancient oak he lay.

"He is welcome,"—o'er his bed,
Thus the beauteous Fairy said :
"He has conned the lesson now,
He has read the book of pain :
There are furrows on his brow,
I must make it smooth again.

"Lo, I knock the spurs away ;
Lo, I loosen belt and brand ;
Hark ! I hear the courser neigh
For his stall in Fairy-land.

"Bring the cap, and bring the vest,
Buckle on his sandal shoon ;
Fetch his memory from the chest
In the treasury of the Moon.

“I have taught him to be wise,
For a little maiden’s sake;—
Look, he opens his bright eyes,
Softly, slowly :—minstrel, wake !”

• The sun has risen, and Wilfrid is come
To his early friends and his cottage home.
His hazel eyes and his locks of gold
Are just as they were in the time of old :
But a blessing has been on the soul within,
For that is won from its secret sin ;
More loving now, and worthier love
Of men below and of saints above.
He reins a steed with a lordly air,
Which makes his country cousins stare :
• And he speaks in a strange and courtly phrase,
Though his voice is the voice of other days :
But where he has learned to talk and ride,
He will tell to none but his bonny bride.

THE TROUBADOUR.

Le Troubadour
Brulant d'amour.

French Ballad.

CANTO I.

IN sooth it was a glorious day
For vassal and for lord,
When Cœur de Lion had the sway
In battle and at board.
He was indeed a royal one,
A Prince of Paladins ;
Hero of triumph and of tun,
Of noisy fray and noisy fun,
Broad shoulders and broad grins.
You might have looked from east to west,
And then from north to south,
And never found an ampler breast,
Never an ampler mouth,
A softer tone for lady's ear,
A daintier lip for syrup,
Or a ruder grasp for axe and spear,
Or a firmer foot in stirrup.

A ponderous thing was Richard's can,
And so was Richard's boot,
And Saracens and liquor ran,
Where'er he set his foot.
So fiddling here, and fighting there,
And murdering time and tune,
With sturdy limb, and listless air,
And gauntleted hand, and jeweled hair,
Half monarch, half buffoon,
He turned away from feast to fray,
From quarreling to quaffing,
So great in prowess and in pranks,
So fierce and funny in the ranks,
That Saladin and Soldan said,
Whene'er that mad-cap Richard led,
Alla! he held his breath for dread,
And burst his sides for laughing!

At court, the humor of a king
Is always voted "quite the thing;"
Morals and cloaks are loose or laced
According to the Sovereign's taste,
And belles and banquets both are drest
Just as his majesty thinks best.
Of course in that delightful age,
When Richard ruled the roast,
Cracking of craniums was the rage,
And beauty was the toast.
Ay! all was laugh, and life, and love;
And lips and shrines were kiss'd;
And vows were ventured in the grove,
And lances in the list;

And boys roamed out in sunny weather
To weave a wreath and rhyme together :
While dames, in silence, and in satin,
Lay listening to the soft French-Latin,
And flung their sashes and their sighs
From odor-breathing balconies.

From those bright days of love and glory,
I take the hero of my story.
A wandering Troubadour was he ;
He bore a name of high degree,
And learned betimes to slay and sue,
As knights of high degree should do.
While vigor nerved his buoyant arm,
And youth was his to cheat and charm,
Being immensely fond of dancing,
And somewhat given to romancing,
He roamed about through towers and towns,
Apostrophizing smiles and frowns,
Singing sweet staves to beads and bonnets,
And dying, day by day, in sonnets.
Flippant and fair, and fool enough,
And careless where he met rebuff,
Poco-curante in all cases
Of furious foes, or pretty faces,
With laughing lip, and jocund eye,
And studied tear, and practised sigh,
And ready sword, and ready verse,
And store of ducats in his purse,
He sinned few crimes, loved many times,
And wrote a hundred thousand rhymes !

Summers twice eight had passed away,
Since in his nurse's arms he lay,

A rosy roaring child,
While all around was noisy mirth,
And logs blazed up upon the hearth,
And bonfires on the wild;
And vassals drank the brown bowl dry,
And cousins knew "the mother's eye,"
And wrinkled crones spoke prophecy,
And his brave father smiled.

Summers twice eight had passed away;
His sire's thin locks grew very gray;
He lost his song, and then his shout,
And seldom saw his bottle out.
Then all the menials straight began
To sorrow for "the poor old man,"
Took thought about his shirts and shoe-ties,
And pestered him with loves and duties:
Young Roger laced a crimson row
Of cushions on his saddle-bow;
Red Wyke at Christmas mingled up
More sugar in the wassail-cup;
Fair Margaret laid finer sheets;
Fat Catharine served richer sweets;
And all, from scullion up to squire,
Who stirred his cup or kitchen fire,
Seemed by their doings to determine
The knight should ne'er be food for vermin.
All would not do; the knight grew thinner,
And loved his bed, and loathed his dinner;

And when he muttered—"Becket—beast,
Bring me the posset—and a priest,"
Becket looked grave, and said "good lack!"
And went to ask the price of black.

Masses and medicines both were bought,
Masses and medicines both were naught;

Sir Hubert's race was run;
As best beseemed a warrior tall,
He died within his ancient hall:
And he was blest by Father Paul,
And buried by his son.

'Twere long to tell the motley gear,
That waited on Sir Hubert's bier;

For twenty good miles round,
Maiden and matron, knave and knight,
All rode or ran to see the sight;

Yeomen with horse and hound,
Gossips in grief and grogram clad,
Young warriors galloping like mad,
Priors and peddlers, pigs and pyxes,
Cooks, choristers, and crucifixes,
Wild urchins cutting jokes and capers,
And taper shapes, and shapely tapers.
The mighty barons of the land
Brought pain in heart, and four-in-hand;
And village maids, with looks of wo,
Turned out their mourning, and their toe.
The bell was rung, the hymn was sung,
On the oak chest the dust was flung;

And then, beneath the chapel-stones,
With a gilt 'scutcheon o'er his bones,
Escaped from feather-beds and fidget,
Sir Hubert slept with Lady Bridget.

The mob departed : cold and cloud
Shed on the vault their icy shroud,
And night came dark and dreary ;
But there young Vidal lingered still,
And kept his fast and wept his fill,
Though the wind in the chapel was very chill,
And Vidal very weary.

Low moaned the bell ; the torch-light fell
In fitful and faint flashes ;
And he lay on the stones, where his father's bones
Were mouldering now to ashes ;
And vowed to be, on earth and sea,
Whatever stars shone o'er him,
A trusty knight, in love and fight,
As his father had been before him.

Then in the silence of the night
Passionate grief was his delight ;
He thought of all the brave and fair
Who slept their shadowy slumber there ;
And that sweet dotage held him long,
Ere sorrow found her voice in song.

It was an ancient thing ; a song
His heart had sung in other years,
When boyhood had its idle throng
Of guiltless smiles, and guileless tears ;

But never had its music seemed
So sweet to him, as when to-night
All lorn and lone, he kneeled and dreamed,
Before the taper's holy light,
Of many and mysterious things,
His cradle's early visitings,
The melancholy tones, that blest
The pillow of his sinless rest,
The melody, whose magic numbers
Broke in by snatches on his slumbers,
When earth appeared so brightly dim,
And all was bliss, and all for him,
And every sight and every sound
Had heaven's own day-light flowing round.

"My mother's grave, my mother's grave !

Oh ! dreamless in her slumber there,
And drowsily the banners wave
O'er her that was so chaste and fair ;
Yea ! love is dead, and memory faded !
But when the dew is on the brake,
And silence sleeps on earth and sea,
And mourners weep, and ghosts awake,
Oh ! then she cometh back to me,
In her cold beauty darkly shaded !

"I cannot guess her face or form ;

But what to me is form or face ?
I do not ask the weary worm
To give me back each buried grace

Of glistening eyes, or trailing tresses !
I only feel that she is here,
And that we meet, and that we part ;
And that I drink within mine ear,
And that I clasp around my heart,
Her sweet still voice, and soft caresses !

“Not in the waking thought by day,
Not in the sightless dream by night,
Do the mild tones and glances play,
Of her who was my cradle’s light !
But in some twilight of calm weather,
She glides, by fancy dimly wrought,
A glittering cloud, a darkling beam,
With all the quiet of a thought,
And all the passion of a dream,
Linked in a golden spell together !”

Oh ! Vidal’s very soul did weep
Whene’er that music, like a charm,
Brought back from their unlistening sleep
The kissing lip and clasping arm.
But quiet tears are worth, to some,
The richest smiles in Christendom ;
And Vidal, though in folly’s ring
He seemed so weak and wild a thing,
Had yet an hour, when none were by,
For reason’s thought, and passion’s sigh.
And knew and felt, in heart and brain,
The Paradise of buried pain !

And Vidal rose at break of day,
And found his heart unbroken;
And told his beads, and went away,
On a steed he had bespoken;
His bonnet he drew his eyelids o'er,
For tears were like to blind him;
And he spurred Sir Guy o'er mount and moor,
With a long dull journey all before,
And a short gay squire behind him.
And the neighborhood much marvel had;
And all who saw did say,
The weather and the roads were bad,
And either Vidal had run mad,
Or Guy had run away!
Oh! when a cheek is to be dried,
All pharmacy is folly;
And Vidal knew, for he had tried,
There's nothing like a rattling ride
For curing melancholy!
Three days he rode all mad and mute;
And when the sun did pass,
Three nights he supp'd upon dry fruit,
And slept upon wet grass.
Beneath an oak, whose hundred years
Had formed fit shade for talk or tears,
On the fourth day he lay at noon,
And put his gilt guitar in tune;
When suddenly swept by,
In gold and silver all arrayed,
A most resplendent cavalcade;

Baron and Beauty, Knave and Knight,
And lips of love, and eyes of light,
All blended dazzlingly.
Ah! all the world that day came out,
With horse and horn, and song and shout;
And belles and bouquets gayly bloomed,
And all were proud, and all perfumed,
And gallants, as the humor rose,
Talked any nonsense that they chose,
And damsel gave the reins for fun
Alike to palfrey and to pun.
It chanced no lady had been thrown,
No heir had cracked his collar-bone,
So pleasure laughed on every cheek,
And naught, save saddles, dreamed of pique.
And brightest of that brilliant train,
With jeweled bit, and gilded rein,
And pommel clothed in gorgeous netting,
And courser daintily curvetting,
Girt round with gallant Cavaliers,
Some deep in love, and some in years,
Half exquisites and half absurds,
All babbling of their beasts and birds,
Quite tired of trumpeting and talking,
The Baroness returned from hawking.

The lady halted; well she might;
For Vidal was so fair,
You would have thought some god of light
Had walked to take the air;

Bare were both his delicate hands,
And the hue on his cheek was high,
As woman's when she understands
Her first fond lover's sigh ;
And desolate very, and very dumb,
And rolling his eyes of blue,
And rubbing his forehead, and biting his thumb,
As lyrists and lovers do.
Like Queen Titania's darling pet,
Or Oberon's wickedest elf,
He lay beside a rivulet,
And looked beside himself ;
And belles full blown, and beaux full drest,
Stood there with smirk and smile,
And many a finger, and many a jest,
Were pointed all the while.

Then Vidal came, and bent his knees
Before the lady there,
And raised his bonnet, that the breeze
Might trifle with his hair ;
And said, he was a nameless youth,
Had learned betimes to tell the truth,
Could greet a friend, and grasp a foe,
Could take a jest, and give a blow,
Had no idea of false pretences,
Had lost his father, and his senses,
Was travelling over land and sea,
Armed with guitar and gallantry ;
And if her will found aught of pleasure
In trifling soul, and tinkling measure,

He prayed that she would call her own
His every thought, and every tone.

“ Bonne grace, good Mary, and sweet St. John !”

That haughty dame did say ;

“ A goodly quarry I have won,

In this our sport to-day !

A precious page is this of mine,

To carve my meat and pour my wine,

To loose my greyhound’s ringing chain,

And hold my palfrey’s gaudy rein,

And tell strange tales of moody sprites,

Around the hearth, on winter nights.

Marry ! a wilful look, and wild !

But we shall tame the wayward child,

And dress his roving locks demurely,

And tie his jesses on securely.”

She took from out her garment’s fold

A dazzling gaud of twisted gold ;

She raised him from his knee ;

The diamond cross she gravely kiss’d,

And twined the links around his wrist

With such fine witchery,

That there he kneeled, and met her glance

In silence and a moveless trance,

And saw no sight, and heard no sound,

And knew himself more firmly bound

Than if a hundred weight of steel

Had fettered him from head to heel !

And from that moment Vidal gave
His childish fancy up,
Became her most peculiar slave,
And wore her scarf, and whipped her knave,
And filled her silver cup.

She was a widow : on this earth
It seemed her only task was mirth ;
She had no nerves and no sensations,
No troubling friends nor poor relations ;
No gnawing grief to feel a care for,
No living soul to breathe a prayer for.
Ten years ago her lord and master
Had chanced upon a sad disaster ;
One night his servants found him lying
Speechless or senseless, dead or dying,
With shivered sword and dabbled crest,
And a small poniard in his breast,
And nothing further to supply
The slightest hint of how or why.
As usual, in such horrid cases,
The men made oath, the maids made faces ;
All thought it most immensely funny
The murderer should have left the money,
And showed suspicions in dumb crambo,
And buried him with fear and flambeau.

Clotilda shrieked and swooned, of course,
Grew very ill, and very hoarse,
Put on a veil, put off a rout,
Turned all her cooks and courtiers out,

And lived two years on water-gruel,
And drank no wine, and used no fuel.
At last, when all the world had seen
How very virtuous she had been,
She left her chamber, dried her tears,
Kept open house for Cavaliers,
New furnished all the cob-webbed rooms,
And burned a fortune in perfumes.
She had seen six-and-thirty springs,
And still her blood's warm wanderings
Told tales in every throbbing vein
Of youth's high hope, and passion's reign,
And dreams from which that lady's heart
Had parted, or had seemed to part.
She had no wiles from cunning France,
Too cold to sing, too tall to dance ;
But yet, where'er her footsteps went,
She was the Queen of Merriment :
She called the quickest at the table,
For Courey's song, or Comine's fable,
Bade Barons quarrel for her glove,
And talked with Squires of ladie-love,
And hawked and hunted in all weathers,
And stood six feet—including feathers.

Her suitors, men of swords and banners,
Were very guarded in their manners,
And e'en when heated by the jorum
Knew the strict limits of decorum.
Well had Clotilda learned the glance
That checks a lover's first advance ;

That brow to her was given
That chills presumption in its birth,
And mars the madness of our mirth,
And wakes the reptile of the earth

From the vision he hath of Heaven.
And yet for Vidal she could find
No word or look that was not kind,
With him she walked in shine or shower,
And quite forgot the dinner hour,
And gazed upon him, till he smiled,
As doth a mother on a child.
Oh! when was dream so purely dreamed!
A mother and a child they seemed:
In warmer guise he loved her not;—

And if, beneath the stars and moon,
He lingered in some lonely spot

To play her fond and favorite tune,
And if he fed her petted mare,
And made acquaintance with her bear,
And kissed her hand whene'er she gave it
And knelt him down, sometimes, to crave it,
'Twas partly pride, and partly jest,

And partly 'twas a boyish whim,
And that he liked to see the rest

Look angrily on her and him.
And that—in short he was a boy,
And doted on his last new toy.

It chanced that late, one summer's gloaming,
The lady and the youth were roaming,

In converse close of those and these,
Beneath a long arcade of trees ;
Tall trunks stood up on left and right,
Like columns in the gloom of night,
Breezeless and voiceless ; and on high,
Where those eternal pillars ended,
The silent boughs so closely blended
Their mirk, unstirring majesty,
That superstition well might run,
To wander there from twelve to one,
And call strange shapes from heaven or hell,
Of cowl and candle, book and bell,
And kneel as in the vaulted aisle
Of some time-honored Gothic pile,
To pay her weary worship there
Of counted beads, and pattered prayer.

Clotilda had, for once, the vapors,
And when the stars lit up their tapers,
She said that she was very weary—
She liked the place, it was so dreary—
The dew was down on grass and flower,
'Twas very wet—'twas very wrong—
But she *must* rest for half an hour,
And listen to another song.

Then many a tale did Vidal tell
Of warrior's spear, and wizard's spell ;
How that Sir Brian le Bleu had been
Cup-bearer to a fairy queen ;

And how that a hundred years did pass,
And left his brow as smooth as glass;
Time on his form marked no decay,
He stole not a single charm away,
 He could not blight
 That eye of light,
Nor turn those raven ringlets gray.

But Brian's love for a mortal maid,
 Was written and read in a magic sign,
When Brian slipped on the moonlight glade,
 And spilled the fairy's odorous wine;
And she dipped her fingers in the can,
 And sprinkled him with seven sprinkles,
And he went from her presence a weary man,
 A withering lump of rheum and wrinkles.

And how that Satan made a bond
With Armonell of Trebizond—
A bond that was written at first in tears,
 And torn at last in laughter—
To be his slave for a thousand years,
 And his sovereign ever after.

And oh! those years, they fled fast,
And a single year remained at last,
A year for crouching and for crying,
Between his frolic and his frying.

"Toil yet another toil," quoth he,
"Or else thy prey I will not be,

Come hither, come hither, servant mine,
And call me back
The faded track
Of years nine hundred and ninety-nine!"
And Satan hied to his home again
On the wings of a blasting hurricane,
And left old Armonell to die,
And sleep in the odor of sanctity.

In mockery of the Minstrel's skill
The Lady's brow grew darker still;
She trembled as she lay,
And o'er her face, like fitful flame,
The feverish color went and came,
And, in the pauses of the tune,
Her black eyes stared upon the moon
With an unearthly ray.

"Good Vidal,"—as she spoke she leant
So wildly o'er the instrument
That wondering Vidal started back,
For fear the strings should go to wrack—
"Good Vidal, I have read and heard
Of many a haunted heath and dell,
Where potency of wand or word,
Or chanted rhyme, or written spell,
Hath burst, in such an hour as this,
The cerements of the rotting tomb,
And waked from wo, or torn from bliss,
The heritors of chill and gloom,

Until they walked upon the earth,
Unshrouded, in a ghastly mirth,
And frightened men with soundless cries,
And hueless cheeks, and rayless eyes.
Such power there is!—if such be thine,
Why, make to-night that sound or sign;
And while the vapory sky looks mirk
In horror at our midnight work,
We two will sit on two green knolls,
And jest with unembodied souls,
And mock at every moody sprite
That wanders from his bed to-night."

The boy jumped up in vast surprise,
And rubbed his forehead and his eyes,
And quite unable to reflect,
Made answer much to this effect:
"Lady!—the saints befriend a sinner!
Lady!—she drank too much at dinner!
I know a rhyme, and—ghosts forsooth!
I used to sing it in my youth;
'Twas taught me—curse my foolish vanity!
By an old wizard—stark insanity!
Who came from Tunis—'tis the hock!
At a great age and—twelve o'clock!
He wore—oh, Lord!—a painted girdle,
For which they burnt him on a hurdle;
He had a charm, but—what the deuce!
It wasn't of the slightest use;
There's not a single ghost that cares
For—mercy on me! how she stares!"

And then again he sate him down,
For fiercer fell Clotilda's frown,
And played, abominably ill,
And horribly against his will.

“Spirits, that walk and wail to-night,
I feel, I feel that ye are near ;
There is a mist upon my sight,
There is a murmur in mine ear.
And a dark, dark dread
Of the lonely dead,
Creeps through the whispering atmosphere !

“Ye hover o'er the hoary trees,
And the old oaks stand bereft and bare ;
Ye hover o'er the moonlight seas,
And the tall masts rot in the poisoned air ;
Ye gaze on the gate
Of earthly state,
And the ban-dog shivers in silence there.

“Come hither to me upon your cloud,
And tell me of your bliss or pain,
And let me see your shadowy shroud,
And colorless lip, and bloodless vein ;
Where do ye dwell,
In heaven or hell,
And why do ye wander on earth again ?

“Tell to me where and how ye died,
Fell ye in darkness, or fell ye in day,
On lorn hill-side, or roaring tide,
In gorgeous feast, or rushing fray?
By bowl or blow,
From friend or foe,
Hurried your angry souls away?

“Mute ye come, and mute ye pass,
Your tale untold, your shrift unshriven;
But ye have blighted the pale grass,
And scared the ghastly stars from heaven;
And guilt hath known
Your voiceless moan,
And felt that the blood is unforgiven!”

He paused; for silently and slow
The lady left his side;
It seemed her blood had ceased to flow,
For her cheek was as white as the morning snow
And the light of her eyes had died.
She gazed upon some form of fright—
But it was not seen of Vidal's sight;
She drank some sound of hate or fear—
But it was not heard of Vidal's ear;
“Look! look!” she said; and Vidal spoke—
“Why! zounds! it's nothing but an oak!”

“Valence!” she muttered, “I will rise;
Ay! turn not those dead orbs on mine;
Fearless to-night are these worn eyes,
And nerveless is that arm of thine.

Thrice hast thou fled o'er my path ;
 And I would hear thy dull lips say,
 Is it in sorrow, or in wrath,
 That thou dost haunt my lonely way ?
 Ay ! frown not ! heaven may blast me now,
 In this dark hour, in this cold spot ;
 And then—I can but be as thou,
 And hate thee still, and fear thee not !”
 She strode two steps, and stretched her hand,
 In attitude of stern command ;
 The tremor of her voice and tread
 Had more of passion than of dread,
 The net had parted from her hair,
 The locks fell down in the powerless air,
 Her frame with strange convulsion rocked—
 And Vidal was intensely shocked.
 The lady drew a long low sigh,
 As if some voice had made reply,
 Though Vidal could not catch a word,
 And thought it horribly absurd.
 “Remember it ?—avenging power !
 I ask no word, I need no sign,
 To teach me of that withering hour,
 That linked this wasted hand in thine !
 He was not there !—I deemed him slain—
 And thine the guilt—and mine the pain !
 There are memorials of that day
 Which time shall never blot away,
 Unheeded prayer, unpardoned sin,
 And smiles without, and flames within,

*appearance
of sin*

And broken heart, and ruined fame,
And glutted hate, and dreaded shame,
And late remorse, and dreams, and fears,
And bitter and enduring tears !”

She listened there another space,
And stirred no feature of her face,
Though big drops, ere she spoke again,
Fell from her clammy brow like rain :
At last she glanced a wilder stare,
And stamped her foot, and tore her hair.
“ False fiend ! thou liest, thou hast lied !

He was, what thou couldst never be—
In anguish true, in danger tried—

Their friend to all—my god to me !
He loved—as thou couldst never love—

Long years—and not, till then, in guilt ;
Nay ! point not to the wailing grove,

I know by whom the blood was spilt,
I saw the tomb, and heard the knell

And life to me was lorn and blighted,
He died—and vengeance watches well !

He died—and thou wert well requited !”

Again she listened :—full five score
You might have counted duly o’er—
And then she laughed ; so fierce and shrill
That laughter echoed o’er the hill,
That Vidal deemed the very ground
Did shake at its unearthly sound.

“I do not tremble! be it so!—
Or here or there! in bliss or wo!—
Yea! let it be! and we will meet,
Where never——” and at Vidal’s feet
She sank, as senseless and as cold
As if her death were two days old; •
And Vidal, who an hour before
Had voted it a horrid bore,
His silken sash with speed unlaced,
And bound it round her neck and waist,
And bore her to her castle-gate,
And never stopped to rest or bait,
Speeding as swiftly on his track
As if nine fiends were at his back.

Then rose from fifty furious lungs
A Babel of discordant tongues:
“Jesu! the Baroness is dead!—
Shouldn’t her Ladyship be bled?—
Her fingers are as cold as stone!—
And look how white her lips are grown!
A dreadful thing for all who love her!
’Tis ten to one she won’t recover!—
Ten?—did you ever, Mrs. Anne?
Ten rogues against one honest man!—
How master Vidal must have fought!
It’s what I never should have thought;
He seems the sickliest thing alive;—
They say he killed and wounded five!—
Is master Vidal killed and wounded?
I trust the story is unfounded!—

I saw him on his legs just now,—
What! sawed his legs off? well, I vow—
Peace, babbler, peace! you see you've shocked her!
Help! ho!—cold water for the Doctor!
Her eyes are open!—how they blink!
Why, Doctor, do you really think,—
My Lord, we never think at all;
I'll trouble you to clear the Hall,
And check all tendency to riot,
And keep the Castle very quiet;
Let none but little Bertha stay;
And—try to keep the Friar away!"
Poor Vidal, who, amid the rout,
Had crept in cautious silence out,
Reeled to his chamber in the staggers,
And thought of home, and dreamed of daggers.

Day dawned: the Baroness was able
To beam upon the breakfast table,
As well as could be well expected,
Before the guests were half collected.
"A fainting fit;—a thing of course;—
In sooth it might have ended worse;
Exceedingly obliged to Vidal;—
Pray, had the groom repaired her bridle?
She walked too late;—it was a warning;
And—who was for the chase this morning?"

Days past, and weeks: Clotilda's mien
Was gay as it before had been,

And only once or twice her glance
Fell darkly on his countenance,
And gazed into his eyes of blue,
As if she read his young heart through :
At length she mildly hinted—" Surely
Vidal was looking very poorly—
He never talked—had parted quite
With spirits, and with appetite—
She thought he wanted change of air,
It was a shame to keep him there—
She had remarked the change with sorrow,
And——well, he should set out to-morrow."

The morrow came, 't was glorious weather,
And all the household flocked together
To hold his stirrup and his rein,
And say, " Heaven speed !" with might and main.
Clotilda only said " Farewell !"

And gave her hand to kiss and clasp ;
He thought it trembled, as it fell

In silence from his lip and grasp,
And yet upon her cheek and brow
There dwelt no flush of passion now ;
Only the kind regret was there
Which severed friends at parting wear,
And the sad smile and glistening eye
Seemed naught to shun, and naught defy.

" Farewell !" she said, and so departed ;
And Vidal from his reverie started,
And blessed his soul, and cleared his throat,
And crossed his forehead—and the moat.

CANTO II.

ALL milliners who start from bed
To gaze upon a coat of red,
Or listen to a drum,
Know very well the Paphian Queen
Was never yet at Paphos seen,
That Cupid's all a hum,
That minstrels forge confounded lies,
About the Deities and skies,
That torches all go out sometimes,
That flowers all fade except in rhymes,
That maids are seldom shot with arrows
And coaches never drawn by sparrows.

And yet, fair cousin, do not deem
That all is false which poets tell
Of Passion's first and dearest dream,
Of haunted spot, and silent spell,
Of long low musing, such as suits
The terrace on your own dark hill,
Of whispers which are sweet as lutes,
And silence which is sweeter still;
Believe, believe—for May shall pass,
And summer sun and winter shower
Shall dim the freshness of the grass,
And mar the fragrance of the flower—
Believe it all, whate'er you hear
Of plighted vow, and treasured token,
And hues which only once appear,
And words which only once are spoken,

And prayers whose natural voice is song,
And schemes that die in wild endeavor,
And tears so pleasant, you will long
To weep such pleasant tears for ever.
Believe it all, believe it all !

Oh ! Virtue's frown is all divine ;
And Folly hides his happy thrall
In sneers as cold and false as mine ;
And Reason preates of wrong and right,
And marvels hearts can break or bleed,
And flings on all that's warm and bright
The winter of his icy creed ;
But when the soul has ceased to glow,
And years and cares are coming fast,
There's nothing like young love ! no, no !
There's nothing like young love at last !

The Convent of St. Ursula
Has been in a marvellous fright to-day ;
The nuns are all in a terrible pother
Scolding and screaming at one another ;
Two or three pale, and two or three red,
Two or three frightened to death in bed,
Two or three waging a wordy war
With the wide-cared Saints of the Calendar.
Beads and lies have both been told,
Tempers are hot, and dishes are cold ;
Celandine rends her last new veil,
Leonore babbles of horns and tail ;
Celandine proses of songs and slips,
Violette blushes and bites her lips :

Oh! what is the matter, the matter to-day,
With the Convent of St. Ursula?
But the Abbess has made the chiefest din,
And cried the loudest cry;
She has pinned her cap with a crooked pin,
And talked of Satan and talked of sin,
And set her coif awry;
And she can never quiet be;
But ever since the Matins,
In gallery and scullery,
And kitchen and refectory,
She tramps it in her pattens;
Oh! what is the matter, the matter to-day-
With the Abbess of St. Ursula?

Thrice in the silence of eventime
A desperate foot has dared to climb
Over the Convent gate;
Thrice a venturous voice and lute
Have dared to wake their amorous suit,
Among the Convent flowers and fruit,
Abominably late:
And thrice, the beldames know it well,
From out the lattice of her cell,
To listen to that murmured measure
Of life, and love, and hope, and pleasure,
With throbbing heart and eyelid wet,
Hath leaned the novice Violette;
And oh! you may tell from her mournful gaze,
Her vision hath been of those dear days,

When happily o'er the quiet lawn,
Bright with the dew's most heavenly sprinkles,
She scared the pheasant, and chased the fawn,
Till a smile came o'er her father's wrinkles,
Or stood beside that water fair,
Where moonlight slept with a ray so tender,
That every star which glistened there,
Glistened, she thought, with a double splendor;
And oh! she loved the ripples' play,
As to her feet the truant rovers
Wandered and went with a laugh away,
Kissing but once, like wayward lovers.
And oh! she loved the night-wind's moan,
And the dreary watch-dog's lonely yelling,
And the sentinel's unchanging tone,
And the chapel chime so sadly knelling,
And the echoes from the Castle hall,
Of circling song and noisy gladness,
And, in some silent interval,
The nightingale's deep voice of sadness.
Alas! there comes a winter bleak
On the lightest joy, and the loveliest flower:
And the smiles have faded on Violette's cheek,
And the roses have withered in Violette's bower,
But now by the beautiful turf and tide
Poor Violette's heart in silence lingers;
And the thrilling tears of memory glide
Thro' the trembling veil and the quivering fingers.
Yet not for these, for these alone,
That innocent heart beats high to-day;

And not for these the stifled moan
Is breathed in such thick passionate tone,
That not the lips appear to pray.
But you may deem those murmurs start
Forth from the life-strings of the heart,
So wild and strange is that long sigh,
So full of bliss and agony !

She thinks of him, the lovely boy,
Sweet Vidal, with his face of joy--
The careless mate of all the glee
That shone upon her infancy--
The baby-lover, who had been
The sceptred King, where she was Queen,
On Childhood's dream-encircled strand,
The undisputed Fairy-land !
She thinks of him, she thinks of him,
The lord of every wicked whim,
Who dared Sir Prinsamour to battle,
And drove away De Clifford's cattle,
And sang an Ave at the feast,
And made wry faces at the Priest,
And ducked the Duchess in the sea,
And tore Sir Roland's pedigree.

She thinks of him--the forehead fair,
The ruddy lip, and glossy hair--
The mountains, where they roved together,
In life's most bright and witching weather--
The wreck they watched upon the coast--
The ruin where they saw the ghost--

The fairy tale he loved to tell—
The serenade he sang so well;
And then she turns and sees again
The naked wall, and grated pane,
And frequent winks and frequent frowns,
And 'broidered books, and 'broidered gowns,
And plaster saints and plaster patrons,
And three impracticable matrons.

She was a very pretty Nun:
Sad, delicate, and five feet one;
Her face was oval, and her eye
Looked like the Heaven in Italy,
Serenely blue, and softly bright,
Made up of languish and of light!
And her neck, except where the locks of brown,
Like a sweet summer mist, fell droopingly down,
Was as chill and as white as the snow, ere the earth
Has sullied the hue of its heavenly birth;
And through the blue veins you might see
The pure blood wander silently,
Like noiseless eddies, that far below
In the glistening depths of a calm lake flow:
Her cold hands on her bosom lay;
And her ivory crucifix, cold as they,
Was clasped in a fearful and fond caress,
As if she shrank from its holiness,
And felt that hers was the only guilt
For which no healing blood was spilt:
And tears were bursting all the while;
Yet now and then a vacant smile

Over her lips would come and go—
A very mockery of wo—
A brief, wan smile—a piteous token
Of a warm love crush'd, and a young heart broken!

“Marry come up!” said Celandine,
Whose nose was ruby red,
“From venomous eates and wicked wine
A deadly sin is bred.
Darkness and anti-phlogistic diet,
These will keep the pulses quiet;
Silence and solitude, bread and water—
So must we cure our erring daughter!”
I have dined at an Alderman’s board,
I have drunk with a German lord,
But richer was Celandine’s own paté
Than Sir William’s soup on Christmas day,
And sweeter the flavor of Celandine’s flask
Than the loveliest cup from a Rhenish cask!

“Saints keep us!” said old Winifrede,
“Saints keep and cure us all!
And let us hie to our book and bead,
Or sure the skies will fall!
Is she a Heathen or is she a Hindoo,
To talk with a silly boy out of the window?
Was ever such profaneness seen?
Pert minx!—and only just sixteen!”
I have talked with a fop who has fought twelve duels,
Six for an heiress, and six for her jewels;

I have prosed with a reckless bard, who rehearses
Every day a thousand verses ;
But oh ! more marvellous twenty times
Than the bully's lies, or the blockhead's rhymes,
Were the scurrilous tales, which Scandal told
Of Winifrede's loves in the days of old !

The Abbess lifted up her eye,
And laid her rosary down,
And sigh'd a melancholy sigh,
And frown'd an angry frown.
"There's a cell in the dark cold ground,
Where sinful passions wither :
Vapory dews lie damp around,
And merriment of sight or sound
Can work no passage thither :
Other scene is there, I trow,
Than suits a love-sick maiden's vow ;
For a death-watch makes a weary tune,
And a glimmering lamp is a joyless moon,
And a couch of stone is a dismal rest,
And an aching heart is a bitter guest !
Maiden of the bosom light,
There shall thy dwelling be to-night ;
Mourn and meditate, fast and pray,
And drive the evil one away.
Axe and cord were fitter doom,
Desolate grave and mouldering tomb ;
But the merciful faith that speaks the sentence,
Joys in the dawn of a soul's repentance,

And the eyes may shed sweet tears for them,
Whom the hands chastise, and the lips condemn!"
I have set my foot on the hallowed spot,
Where the dungeon of trampled France is not;
I have heard men talk of Mr. Peel;
I have seen men walk on the Bixton wheel;
And 'twere better to feed on frogs and fears,
Guarded by griefs and grenadiers,
And 'twere better to tread all day and night,
With a rogue on the left, and a rogue on the right,
Than lend our persons or our purses
To that old lady's tender mercies!

"Ay! work your will!" the young girl said;
And as she spoke she raised her head,
And for a moment turned aside,
To check the tear she could not hide;—
"Ay! work your will! —I know you all,
Your holy aims and pious arts,
And how you love to fling a pall
On fading joys, and blighted hearts;
And if these quivering lips could tell
The story of our bliss and wo,
And how we loved—Oh! loved, as well
As ever mortals loved below—
And how in purity and truth
The flower of early joy was nurst,
Till sadness nipp'd its blushing youth,
And holy nummery call'd it curst—

You would but watch my sobs and sighs,
With shaking head, and silent sneers,
And deck with smiles those soulless eyes,
When mine should swell with bitter tears !
But work your will ! Oh ! life and limb
May wither in that house of dread,
Where horrid shapes and shadows dim
Walk nightly round the slumberer's head ;
The sight may sink, the tongue may fail,
The shuddering spirit long for day,
And fear may make these features pale,
And turn these boasted ringlets gray ;
But not for this, oh ! not for this,
The heart will lose its dream of gladness ;
And the fond thought of that last kiss
Will live in torture—yea ! in madness !
And look ! I will not fear or feel
The all your hate may dare or do ;
And, if I ever pray and kneel,
I will not kneel and pray to you !”

If you had seen that tender cheek,
Those eyes of melting blue,
You would not have thought in a thing so weak,
Such a fiery spirit grew.
But the trees which summer's breezes shake,
Are shivered in winter's gale ;
And a meek girl's heart will bear to break,
When a proud man's truth would fail.

Never a word she uttered more ;
They have led her down the stair,
And left her on the dungeon floor,
To find repentance there ;
And naught have they set beside her bed,
Within that chamber dull,
But a lonely lamp, and a loaf of bread,
A rosary and skull.
The breast is bold that grows not cold,
With a strong convulsive twinge,
As the slow door creeps to its sullen hold,
Upon its mouldering hinge.
That door was made by the cunning hand
Of an artist from a foreign land ;
Human skill and heavenly thunder
Shall not win its wards asunder.
The chain is fix'd, and the bolt is fast,
And the kind old Abbess lingers last,
To mutter a prayer on her bended knee,
And clasp to her girdle the iron key.

But then, oh then began to run
Horrible whispers from nun to nun :
" Sister Amelia,"—" Sister Anne,"
" Do tell us how it all began ;"
" The youth was a handsome youth, that's certain,
For Bertha peeped from behind the curtain :"
" As sure as I have human eyes,
It was the devil in disguise ;

His hair hanging down like threads of wire—
And his mouth breathing smoke, like a haystack
on fire—

And the ground beneath his footstep rocking,”—
“Lord! Isabel, how very shocking!”
“Poor Violette! she was *so* merry;
I’m very sorry for her!—very!”
“Well! it was worth a silver tester,
To see how she frown’d when the Abbess bless’d
her;”—

“Was Father Anselm there to shrive?
For I’m sure she’ll never come out alive!”

“Dear Elgitha, don’t frighten us so!”

“It’s just a hundred years ago,
Since Father Peter was put in the cell
For forgetting to ring the vesper bell;
Let us keep ourselves from mortal sin!
He went out as he went in!”

“No! and he lives there still, they say,
In his cloak of black, and his cowl of gray,
Weeping, and wailing, and walking about,
With an endless grief, and an endless gout,
And wiping his eyes with a kerchief of lawn,
And ringing his bell from dusk to dawn!”

“Let us pray to be saved from love and spectres!”—
“From the haunted cell!”—“And the abbess’s lec-
tures!”

The garish sun has gone away,
And taken with him the toils of day;
Foul ambition’s hollow schemes,
Busy labor’s golden dreams,

Angry strife, and cold debate,
Plodding care, and plotting hate.
But in the nunnery sleep is fled
From many a vigilant hand and head ;
A watch is set of friars tall,
Jerome and Joseph, and Peter and Paul ;
And the chattering girls are all lock'd up ;
And the wrinkled old abbess is gone to sup
On mushrooms and sweet muscadel,
In the fallen one's deserted cell.

And now 't is love's most lovely hour,
And silence sits on earth and sky,
And moonlight flings on turf and tower
A spell of deeper witchery ;
And in the stillness and the shade
All things and colors seem to fade :
And the garden queen, the blushing rose,
Has bowed her head in a soft repose ;
And weary zephyr is gone to rest
In the flow'ry grove he loves the best.
Nothing is heard but the long, long snore,
Solemn and sad, of the watchmen four,
And the voice of the rivulet rippling by,
And the nightingale's evening melody,
And the drowsy wing of the sleepless bat,
And the mew of the gard'ner's tortoise-shell cat.

Dear cousin ! a harp like yours has power
Over the soul in every hour ;

And after breakfast, when Sir G.
Has been discussing news and tea,
And eulogized his coals and logs,
And told the breeding of his dogs,
And hurl'd anathemas of pith
Against the sect of Adam Smith,
And handed o'er to endless shame
The voters for the sale of game,
'Tis sweet to fly from him and vapors,
And those interminable papers,
And waste an idle hour or two
With dear Rossini, and with you.

But those sweet sounds are doubly sweet,
In the still nights of June,
When song and silence seem to meet,
Beneath the quiet moon;
When not a single leaf is stirr'd,
By playful breeze or joyous bird,
And echo shrinks as if afraid
Of the faint murmur she has made.
Oh! then the spirit of music roves,
With a delicate step through the myrtle groves,
And still wherever he flits, he flings
A thousand charms from his purple wings.
And where is that discourteous wight,
Who would not linger through the night
Listening ever, lone and mute,
To the murmur of his mistress' lute,
And courting those bright phantasies,
Which haunt the dreams of waking eyes?

He came that night, the Troubadour,
While the four fat friars slept secure,
And gazed on the lamp that sweetly glisten'd,
Where he thought his mistress listen'd;
Low and clear the silver note
On the thrill'd air seem'd to float;
Such might be an angel's moan,
Half a whisper, half a tone.

“So glad a life was never, love,
As that which childhood leads,
Before it learns to sever, love,
The roses from the weeds:
When to be very duteous, love,
Is all it has to do;
And every flower is beauteous, love,
And every folly true.

“And you can still remember, love,
The buds, that decked our play,
Though destiny's December, love,
Has whirled those buds away:
And you can smile through tears, love,
And feel a joy in pain,
To think upon those years, love,
You may not see again.

“When we mimick'd the Friar's howls, love,
Cared nothing for his creeds,
Made bonnets of his cowls, love,
And bracelets of his beads;

And gray-beards looked not awful, love,
And grandames made no din,
And vows were not unlawful, love,
And kisses were no sin.

“And do you never dream, love,
Of that enchanted well,
Where under the moon-beam, love,
The fairies wove their spell?
How oft we saw them greeting, love,
Beneath the blasted tree,
And heard their pale feet beating, love,
To their own minstrelsy!

“And do you never think, love,
Of the shallop, and the wave,
And the willow on the brink, love,
Over the poacher’s grave?
Where always in the dark, love,
We heard a heavy sigh,
And the dogs were wont to bark, love,
Whenever they went by?

“Then gaily shone the heaven, love,
On life’s untroubled sea,
And Vidal’s heart was given, love,
In happiness to thee;
The sea is all benighted, love,
The heaven has ceased to shine;
The heart is seared and blighted, love,
But still the heart is thine!”

He paused and looked ; he paused and sighed ;
None appear'd, and none replied :
All was still but the water's wail,
And the tremulous voice of the nightingale,
And the insects buzzing among the briers,
And the nasal note of the four fat friars.

“ Oh fly with me ! 'tis passion's hour ;
The world is gone to sleep ;
And nothing wakes in brake or bower,
But those who love and weep :
This is the golden time and weather,
When songs and sighs go out together,
And minstrels pledge the rosy wine
To lutes like this, and lips like thine !

“ Oh fly with me ! my courser's flight
Is like the rushing breeze,
And the kind moon has said ‘ Good night !’
And sunk behind the trees :
The lover's voice—the loved one's ear—
There's nothing else to speak and hear ;
And we will say, as on we glide,
That nothing lives on earth beside !

“ Oh fly with me ! and we will wing
Our white skiff o'er the waves,
And hear the tritons revelling,
Among their coral caves ;
The envious mermaid, when we pass,
Shall cease her song, and drop her glass ;

For it will break her very heart,
To see how fair and dear thou art.

“ Oh fly with me ! and we will dwell
Far over the green seas,
Where Sadness rings no parting knell
For moments such as these !
Where Italy’s unclouded skies
Look brightly down on brighter eyes,
Or where the wave-wed city smiles,
Enthroned upon her hundred isles.

“ Oh fly with me ! by these sweet strings
Swept o’er by Passion’s fingers—
By all the rocks, and vales, and springs—
Where Memory lives and lingers—
By all the tongue can never tell—
By all the heart has told so well—
By all that has been or may be—
And by Love’s self—Oh fly with me !”

He paused again—no sight or sound !
The still air rested all around ;
He look’d to the tower, and he look’d to the tree,
Night was as still as night could be ;
Something he mutter’d of Prelate and Pope
And took from his mantle a silken rope ;
Love dares much, and Love climbs well !
He stands by the Abbess in Violette’s cell.

He put on a mask, and he put out the light ;
The Abbess was dressed in a veil of white ;

Not a look he gave, not a word he said ;
 The pages are ready, the blanket is spread ;
 He has clasped his arm her waist about,
 And lifted the screaming Abbess out :
 "My horse is fleet, and my hand is true,
 And my Squire has a bow of deadly yew ;
 Away, and away, over mountain and moor !
 Good luck to the love of the gay Troubadour !"

"What ! rode away with the Abbess behind ?
 Lord ! sister ! is the Devil blind ?"
 "Full fourscore winters !"—"Fast and pray !
 For the powers of darkness fight to-day !"
 "I sha'nt get over the shock for a week !"—
 "Did any one hear our Mother shriek ?"—
 "Do shut your mouth !"—"Do shut the cell !"
 "What a villanous, odious, sulphury smell !"
 "Has the Evil One taken the Mass-book too ?"
 "Ah me ! what will poor little Violette do ?
 She has but one loaf since seven o'clock ;
 And no one can open that horrible lock ;
 And Satan will grin with a fiendish glee,
 When he finds the Abbess has kept the key !"
 "How shall we manage to sleep to-night ?"
 "I wouldn't for worlds put out my light !"
 "I'm sure I shall die if I hear but a mole stir !"
 "I'll clap St. Ursula under my bolster !"

But oh ! the pranks that Vidal played,
 When he found what a bargain his blindness had
 made !

Wilful and wild—half in fun, half on fire,
He stared at the Abbess, and storm'd at the Squire!
Consigned to perdition all silly romancers,
Ask'd twenty strange questions, and staid for no
 answers,
Raving, and roaring, and laughing by fits,
And driving the old woman out of her wits.

There was a jousting at Chichester;
It had made in the country a mighty stir,
And all that was brave, and all that was fair,
And all that was neither, came trooping there;
Scarfs and scars, and frays and frowns,
And flow'ry speeches, and flow'ry crowns.
A hundred knights set spear in rest
For the lady they deemed the loveliest,
And Vidal broke a lance that day
For the Abbess of St. Ursula.

There was a feast at Arundel;
The town-clerk tolled a ponderous bell,
And nothing was there but row and rout,
And toil to get in, and toil to get out,
And sheriffs fatter than their venison,
And belles that never staid for benison.
The red, red wine was mantling there,
To the health of the fairest of the fair,
And Vidal drain'd the cup that day
To the Abbess of St. Ursula.
There was a wedding done at Bramber;
The town was full of myrrh and amber;

And the boors were roasting valorous beeves,
And the boys were gathering myrtle leaves,
And the bride was choosing her finest flounces,
And the bridegroom was scattering coin by ounces,
And every stripling danced on the green
With the girl he had made his idol queen ;
And Vidal led the dance that day
With the Abbess of St. Ursula.

Three days had pass'd when the Abbess came back ;
Her voice was out of tune,
And her new white veil was gone to wrack,
And so were her sandal shoon.
No word she said ; they put her to bed,
With a pain in her heels, and a pain in her head,
And she talk'd in her delirious fever
Of a high-trotting horse, and black deceiver ;
Of music and merriment, love and lances,
Bridles and blasphemy, dishes and dances.

They went with speed to the dungeon-door ;
The air was chill and damp ;
And the pale girl lay on the marble floor,
Beside the dying lamp.
They kissed her lips, they called her name,
No kiss returned, no answer came ;
Motionless, lifeless, there she lay,
Like a statue rent from its base away !
They said by famine she had died :
Yet the bread untasted lay beside ;

And her cheek was as full, and fresh, and fair,
As it had been when warmth was there,
And her eyes were unclosed, and their glassy rays
Were fixed in a desolate, dreamy gaze,
As if before their orbs had gone
Some sight they could not close upon ;
And her bright brown locks all gray were grown ;
And her hands were clenched, and cold as stone ;
And the veins upon her neck and brow——
But she was dead !—what boots it how ?

In holy ground she was not laid ;
For she had died in sin,
And good St. Ursula forbade
That such should enter in ;
But in a calm and cold retreat
They made her place of rest,
And laid her in her winding-sheet,
And left her there unblest ;
And set a small stone at her head,
Under a spreading tree ;
“ *Orate*”—that was all it said—
“ *Orate hic pro me !*”

And Vidal came at night, alone,
And tore his shining hair,
And laid him down beside the stone,
And wept till day-break there.

“ Fare thee well, fare thee well,
Most beautiful of earthly things,

I will not bid thy spirit stay,
Nor link to earth those glittering wings,
That burst like light away!

I know that thou art gone to dwell
In the sunny home of the fresh day beam,
Before Decay's unpitying tread
Hath crept upon the dearest dream
That ever came and fled;

Fare thee well, fare thee well;
And go thy way, all pure and fair,
Into the starry firmament;
And wander there with the spirits of air,
As bright and innocent!

"Fare thee well, fare thee well!
Strange feet will be upon thy clay,
And never stop to sigh or sorrow;
Yet many wept for thee to-day,
And one will weep to-morrow:
Alas! that melancholy knell
Shall often wake my wondering ear,
And thou shalt greet me, for a while,
Too beautiful to make me fear,
Too sad to let me smile!

Fare thee well, fare thee well!
I know that heaven for thee is won;
And yet I feel I would resign
Whole ages of my life, for one—
One little hour, of thine!

“Fare thee well, fare thee well!
See, I have been to the sweetest bowers,
And culled from garden and from heath
The tenderest of all tender flowers,
And blended in my wreath
The violet and the blue harebell,
And one frail rose in its earliest bloom;
Alas! I meant it for thy hair,
And now I fling it on thy tomb,
To weep and wither there!
Fare ye well, fare ye well!
Sleep, sleep, my love, in fragrant shade,
Droop, droop to-night, thou blushing token;
A fairer flower shall never fade,
Nor a fonder heart be broken!”

THE LEGEND OF THE TEUFEL-HAUS.

THE way was lone, and the hour was late,
And Sir Rudolph was far from his castle gate.
The night came down, by slow degrees,
On the river stream, and the forest-trees ;
And by the heat of the heavy air,
And by the lightning's distant glare,
And by the rustling of the woods,
And by the roaring of the floods,
In half an hour, a man might say,
The Spirit of Storm would ride that way.
But little he cared, that stripling pale,
For the sinking sun, or the rising gale ;
For he, as he rode, was dreaming now,
Poor youth, of a woman's broken vow,
Of the cup dashed down, ere the wine was tasted,
Of eloquent speeches sadly wasted,
Of a gallant heart all burnt to ashes,
And the Baron of Katzberg's long mustaches.
So the earth below, and the heaven above,
He saw them not ;—those dreams of love,
As some have found, and some will find,
Make men extremely deaf and blind.

At last he opened his great blue eyes,
 And looking about in vast surprise,
 Found that his hunter had turned his back,
 An hour ago on the beaten track,
 And now was threading a forest hoar,
 Where steed had never stepped before.

“By Cæsar’s head,” Sir Rudolph said,
 “It were a sorry joke,
 If I to-night should make my bed
 On the turf, beneath an oak!
 Poor Roland reeks from head to hoof;—
 Now, for thy sake, good roan,
 I would we were beneath a roof,
 Were it the foul fiend’s own !”

Ere the tongue could rest, ere the lips could close,
 The sound of a listener’s laughter rose.
 It was not the scream of a merry boy
 When harlequin waves his wand of joy ;
 Nor the shout from a serious curate, won
 By a bending bishop’s annual pun ;
 Nor the roar of a Yorkshire clown ;—oh, no !
 It was a gentle laugh, and low ;
 Half uttered, perhaps, and stifled half,
 A good old-gentlemanly laugh ;
 Such as my uncle Peter’s are,
 When he tells you his tales of Dr. Parr.
 The rider looked to the left and the right,
 With something of marvel, and more of fright :

But brighter gleamed his anxious eye,
 When a light shone out from a hill hard by.
 Thither he spurred, as gay and glad
 As Mrs. Maquill's delighted lad,
 When he turns away from the Pleas of the Crown,
 Or flings, with a yawn, old Saunders down.
 And flies, at last, from all the mysteries
 Of Plaintiffs' and Defendants' histories,
 To make himself sublimely neat,
 For Mrs. Camac's in Mansfield Street.

At a lofty gate Sir Rudolph halted ;
 Down from his seat Sir Rudolph vaulted :
 And he blew a blast with might and main,
 On the bugle that hung by an iron chain.
 The sound called up a score of sounds ;—
 The screeching of owls, and the baying of hounds,
 The hollow toll of the turret bell,
 The call of the watchful sentinel,
 And a groan at last, like a peal of thunder,
 As the huge old portals rolled asunder,
 And gravely from the castle hall
 Paced forth the white-robed seneschal.
 He stayed not to ask of what degree
 So fair and furnished a knight might be ;
 But knowing that all untimely question
 Ruffles the temper, and mars the digestion,
 He laid his hand upon the crupper,
 And said,—“ You're just in time for supper !”

They led him to the smoking board,
 And placed him next to the castle's lord.

He looked around with a hurried glance:
 You may ride from the border to fair Penzance,
 And nowhere, but at Epsom Races,
 Find such a group of ruffian faces
 As thronged that chamber: some were talking
 Of feats of hunting and of hawking,
 And some were drunk, and some were dreaming,
 And some found pleasure in blaspheming.
 He thought, as he gazed on the fearful crew,
 That the lamps that burned on the walls burned blue.
 They brought him a pasty of mighty size,
 To cheer his heart, and to charm his eyes;
 They brought the wine, so rich and old,
 And filled to the brim the cup of gold;
 The knight looked down, and the knight looked up,
 But he carved not the meat, and he drained not the cup.

“Ho, ho,” said his host with angry brow,

“I wot our guest is fine;

Our fare is far too coarse, I trow,

For such nice taste as thine:

Yet trust me I have cooked the food,

And I have filled the can,

Since I have lived in this old wood,

For many a nobler man.”—

“The savory buck and the ancient cask

To a weary man are sweet;

But ere he taste, it is fit he ask

For a blessing on bowl and meat.

Let me but pray for a minute's space,
 And bid me pledge ye then ;
 I swear to ye, by our Lady's grace,
 I shall eat and drink like ten !"

The lord of the castle in wrath arose,
 He frowned like a fiery dragon ;
 Indignantly he blew his nose,
 And overturned the flagon.
 And, "Away," quoth he, "with the canting priest,
 Who comes uncalled to a midnight feast,
 And breathes through a helmet his holy benison,
 To sour my hock, and spoil my venison !"

That moment all the lights went out ;
 And they dragged him forth, that rabble rout,
 With oath, and threat, and foul scurrility,
 And every sort of incivility.
 They barred the gates ; and the peal of laughter,
 Sudden and shrill, that followed after,
 Died off into a dismal tone,
 Like a parting spirit's painful moan.
 "I wish," said Rudolph, as he stood
 On foot in the deep and silent wood ;
 "I wish, good Roland, rack and stable
 May be kinder to-night than their master's table !"
 By this the storm had fled by ;
 And the moon with a quiet smile looked out
 From the glowing arch of a cloudless sky,
 Flinging her silvery beams about

On rock, tree, wave, and gladdening all
 With just as miscellaneous bounty,
 As Isabel's, whose sweet smiles fall
 In half an hour on half the county.
 Less wild Sir Rudolph's pathway seemed,
 As he turned from that discourteous tower ;
 Small spots of verdure gaily gleamed
 On either side ; and many a flower,
 Lily, and violet, and heart's-ease,
 Grew by the way, a fragrant border ;
 And the tangled boughs of the hoary trees
 Were twined in picturesque disorder :
 And there came from the grove, and there came from
 the hill
 The loveliest sounds he had ever heard,
 The cheerful voice of the dancing rill,
 And the sad, sad song of the lonely bird.

And at last he stared with wondering eyes,
 As well he might, on a huge pavilion :
 'Twas clothed with stuffs of a hundred dyes,
 Blue, purple, orange, pink, vermilion ;
 And there were quaint devices traced
 All round in the Saracenic manner ;
 And the top which gleamed like gold, was graced
 With the drooping folds of a silken banner ;
 And on the poles, in silent pride,
 There sat small doves of white enamel ;
 And the vail from the entrance was drawn aside,
 And flung on the humps of a silver camel.

In short it was the sweetest thing
 For a weary youth in a wood to light on ;
 And finer far than what a king

Built up, to prove his taste, at Brighton.

The gilded gate was all unbarred ;
 And, close beside it, for a guard,
 There lay two dwarfs with monstrous noses,
 Both fast asleep upon some roses.

Sir Rudolph entered ; rich and bright
 Was all that met his ravished sight ;
 Soft tapestries from far countries brought,
 Rare cabinets with gems inwrought,
 White vases of the finest mould,
 And mirrors set in burnished gold.

Upon a couch a grayhound slumbered ;
 And a small table was encumber'd
 With paintings, and an ivory lute,
 And sweetmeats, and delicious fruit.

Sir Rudolph lost no time in praising ;
 For he, I should have said, was gazing,
 In attitude extremely tragic,

Upon a sight of stranger magic ;
 A sight, which, seen at such a season,
 Might well astonish Mistress Reason,
 And scare Dame Wisdom from her fences
 Of rules and maxims, moods and tenses.

Beneath a crimson canopy

A lady, passing fair, was lying ;
 Deep sleep was on her gentle eye,
 And in her slumber she was sighing

Bewitching sighs, such sighs as say
 Beneath the moonlight, to a lover,
 Things which the coward tongue by day
 Would not, for all the world, discover :
 She lay like a shape of sculptured stone,
 So pale, so tranquil :—she had thrown,
 For the warm evening's sultriness,
 The brodered coverlet aside ;
 And nothing was there to deck or hide
 The glory of her loveliness,
 But a scarf of gauze so light and thin
 You might see beneath the dazzling skin,
 And watch the purple streamlets go
 Through the valleys of white and stainless snow,
 Or here and there a wayward tress
 Which wandered out with vast assurance
 From the pearls that kept the rest in durance,
 And fluttered about, as if 'twould try
 To lure a zephyr from the sky.

"Bertha !"—large drops of anguish came
 On Rudolph's brow, as he breathed that name,—
 "Oh fair and false one, wake, and fear ;
 I the betrayed, the scorned, am here."
 The eye moved not from its dull eclipse,
 The voice came not from the fast-shut lips ;
 No matter ! well that gazer knew
 The tone of bliss, and the eyes of blue.

Sir Rudolph hid his burning face
 With both his hands for a minute's space,

And all his frame in awful fashion
Was shaken by some sudden passion.
What guilty fancies o'er him ran?—

Oh, Pity will be slow to guess them ;
And never, save to the holy man,

Did good Sir Rudolph e'er confess them,
But soon his spirit you might deem
Came forth from the shade of the fearful dream ;
His cheek, though pale, was calm again,
And he spoke in peace, though he spoke in pain,

“Not mine ! not mine ! now, Mary mother,
Aid me the sinful hope to smother !
Not mine, not mine !—I have loved thee long
Thou hast quitted me with grief and wrong.
But pure the heart of a knight should be,—
Sleep on, sleep on, thou art safe for me.
Yet shalt thou know by a certain sign,
Whose lips have been so near to thine,
Whose eyes have looked upon thy sleep,
And turned away, and longed to weep,
Whose heart,—mourn,—madden as it will,—
Has spared thee, and adored thee, still !”

His purple mantle, rich and wide,
From his neck the trembling youth untied,
And flung it o'er those dangerous charms,
The swelling neck, and the rounded arms.
Once more he looked, once more he sighed ;
And away, away, from the perilous tent,

Swift as the rush of an eagle's wing,
Or the flight of a shaft from Tartar string,
Into the wood Sir Rudolph went :

Not with more joy the school-boys run
 To the gay green fields, when their task is done ;
 Not with more haste the members fly,
 When Hume has caught the Speaker's eye.

At last the daylight came ; and then
 A score or two of serving men,
 Supposing that some sad disaster
 Had happened to their lord and master,
 Went out into the wood, and found him,
 Unhorsed, and with no mantle round him.
 Ere he could tell his tale romantic,
 The leech pronounced him clearly frantic,
 So ordered him at once to bed,
 And clapped a blister on his head.

Within the sound of the castle-clock
 There stands a huge and rugged rock,
 And I have heard the peasants say,
 That the grieving groom at noon that day
 Found gallant Roland, cold and stiff,
 At the base of the black and beetling cliff.

Beside the rock there is an oak,
 Tall, blasted by the thunder-stroke,
 And I have heard the peasants say,
 That there Sir Rudolph's mantle lay,
 And coiled in many a deadly wreath
 A venomous serpent slept beneath.

EVERY-DAY CHARACTERS.

I.—THE VICAR.

SOME years ago, ere Time and Taste
Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way between
St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the Green,
And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lisson lath;
Fair Margaret in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle:
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlor steps collected,
Wagged all their tails and seemed to say,
"Our master knows you; you're expected!"

Up rose the Reverend Dr. Brown,
Up rose the Doctor's "winsome marrow;"
The lady lay her knitting down,
Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow;
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
Pundit or papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
And warmed himself in court or college,
He had not gained an honest friend,
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge;—
If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,—
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
And not the Vicarage, or the Vicar.

His talk was like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rock to roses:
It slipped from politics to puns:
It passed from Mahomet to Moses:
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound divine,
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror;
And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablished Truth, or started Error,

The Baptist found him far too deep ;
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow ;
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or showed
That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
From Jerome, or from Athanasius ;
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
The hand and head that penned and planned them,
For all who understood, admired,
And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
Small treatises, and smaller verses ;
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
And hints to noble lords and nurses ;
True histories of last year's ghost,
Lines to a ringlet or a turban ;
And trifles for the Morning Post,
And nothing for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
Although he had a knack of joking ;
He did not make himself a bear,
Although he had a taste for smoking ;
And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garnished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage :
At his approach complaint grew mild,
And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
The clammy lips of Fever smiled
The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
Of Julius Cæsar or of Venus :
From him I learned the rule of three,
Cat's cradle, leap-frog, and Quæ genus ;
I used to singe his powdered wig,
To steal the staff he put such trust in ;
And make the puppy dance a jig
When he began to quote Augustin.

Alack the change ! in vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled ;
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled :
The church is larger than before ;
You reach it by a carriage entry :
It holds three hundred people more :
And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat : you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
Whose tone is very Ciceronian.

Where is the old man laid ?—look down,
 And construe on the slab before you,
 HIC JACET GULIELMUS BROWN,
 VIR NULLA NON DONANDUS LAURA.

II.—QUINCE.

Fallentis semita vitæ.

Horace.

NEAR a small village in the West,
 Where many very worthy people
 Eat, drink, play whist, and do their best
 To guard from evil Church and Steeple,
 There stood—alas ! it stands no more !
 A tenement of brick and plaster,
 Of which, for forty years and four,
 My good friend Quince was lord and master !

Welcome was he in hut and hall,
 To maids and matrons, peers and peasants,
 He won the sympathies of all,
 By making puns and making presents ;
 Though all the parish was at strife,
 He kept his counsel and his carriage,
 And laughed and loved a quiet life,
 And shrank from Chancery's suits and marriage.

Sound was his claret and his head ;
 Warm were his double ale and feelings—
 His partners at the whist club said,
 That he was faultless in his dealings—
 He went to church but once a week ;
 Yet Dr. Poundtext always found him
 An upright man, who studied Greek,
 And liked to see his friends around him.

Asylums, hospitals, and schools,
 He used to swear were made to cozen ;
 All who subscribed to them were fools,
 And he subscribed to half a dozen ;
 It was his doctrine that the poor
 Were always able, never willing ;
 And so the beggar at the door
 Had first abuse, and then a shilling.

Some public principles he had,
 But was no flatterer, nor fretter ;
 He rapped his box when things were bad,
 And said, "I cannot make them better !"
 And much he loathed the patriot's snort,
 And much he scorned the placeman's shuffle,
 And cut the fiercest quarrels short,
 With—"Patience, gentlemen, and shuffle."

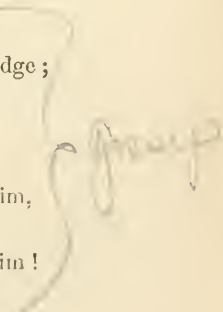
For full ten years his pointer, Speed,
 Had couched beneath his master's table ;
 For twice ten years his old white steed
 Had fattened in his master's stable—

Old Quince averred, upon his troth,
They were the ugliest beasts in Devon ;
And none knew why he fed them both,
With his own hands, six days in seven.

Whene'er they heard his ring or knock,
Quicker than thought, the village slatterns
Flung down the novel, smoothed the frock,
And took up Mrs. Glasse, and patterns ;
Adine was studying baker's bills ;
Louisa looked the queen of knitters ;
Jane happened to be hemming frills ;
And Bell, by chance, was making fritters.

But all was vain ; and while decay
Came like a tranquil moonlight o'er him,
And found him gouty still, and gay,
With no fair nurse to bless or bore him ;
His rugged smile, and easy chair,
His dread of matrimonial lectures,
His wig, his stick, his powdered hair,
Were themes for very strange conjectures.

Some sages thought the stars above
Had crazed him with excess of knowledge ;
Some heard he had been crossed in love,
Before he came away from college—
Some darkly hinted that his Grace
Did nothing, great or small, without him,
Some whispered with a solemn face,
That there was something odd about him !



I found him at threescore and ten,
A single man, but bent quite double,
Sickness was coming on him then,
To take him from a world of trouble—
He prosed of sliding down the hill,
Discovered he grew older daily ;
One frosty day he made his will—
The next he sent for Dr. Bailey !

And so he lived—and so he died :—
When last I sat beside his pillow,
He shook my hand—" Ah me !"—he cried,
" Penelope must wear the willow.
Tell her I hugged her rosy chain
While life was flickering in the socket :
And say, that when I call again,
I'll bring a license in my pocket.

" I've left my house and grounds to Fag—
(I hope his master's shoes will suit him ;)
And I've bequeathed to you my nag,
To feed him for my sake—or shoot him.
The Vicar's wife will take old Fox—
She'll find him an uncommon mouser ;
And let her husband have my box,
My Bible, and my Assmanshauser.

Whether I ought to die or not
My doctors cannot quite determine ;
It's only clear that I shall rot,
And be, like Priam, food for vermin.

My debts are paid ;—but Nature's debt
Almost escaped my recollection !
Tom ! we shall meet again ; and yet
I cannot leave you my direction !”

III.—THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

YEARS—years ago—ere yet my dreams
Had been of being wise and witty ;
Ere I had done with writing themes,
Or yawn'd o'er this infernal Chitty ;
Years, years ago, while all my joys
Were in my fowling-piece and filly ;
In short, while I was yet a boy,
I fell in love with Laura Lilly.

I saw her at a country ball ;
There when the sound of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall,
Of hands across and down the middle,
Hers was the subtlest spell by far
Of all that sets young hearts romancing :
She was our queen, our rose, our star ;
And when she danced—oh, heaven, her dancing !

Dark was her hair, her hand was white ;
Her voice was exquisitely tender,
Her eyes were full of liquid light ;
I never saw a waist so slender ;

Her every look, her every smile,
Shot right and left a score of arrows ;
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,
I wondered where she 'd left her sparrows.

She talk'd of politics or prayers ;
Of Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets ;
Of daggers or of dancing bears,
Of battles, or the last new bonnets ;
By candle-light, at twelve o'clock,
To me it matter'd not a tittle,
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal ;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them for the Sunday Journal.
My mother laughed ; I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling ;
My father frown'd ; but how should gout
Find any happiness in kneeling ?

She was the daughter of a dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic ;
She had one brother just thirteen,
Whose color was extremely hectic ;
Her grandmother, for many a year,
Had fed the parish with her bounty ;
Her second cousin was a peer,
And lord-lieutenant of the county.

But titles and the three per cents,
And mortgages, and great relations,
And India bonds, and tithes and rents,
Oh! what are they to love's sensations?
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks,
Such wealth, such honors, Cupid chooses;
He cares as little for the stocks,
As Baron Rothschild for the muses.

She sketch'd ; the vale, the wood, the beach,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading ;
She botanized ; I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading ;
She warbled Handel ; it was grand—
She made the Catalina jealous ;
She touch'd the organ ; I could stand
For hours and hours and blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well fill'd with all an album's glories ;
Paintings of butterflies and Rome,
Patterns for trimming, Persian stories ;
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to famine and to slaughter ;
And autographs of Princee Laboo,
And recipes of elder water.

And she was flatter'd, worshipp'd, bored,
Her steps were watch'd, her dress was noted,
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted.

She laugh'd, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolish'd ;
She frown'd, and every look was sad,
As if the opera were demolish'd.

She smil'd on many just for fun—
I knew that there was nothing in it ;
I was the first, the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute ;
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded ;
She wrote a charming hand, and oh !
How sweetly all her notes were folded !

Our love was like most other loves—
A little glow, a little shiver ;
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
And “ Fly Not Yet,” upon the river ;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows—and then we parted.

We parted—months and years roll'd by ;
We met again four summers after ;
Our parting was all sob and sigh—
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter ;
For in my heart's most secret cell,
There had been many other lodgers ;
And she was not the ball-room belle,
But only Mrs.—Something—Rogers.

*For the
first time
I had found
a real love*

A FRAGMENT OF A BALLAD :

TEACHING HOW POETRY IS BEST PAID FOR.

Non voglio cento scudi.—*Song.*

OH say not that the minstrel's art,
The pleasant gift of verse,
Though his hopes decay, though his friends depart,
Can ever be a curse;—
Though sorrow reign within his heart,
And Penury hold his purse.

Say not his toil is profitless;—
Though he charm no rich relation,
The Fairies all his labors bless
With such remuneration,
As Mr. Hume would soon confess
Beyond his calculation.

Annuities, and three per cents,
Little cares he about them;
And India bonds, and tithes, and rents,
He rambles on without them :
But love, and noble sentiments,—
Oh, never bid him doubt them!

Young Florice rose from his humble bed,
And prayed as a good youth should ;
And forth he sped, with a lightsome tread,
Into the neighboring wood ;
He knew where the berries were ripe and red,
And where the old oak stood.

And as he lay at the noon of day,
Beneath the ancient tree,
A grayhaired pilgrim passed that way ;
A holy man was he,
And he was wending forth to pray
At a shrine in a far countrie.

Oh, his was a weary wandering,
And a song or two might cheer him.
The pious youth began to sing,
As the ancient man drew near him ;
The lark was mute as he touched the string,
And the thrush said, " Hear him, hear him !"

He sang high tales of the martyred brave ;
Of the good, and pure, and just ;
Who have gone into the silent grave,
In such deep faith and trust,
That the hopes and thoughts which sain and save
Spring from their buried dust.

The fair of face, and the stout of limb,
Meek maids, and grandsires hoary,
Who have sung on the cross their rapturous hymn,
As they passed to their doom of glory ;—

Their radiant fame is never dim,
Nor their names erased from story.

Time spares the stone where sleep the dead
With angels watching round them ;
The mourner's grief is comforted,
As he looks on the chains that bound them ;
And peace is shed on the murderer's head,
And he kisses the thorns that crowned them.

Such tales he told ; and the pilgrim heard
In a trance of voiceless pleasure ;
For the depths of his inmost soul were stirred,
By the sad and solemn measure :
“ I give thee my blessing,”—was his word ;
“ It is all I have of treasure !”

A little child came bounding by ;
And he, in a fragrant bower,
Had found a gorgeous butterfly,
Rare spoil for a nursery dower,
Which, with fierce step, and eager eye,
He chased from flower to flower.

“ Come hither, come hither,” ’gan Florice call ;
And the urchin left his fun ;
So from the hall of poor Sir Paul
Retreats the baffled dun ;
So Ellen parts from the village ball,
Where she leaves a heart half won.

Then Florice did the child caress,
And sang his sweetest songs :
Their theme was of the gentleness
Which to the soul belongs,
Ere yet it knows the name or dress
Of human rights and wrongs.

And of the wants which make agree
All parts of this vast plan ;
How life is in whate'er we see,
And only life in man :—
What matter where the less may be,
And where the longer span ?

And how the heart grows hard without
Soft Pity's freshening dew ;
And how when any life goes 'out
Some little pang ensues ;—
Facts which great soldiers often doubt,
And wits who write reviews.

Oh, Song hath power o'er Nature's springs,
Though deep the nymph has laid them !
The child gazed, gazed, on gilded wings,
As the next light breeze displayed them ;
But he felt the while that the meanest things
Are dear to him that made them !

The sun went down behind the hill,
The breeze was growing colder

But there the minstrel lingered still ;
And amazed the chance beholder,
Musing beside a rippling rill,
With a harp upon his shoulder.

And soon, on a graceful steed and tame,
A sleek Arabian mare,
The Lady Juliana came,
Riding to take the air,
With lords of fame, at whose proud name
A radical would swear.

The minstrel touched his lute again.—
It was more than a Sultan's crown,
When the lady checked her bridle rein,
And lit from her palfrey down :—
What would you give for such a strain,
Rees, Longman, Orme, and Brown ?

He sang of Beauty's dazzling eyes,
Of Beauty's melting tone ;
And how her praise is a richer prize
Than the gems of Persia's throne ;
And her love a bliss which the coldly wise
Have never, never known.

He told how the valiant scoff at fear,
When the sob of her grief is heard ;
How they couch the spear for a smile or tear
How they die for a single word ;—
Things which, I own, to me appear
Exceedingly absurd.

The Lady soon had heard enough :
She turned to hear Sir Denys
Discourse, in language vastly gruff,
About his skill at Tennis ;
While smooth Sir Guy described the stuff
His mistress wore at Venice.

The Lady smiled one radiant smile,
And the Lady rode away.—
There is not a lady in all our Isle,
I have heard a Poet say,
Who can listen more than a little while
To a poet's sweetest lay.

His mother's voice was fierce and shrill,
As she set the milk and fruit :
“ Out on thine unrewarded skill,
And on thy vagrant lute ;
Let the strings be broken an they will,
And the beggar lips be mute !”

Peace, peace !—the Pilgrim as he went
Forgot the minstrel's song ;
But the blessing that his wan lips sent
Will guard the minstrel long ;
And keep his spirit innocent,
And turn his hand from wrong.

Belike the child had little thought
Of the moral the minstrel drew ;
But the dream of a deed of kindness wrought—
Brings it not peace to you ?

And doth not a lesson of virtue taught
Teach him that teaches too ?

And if the Lady sighed no sigh
For the minstrel or his hymn ;—
But when he shall lie 'neath the moonlit sky,
Or lip the goblet's brim,
What a star in the midst of memory
Her smile will be to him !

THE COVENANTER'S LAMENT FOR BOTH-
WELL BRIGG.

THE men of sin prevail !
Once more the prince of this world lifts his horn :
Judah is scattered as the chaff is borne
Before the stormy gale.

Where are our brethren ? where
The good and true, the terrible and fleet ?
They whom we loved, with whom we sat at meat,
With whom we kneeled in prayer ?

Mangled and marred they lie,
Upon the bloody pillow of their rest :
Stern Dalzell smiles, and Clavers with a jest
Spurs his fierce charger by.

So let our foes rejoice ;—
We to the Lord, who hears their impious boasts,
Will call for comfort ; to the God of Hosts
We will lift up our voice.

Give ear unto our song ;
For we are wandering o'er our native land,
As sheep that have no shepherd ; and the hand
Of wicked men is strong.

Only to thee we bow.
Our lips have drained the fury of thy cup ;
And the deep murmurs of our hearts go up
To heaven for vengeance now.

Avenge,—oh, not our years
Of pain and wrong ; the blood of martyrs shed ;
The ashes heaped upon the hoary head ;
The maiden's silent tears ;

The babe's bread torn away ;
The harvest blasted by the war-steed's hoof ;
The red flame wreathing o'er the cottage roof ;
Judge not for these to-day !

Is not thine own dread rod
Mocked by the proud, thy holy book disdained,
Thy name blasphemed, thy temple's courts profaned ?
Avenge thyself, O God !

Break Pharaoh's iron crown ;
Bind with new chains their nobles and their kings ;
Wash from thy house the blood of unclean things ;
And hurl their Dagon down !

Come in thine own good time !
We will abide : we have not turned from thee ;
Though in a world of grief our portion be,
Of bitter grief, and crime.

Be thou our guard and guide !
Forth from the spoiler's synagogue we go,
That we may worship where the torrents flow,
And where the whirlwinds ride.

From lonely rocks and caves
We will pour forth our sacrifice of prayer.—
On, brethren, to the mountains ! Seek we there
Safe temples, quiet graves !

Handwritten signature and scribbles

HOPE AND LOVE.

ONE day, through fancy's telescope,
Which is my richest treasure,
I saw, dear Susan, Love and Hope
Set out in search of Pleasure :
All mirth and smiles I saw them go ;
Each was the other's banker ;
For Hope took up her brother's bow,
And Love, his sister's anchor.

They rambled on o'er vale and hill,
They passed by cot and tower ;
Through summer's glow and winter's chill,
Through sunshine and through shower :
But what did those fond playmates care
For climate, or for weather ?
All scenes to them were bright and fair,
On which they gazed together.

Sometimes they turned aside to bless
Some Muse and her wild numbers,
Or breathe a dream of holiness
On Beauty's quiet slumbers ;

"Fly on," said Wisdom, with cold sneers;
"I teach my friends to doubt you;"
"Come back," said Age, with bitter tears,
"My heart is cold without you."

When Poverty beset their path,
And threatened to divide them,
They coaxed away the beldame's wrath
Ere she had breath to chide them,
By vowing all her rags were silk,
And all her bitters, honey,
And showing taste for bread and milk,
And utter scorn of money.

They met stern Danger in their way,
Upon a ruin seated ;
Before him kings had quaked that day,
And armies had retreated :
But he was robed in such a cloud,
As Love and Hope came near him,
That though he thundered long and loud,
They did not see or hear him.

A gray-beard joined them, Time by name
And Love was nearly crazy,
To find that he was very lame,
And also very lazy :
Hope, as he listened to her tale,
Tied wings upon his jacket ;
And then they far outran the mail,
And far outsailed the packet.

And so, when they had safely passed
O'er many a land and billow,
Before a grave they stopped at last,
Beneath a weeping willow :
The moon upon the humble mound
Her softest light was flinging ;
And from the thickets all around
Sad nightingales were singing.

"I leave you here," quoth Father Time,
As hoarse as any raven ;
And love kneeled down to spell the rhyme
Upon the rude stone graven :
But Hope looked onward, calmly brave ;
And whispered, "Dearest brother,
We're parted on this side the grave,—
We'll meet upon the other."

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

LADY ARABELLA FUSTIAN TO LORD CLARENCE FUSTIAN.

——Sweet, when Actors first appear,
The loud collision of applauding gloves !
MOULTRIE.

Your labors, my talented brother,
Are happily over at last ; "
They tell me, that, somehow or other,
The bill is rejected,—or passed :
And now you'll be coming, I'm certain,
As fast as four posters can crawl,
To help us to draw up our curtain,
As usual, at Fustian Hall.

Arrangements are nearly completed ;
But still we've a lover or two,
Whom Lady Albina entreated,
We'd keep at all hazards for you :
Sir Arthur makes horrible faces,—
Lord John is a trifle too tall,—
And yours are the safest embraces
To faint in, at Fustian Hall.

Come, Clarence ;—it's really enchanting
To listen and look at the rout :
We're all of us puffing, and panting,
And raving, and running about ;
Here Kitty and Adelaide bustle ;
There Andrew and Anthony bawl ;
Flutes murmur, chains rattle, robes rustle,
In chorus, at Fustian Hall.

By the bye, there are two or three matters,
We want you to bring us from town ;
The Inca's white plumes from the hatter's,
A nose and a hump for the Clown :
We want a few harps for our banquet,
We want a few masks for our ball :
And steal from your wise friend Bosanquet
His white wig, for Fustian Hall.

Huncamunca must have a huge saber,
Friar Tuck has forgotten his cowl ;
And we're quite at a stand-still with Weber,
For want of a lizard and owl :
And then for our funeral procession,
Pray get us a love of a pall ;
Or how shall we make an impression
On feelings, at Fustian Hall ?

And, Clarence, you'll really delight us,
If you'll do your endeavor to bring
From the Club a young person to write us
Our prologue, and that sort of thing ;

Poor Crotchet, who did them supremely,
Is gone, for a judge, to Bengal ;
I fear we shall miss him extremely,
This season, at Fustian Hall.

Come, Clarence ;—your idol Albina
Will make a sensation, I feel ;
We all think there never was seen a
Performer, so like the O'Neill.
At rehearsals, her exquisite fancy
Has deeply affected us all ;
For one tear that trickles at Drury,
There'll be twenty at Fustian Hall.

Dread objects are scattered before her,
On purpose to harrow her soul ;
She stares, till a deep spell comes o'er her,
At a knife, or a cross, or a bowl.
The sword never seems to alarm her,
That hangs on a peg to the wall,
And she doats on thy rusty old armor,
Lord Fustian, of Fustian Hall.

She stabbed a bright mirror this morning,—
Poor Kitty was quite out of breath,—
And trampled, in anger and scorning,
A bonnet and feathers to death.
But hark,—I've a part in the Stranger,—
There's the Prompter's detestable call :
Come, Clarence,—our Romeo and Ranger,
We want you at Fustian Hall.

ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

Diogenes Alexandro roganti ut diceret, Si quid opus esset, "nunc quidem paullulum," inquit, "a sole."—*Cicero Tusc. Disp.*

SLOWLY the monarch turned aside :
But when his glance of youthful pride
Rested upon the warriors gray
Who bore his lance and shield that day,
And the long line of spears, that came
Through the far grove like waves of flame,
His forehead burned, his pulse beat high,
More darkly flashed his shifting eye,
And visions of the battle-plain
Came bursting on his soul again.

The old man drew his gaze away
Right gladly from that long array,
As if their presence were a blight
Of pain and sickness to his sight ;
And slowly folding o'er his breast
The fragments of his tattered vest,
As was his wont, masked, unsought,
Gave to the winds his muttered thought.

Naming no name of friend or foe,
And reckless if they heard or no.

“Ay, go thy way, thou painted thing,
Puppet, which mortals call a king,
Adorning thee with idle gems,
With drapery and diadems,
And scarcely guessing, that beneath
The purple robe and laurel wreath,
There’s nothing but the common slime
Of human clay and human crime!—
My rags are not so rich,—but they
Will serve as well to cloak decay.

“And ever round thy jeweled brow
False slaves and falser friends will bow;
And Flattery,—as varnish flings
A baseness on the brightest things,—
Will make the monarch’s deeds appear
All worthless to the monarch’s ear,
Till thou wilt turn and think that Fame,
So vilely drest is worse than shame!—
The gods be thanked for all their mercies,
Diogenes hears naught but curses!

“And thou wilt banquet!—air and sea
Will render up their hoards for thee;
And golden cups for thee will hold
Rich nectar, richer than the gold.
The cunning caterer still must share
The dainties which his toils prepare:

The page's lip must taste the wine
Before he fills the cup for thine!—
Wilt feast with me on Hecate's cheer?
I dread no royal hemlock here!

“And night will come; and thou wilt lie
Beneath a purple canopy,
With lutes to lull thee, flowers to shed
Their feverish fragrance round thy bed,
A princess to unclasp thy crest.—
A Spartan spear to guard thy rest.—
Dream, happy one!—thy dreams will be
Of danger and of perfidy;—
The Persian lance,—the Carian club!—
I shall sleep sounder in my tub!

“And thou wilt pass away, and have
A marble mountain o'er thy grave,
With pillars tall, and chambers vast,
Fit palace for the worm's repast!—
I too shall perish!—let them call
The vulture to my funeral;
The Cynic's staff, the Cynic's den,
Are all he leaves his fellow men,—
Heedless how this corruption fares,—
Yea, heedless though it mix with theirs!”

UTOPIA.

———"I can dream, sir,
If I eat well and sleep well."

The Mad Lover.

If I could scare the sun away,
No light should ever shine ;
If I could bid the clouds obey,
Thick darkness should be mine ;
Where'er my weary footsteps roam,
I hate whate'er I see ;
And fancy builds a fairer home
In slumber's hour for me.

I had a vision yesternight
Of a fairer land than this,
Where Heaven was clothed in warmth and light,
Where Earth was full of bliss ;
And every tree was rich with fruits,
And every field with flowers,
And every zephyr wakened lutes
In passion-haunted bowers.

I clambered up a lofty rock,
 And did not find it steep ;
 I read through a page and a half of Locke
 And did not fall asleep.
 I said whate'er I may but feel,
 I paid whate'er I owe ;
 And I danced one day an Irish reel
 With the gout in every toe.

And I was more than six feet high,
 And fortunate and wise ;
 And I had a voice of melody,
 And beautiful black eyes ;
 My horses like the lightning went,
 My barrels carried true ;
 And I held my tongue at an argument,
 And winning cards at Loo.

I saw an old Italian priest,
 Who spoke without disguise ;
 And I dined with a Judge, who swore, like Best,
 All libels should be lies.
 I bought for a penny a two-penny loaf
 Of wheat, and nothing more ;
 I danced with a female philosopher
 Who was not quite a bore.

There was a crop of wheat which grew
 Where plough was never brought ;
 There was a noble lord who knew
 What he was never taught.

There was a scheme in the gazette
For a lottery without blanks ;
And a Parliament had lately met,
Without a single Bankes.

And there were Kings who never went
To cuffs for half a crown ;
And Lawyers who were eloquent
Without a wig or gown :
And Statesmen who forebore to praise
Their grayhounds and their guns ;
And Poets who deserved the bays,
And did not dread the duns ;

And Boroughs were bought without a test,
And no man feared the Pope ;
And the Irish cabins were all possessed
Of Liberty and soap ;
And the Chancellor, feeling very sick,
Had just resigned the seals ;
And a clever little Catholic
Was hearing Scotch appeals.

There was no fraud in the penal code,
No dunce in the public schools,
No dust or dirt on a private road,
No shame in Wellesley Pole.
They showed me a figurante, whose name
Had never known disgrace ;
And a gentleman of spotless fame,
With Mr. Bochsa's face.

It was an idle dream—but thou,
Beloved one ! wert there ;
With thy dark clear eyes and beaming brow,
White neck and floating hair ;
And oh ! I had an honest heart,
And a house of Portland Stone ;
And thou wert dear, as still thou art :
And more than dear—my own.

Oh bitterness ! the morning broke,
Alike for boor and bard ;
And thou wert married when I woke,
And all the rest were marred :
And toil and trouble, noise and steam,
Came back with coming ray,
And if I thought the dead could dream,
I'd hang myself to-day.

PALINODIA.

Not mine this lesson—but experience's which taught it me.

THERE was a time when I could feel
All passion's hopes and fears,
And tell what tongues can ne'er reveal,
By smiles, and sighs, and tears.
The days are gone ! no more ! no more,
The cruel fates allow ;
And though I'm hardly twenty-four,
I'm not a lover now !
Lady, the mist is on my sight,
The chill is on my brow ;
My day is night, my bloom is blight,
I'm not a lover now !

I never talk about the clouds,
I laugh at girls and boys ;
I'm growing rather fond of crowds,
And very fond of noise—

I never wander forth alone
Upon the mountain's brow ;
I weighed last winter sixteen stone—
I'm not a lover now !

I never wish to raise a veil,
I never raise a sigh,
I never tell a tender tale,
I never tell a lie ;
I cannot kneel as once I did,
I've quite forgot my bow,
I never do as I am bid—
I'm not a lover now.

I make strange blunders every day,
If I would be gallant—
Take smiles for wrinkles, black for gray,
And nieces for their aunt ;
I fly from folly, though it flows
From lips of loveliest glow ;
I don't object to length of nose—
I'm not a lover now !

The Muse's steed is very fleet—
I'd rather ride my mare ;
The poet hunts a quaint conceit—
I'd rather hunt a hare ;
I've learned to utter yours and you,
Instead of thine and thou ;
And, oh ! I can't endure a blue !
I'm not a lover now !

I don't encourage idle dreams
Of poison, or of ropes ;
I cannot dine on airy schemes,
I cannot sup on hopes !
New milk I own is very fine,
Just foaming from the cow ;
But yet, I want my pint of wine—
I'm not a lover now !

When Laura sings young hearts away,
I'm deafer than the deep ;
When Leonora goes to play,
I sometimes go to sleep ;
When Mary draws her white gloves out,
I never dance, I vow—
Too hot to kick one's heels about !—
I'm not a lover now !

I'm busy now with State affairs,
I prate of Pitt and Fox !
I ask the price of railroad shares,
I watch the turn of stocks.
And this is life—no verdure blooms
Upon the withered bough ;
I save a fortune in perfumes—
I'm not a lover now !

I may be yet what others are,
A boudoir's babbling fool ;
The flattered star of bench and bar,
A party's chief or tool.

Come shower or sunshine—hope or fear,
The palace or the plough,
My heart and lute are broken here—
I'm not a lover now !
Lady, the mist is on my sight,
The chill is on my brow,
My day is night, my bloom is blight,
I'm not a lover now !

H O B B L E D E H O Y S .

“ Not a man—nor a boy—
But a Hobbledelohoy.”—*Old Song.*

Oh, there is a time, a happy time,
When a boy is just half a man ;
When ladies may kiss him without a crime,
And flirt with him like a fan :—
When mammas with their daughters will leave
him alone,
If he only will seem to fear them ;
While were he a man, or a little more grown,
They never would let him near them.

These, Lilly !—these were the days when you
Were my boyhood's earliest flame,—
When I thought it an honour to tie your shoe,
And trembled to hear your name :—
When I scarcely ventured to take a kiss,
Though your lips seemed half to invite me ;
But, Lilly ! I soon got over this,—
When I kissed—and they did not bite me !

Oh! these were gladsome and fairy times,
And our hearts were then in their spring,
When I passed my nights in writing you rhymes,
And my days in hearing you sing:—
And don't you remember your mother's dismay
When she found in your drawer my sonnet;
And the beautiful verses I wrote, one day,
On the ribbon that hung from your bonnet!

And the seat we made by the fountain's gush,
Where your task you were wont to say,—
And how I lay under the holly-bush
Till your governess went away:—
And how, when too long at your task you sat,
Or whenever a kiss I wanted,
I brayed like an ass—or mewed like a cat,
Till she deemed that the place was haunted!

And do you not, love, remember the days
When I dressed you for the play,—
When I pinned your kerchief, and laced your stays
In the neatest and tidiest way!—
And do you forget the kiss you gave
When I tore my hand with the pin;—
And how you wondered men would not shave
The beards from their horrible chin.

And do you remember the garden wall
I climbed up every night,—
And the racket we made in the servant's hall
When the wind had put out the light;—

When Sally got up in her petticoat,
And John came out in his shirt,—
And I silenced her with a guinea-note,
And blinded him with a squirt!

And don't you remember the horrible bite
I got from the gardener's bitch,
When John let her out of the kennel, for spite,
And she seized me, crossing the ditch :—
And how you wept when you saw my blood,
And numbered me with Love's martyrs,—
And how you helped me out of the mud,
By tying together your garters!

But, Lilly! now I am grown a man,
And those days have all gone by,—
And Fortune may give me the best she can,
And the brightest destiny;
But I would give every hope and joy
That my spirit may taste again,
That I once more were that gladsome boy,
And that you were as young as then.

Jan. 21st. 1829.

TO A LADY.

WHAT are you, lady?—naught is here
To tell us of your name or story ;
To claim the gazer's smile or tear,
To dub you whig, or daub you tory.
It is beyond a poet's skill,
To form the slightest notion, whether
We e'er shall walk through one quadrille,
Or look upon one moon together.

You're very pretty !—all the world
Are talking of your bright brow's splendor,
And of your locks, so softly curled,
And of your hands, so white and slender :
Some think you're blooming in Bengal ;
Some say you're blowing in the city ;
Some know you're nobody at all ;
I only feel, you're very pretty.

But bless my heart ! it's very wrong :
You're making all our belles ferocious ;
Anne "never saw a chin so long ;"
And Laura thinks your dress "atrocious ;"

And Lady Jane, who now and then
Is taken for the village steeple,
Is sure you can't be four feet ten,
And "wonders at the taste of people."

Soon pass the praises of a face;
Swift fades the very best vermilion;
Fame rides a most prodigious pace;
Oblivion follows on the pillion;
And all, who, in these sultry rooms,
To-day have stared, and pushed, and fainted,
Will soon forget your pearls and plumes,
As if they never had been painted.

You'll be forgotten—as old debts
By persons who are used to borrow;
Forgotten—as the sun that sets,
When shines a new one on the morrow;
Forgotten—like the luscious peach,
That blessed the school-boy last September;
Forgotten—like a maiden speech,
Which all men praise, but none remember.

Yet, ere you sink into the stream,
That whelms alike, sage, saint, and martyr,
And soldier's sword, and minstrel's theme,
And Canning's wit, and Gattton's charter,
Here of the fortunes of your youth
My fancy weaves her dim conjectures,
Which have, perhaps, as much of truth
As Passion's vows, or Cobbett's lectures.

Was't in the north or in the south,
That summer-breezes rocked your cradle?
And had you in your baby mouth
A wooden or a silver ladle?
And was your first, unconscious sleep,
By Brownie banned, or blessed by fairy?
And did you wake to laugh or weep?
And where you christened Maud or Mary?

And was your father called "your grace?"
And did he bet at Ascot races?
And did he chatter common-place?
And did he fill a score of places?
And did your lady-mother's charms
Consist in picklings, broilings, bastings?
Or did she prate about the arms
Her brave forefather won at Hastings?

Where were you "finished?" tell me where!
Was it at Chelsea, or at Chiswick?
Had you the ordinary share
Of books and backboard, harp and physie?
And did they bid you banish pride,
And mind your oriental tinting?
And did you learn how Dido died,
And who found out the art of printing?

And are you fond of lanes and brooks,
A votary of the sylvan muses?
Or do you con the little books
Which Baron Brougham and Vaux diffuses?

Or do you love to knit and sew,
The fashionable world's Arachne?
Or do you canter down the Row,
Upon a very long-tailed hackney?

And do you love your brother James?
And do you pet his mares and setters?
And have your friends romantic names?
And do you write them long, long letters?
And are you—since the world began
All women are—a little spiteful?
And don't you dote on Malibran?
And don't you think Tom Moore delightful?

I see they've brought you flowers to-day,
Delicious food for eyes and noses;
But carelessly you turn away
From all the pinks, and all the roses;
Say, is that fond look sent in search
Of one whose look as fondly answers?
And is he, fairest, in the church,
Or is he—aint he—in the Lancers?

And is your love a motley page
Of black and white, half joy, half sorrow?
Are you to wait till you're of age?
Or are you to be his to-morrow?
Or do they bid you, in their scorn,
Your pure and sinless flame to smother?
Is he so very meanly born?
Or are you married to another?

Whate'er you are, at last, adieu!
I think it is your bounden duty
To let the rhymes I coin for you,
Be prized by all who prize your beauty.
From you I seek nor gold nor fame;
From you I fear no cruel strictures;
I wish some girls that I could name
Were half as silent as their pictures!

CONFESSIONS.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF A SEXAGENARIAN.

IN youth, when pen and fingers first
Coined rhymes for all who choose to seek 'em,
Ere luring hope's gay bubbles burst,
Or Chitty was my *vade mecum*,
Ere years had charactered my brow
With the deep lines, that well become it,
Or told me that warm hearts could grow
Cold as Mont Blanc's snow-covered summit.

When my slow step and solemn swing
Were steadier and somewhat brisker,
When velvet collars were "the thing,"
And long before I wore a whisker,
Ere I had measured six feet two,
Or bought Havanas by the dozen,
I fell in love—as many do—
She was an angel—hem—my cousin.

Sometimes my eye, its furtive glance
Cast back on memory's short-hand record;
I wonder—if by any chance
Life's future page will be so checkered!

My angel cousin!—ah! her form—
 Her lofty brow—her curls of raven,
 Eyes darker than the thunder storm,
 Its lightnings flashing from their heaven.

Her lip with music eloquent
 As her own grand upright piano;
 No—never yet was perilled
 To earth like thee, sweet Adriana.
 I may not—dare not—call to mind
 The joys that once my breast elated,
 Though yet, methinks, the morning wind
 Sweeps o'er my ear, with thy tones freighted;

And then I pause, and turn aside
 From pleasure's throng of pangless-hearted,
 To weep! No. Sentiment and pride
 Are by each other always thwarted!
 I press my hand upon my brow,
 To still the throbbing pulse that heaves it,
 Recall my boyhood's faltered vow,
 And marvel—if she still believes it.

But she is woman—and her heart,
 Like her tiara's brightest jewel,
 Cold—hard—till kindled by some art,
 Then quenchless burns—itsself its fuel—
 So poets say. Well, let it pass,
 And those who list may yield it credit;
 But as for constancy, alas!
 I've never known—I've only read it.

Love ! 'tis a roving fire, at most
The *cuervo santa* of life's ocean ;
Now flashing through the storm, now lost—
Who trust, 'tis said, rue their devotion.
It may be, 'tis a mooted creed—
I have my doubts, and it—believers,
Though one *is* faithless—where's the need
Of shunning all—as gay deceivers ?

I said I loved. I did. But ours
Was felt, not growled hyæna fashion !
We wandered not at moonlight hours,
Some dignity restrained the passion !
We loved—I never stooped to woo ;
We met—I always doffed my beaver ;
She smiled a careless “ How d'ye do ?—
Good morning, sir ; ”—I rose to leave her.

She loved—she never told me so ;
I never asked—I could not doubt it ;
For there were signs on cheek and brow ;
And asking ! Love is known without it !
'Twas understood—we were content,
And rode, and sung, and waltzed together !
Alone, without embarrassment
We talked of something—*not the weather !*

Time rolled along—the parting hour
With arrowy speed brought its distresses,
A kiss—a miniature—a flower—
A ringlet from those raven tresses ;

And the tears that would unbidden start,
 (An hour, perhaps, and they had perished,)
In the far chambers of *my* heart,
 I swore her image should be cherished.

I've looked on peril—it has glared
 In fashionable forms upon me,
From leveled aim—from weapon bared—
 And doctors three attending on me !
But never did my sternness wane
 At pang by shot or steel imparted.
I'd not recall that hour of pain
 For years of bliss—it passed—we parted.

We parted—though her tear-gemmed cheeks,
 Her heaving breast had thus unmanned me—
She quite forgot me in three weeks !
 And other beauties soon trepanned me.
We met—and did not find it hard
 Joy's overwhelming tide to smother—
There was a "Mrs." on her card,
 And I—*was married to another !*

SYBIL'S LETTER.

"This note was written upon gilt-edged paper,
With a neat little crow-quill, slight and new ;
Her small white hand could hardly reach the taper,
It trembled as magnetic needles do,—
And yet she did not let a tear escape her.—
The seal, a sunflower—' Elle vous suit partout,'
The motto, cut upon a white cornelian,—
The wax was superfine,—its hue vermilion."
" *Byron.*

Since thou hast left me, Youth is gone,—
Life flowing, like a stream, away ;
And feelings turned almost to stone,—
And hearts becoming cold as clay ;
And thou hast almost ceased to be
Aught, save a dreamlike form, to me.

Yet oft at evening, 'mid the still
And silent music of my heart,
I hear a voice—I feel a thrill—
A sound that comes, and will not part—
A long, low murmuring—it should be
Thy Spirit's shadow over me.

And then a dark, pervading sense
Of something near—yet still removed—
A wild creation,—so intense,—
Of something long since seen, and loved,—
A strange revival of some scene
That scarce could be—yet must have been.

Such—such has absence made thee now,
And if thou glad'st not soon my eye,
Oh, even this will fainter grow,
Till Reason fade with Memory,
And my lost heart become a cell,
Where nought but shapeless thoughts shall dwell.

There was a time, when, for one hour,
In childhood, we were doomed to part,
But when you grew a man, you swore
They should not sever heart from heart ;
The spring of youth has left my brow,
Autumn is here—and where art thou ?

And then you told me we should tread
Sweet foreign shores and climes together ;
And press the wild flowers for a bed,
And make a pillow of the heather ;
Oh, on a foreign shore I've slept—
Dreamed—turned to find thee—woke and wept.

Then, too, when pleasure grew to tears,
And music's spell was round us stealing,
You said those songs, in after years,
Should wake a deeper, holier feeling ;—

Oh, I have sung them oft and long,
Till weeping choked the tone and song.

Thy pledge—the broken piece of gold
Thou bad'st that I should wear, until
Thy memory, or my heart, grew cold,
Rests on it now, with icy chill;
Come back—come back—if but to see
How I have kept my faith to thee!

OUR BALL.

“Comment ! c’est lui ? que le je regards encore !—c’est que vraiment il est bien change ; n’est ce pas, mon papa ?”

LES PREMIERS AMOURS.

You’LL come to our ball ;—since we parted,

I’ve thought of you more than I’ll say ;

Indeed I was half broken-hearted

For a week, when they took you away.

Fond fancy brought back to my slumbers

Our walks on the Ness and the Den,

And echoed the musical numbers

Which you used to sing to me then.

I know the romance, since it’s over,

’Twere idle, or worse, to recall ;—

I know you’re a terrible rover ;

But, Clarence, you’ll come to our Ball !

It’s only a year since, at College,

You put on your cap and your gown ;

But, Clarence, you’ve grown out of knowledge,

And changed from the spur to the crown :

The voice that was best when it faltered,
Is fuller and firmer in tone :
And the smile that should never have altered,—
Dear Clarence ;—it is not your own ;
Your cravat was badly selected,
Your coat don't become you at all ;
And why is your hair so neglected ?
You must have it curled for our Ball.

I've often been out upon Haldon
To look for a covey with Pup ;
I've often been over to Shaldon,
To see how your boat is laid up.
In spite of the terrors of Aunty,
I've ridden the filly you-broke ;
And I've studied your sweet little Dante
In the shade of your favorite oak :
When I sat in July to Sir Lawrence,
I sat in your love of a shawl ;
And I'll wear what you brought me from Florence,
Perhaps, if you'll come to our Ball.

You'll find us all changed since you vanished ;
We've set up a National School ;
And waltzing is utterly banished ;
And Ellen has married a fool ;
The Major is going to travel ;
Miss Hyacinth threatens a rout ;
The walk is laid down with fresh gravel ;
Papa is laid up with the gout :

And Jane has gone on with her easels,
And Anne has gone off with Sir Paul ;
And Fanny is sick with the measles,—
And I'll tell you the rest at the Ball.

You'll meet all your beauties ;—the Lily
And the Fairy of Willowbrook Farm,
And Lucy, who made me so silly
At Dawlish, by taking your arm ;
Miss Manners, who always abused you,
For talking so much about Hock ;
And her sister who often amused you,
By raving of rebels and Rock ;
And something which surely would answer,
An heiress quite fresh from Bengal ;—
So, though you were seldom a dancer,
You'll dance, just for once, at our Ball.

But out on the world !—from the flowers
It shuts out the sunshine of truth :
It blights the green leaves in the bowers,
It makes an old age of our youth :
And the flow of our feeling, once in it,
Like a streamlet beginning to freeze,
Though it cannot turn ice in a minute,
Grows harder by sudden degrees.
Time treads o'er the graves of affection ;
Sweet honey is turned into gall ;
Perhaps you have no recollection
That ever you danced at our Ball.

You once could be pleased with our ballads;—
To-day you have critical ears;
You once could be charmed with our salads;
Alas! you've been dining with Peers;
You trifled and flirted with many;
You've forgotten the when and the how;
There was one you liked better than any;
Perhaps you've forgotten her now.
But of those you remember most newly,
Of those who delight or enthrall,
None love you a quarter so truly
As some you will find at our Ball.

They tell me you've many who flatter,
Because of your wit and your song;
They tell me (and what does it matter?)
You like to be praised by the throng:
They tell me you're shadowed with laurel,
They tell me you're loved by a Blue;
They tell me you're sadly immoral—
Dear Clarence, that cannot be true!
But to me you are still what I found you
Before you grew clever and tall;
And you'll think of the spell that once bound you:
And you'll come, won't you come? to our Ball?

MY PARTNER.

“There is, perhaps, no subject of more universal interest in the whole range of natural knowledge, than that of the unceasing fluctuations which take place in the atmosphere in which we are immersed.”

At Cheltenham, where one drinks one's fill
Of folly and cold water,
I danced, last year, my first quadrille,
With old Sir Geoffrey's daughter.
Her cheek with summer's rose might vie,
When summer's rose is newest ;
Her eyes were blue as autumn's sky,
When autumn's sky is bluest ;
And well my heart might deem her one
Of life's most precious flowers,
For half her thoughts were of its sun,
And half were of its showers.

I spoke of novels :—“ Vivian Grey ”
Was positively charming,
And “ Almack's ” infinitely gay,
And “ Frankenstein ” alarming ;

I said "De Vere" was chastely told,
Thought well of "Herbert Lacy,"
Called Mr. Banim's sketches "bold,"
And Lady Morgan's "racy;"
I vowed the last new thing of Hook's
Was vastly entertaining;
And Laura said—"I dote on books,
Because it's always raining!"

I talked of music's gorgeous fane,
I raved about Rossini,
Hoped Ronzo would come back again,
And criticised Pacini;
I wished the chorus singers dumb,
The trumpets more pacific,
And enlogised Brocard's *a plomb*,
And voted Paul "terrific,"
What cared she for Medea's pride
Or Desdemona's sorrow?
"Alas!" my beauteous listener sighed,
"We *must* have storms to-morrow!"

I told her tales of other lands;
Of ever-boiling fountains,
Of poisonous lakes, and barren sands,
Vast forests, trackless mountains:
I painted bright Italian skies,
I lauded Persian Roses,
Coined similes for Spanish eyes,
And jests for Indian noses;

I laughed at Lisbon's love of mass,
And Vienna's dread of treason ;
And Laura asked me where the glass
Stood at Madrid last season.

I broached whate'er had gone its rounds,
The week before, of scandal ;
What made Sir Luke lay down his hounds,
And Jane take up her Handel ;
Why Julia walked upon the heath,
With the pale moon above her ;
Where Flora lost her false front teeth,
And Anne her falser lover ;
How Lord de B. and Mrs. L.
Had crossed the sea together ;
My shuddering partner cried—"Oh, Ceil !
How *could* they in such weather ?"

Was she a blue ?—I put my trust
In strata, petals, gases ;
A boudoir pedant ?—I discussed
The toga and the fasces ;
A coekney-muse ?—I mouthed a deal
Of folly from "Endymion ;"
A saint ?—I praised the pious zeal
Of Messrs. Way and Simeon ;
A politician ?—It was vain
To quote the morning paper ;
The horrid phantoms come again,
Rain, hail, and snow, and vapor.

Flat flattery was my only chance,
I acted deep devotion,
Found magic in her every glance,
Grace in her every motion ;
I wasted all a stripling's lore,
Prayer, passion, folly, feeling,
And wildly looked upon the floor,
And wildly on the ceiling ;
I envied gloves upon her arm,
And shawls upon her shoulder ;
And when my worship was most warm,
She "never found it colder."

I don't object to wealth or land ;
And she will have the giving
Of an extremely pretty hand,
Some thousands, and a living.
She makes silk purses, broiders stools,
Sings sweetly, dances finely,
Paints screens, subscribes to Sunday schools,
And sits a horse divinely.
But to be linked for life to her !
The desperate man who tried it,
Might marry a barometer,
And hang himself beside it !

LETTER FROM

MISS AMELIA JANE MORTIMER, LONDON,

TO SIR HENRY CLIFFORD, PARIS.

DEAR Harry you owe me a letter—

Nay, I really believe it is two ;

But I make you still farther my debtor—

I send you this brief *billet-doux*.

The shock was so great when we parted,

I can't overcome my regret :

At first I was quite broken-hearted,

And have never recovered it yet !

I have scarcely been out to a party,

But have sent an excuse, or been ill ;

I have played but three times at ecarte,

And danced but a single quadrille ;

And then I was sad, for my heart ne'er

One moment ceased thinking of thee—

I'd a handsome young man for a partner,

And a handsomer still *vis-a-vis*.

But I had such a pain in my forehead,
And felt so ennuied and so tired,
I must have looked perfectly horrid—
Yet they say I was really admired !
You'll smile—but mamma heard a lancer,
As he whispered his friend, and said he,
“The best and most beautiful dancer
Is the lady in white”—meaning me !

I've been once to Lord Dorival's *soirees*,
Whose daughter in music excels—
Do they still wear the silk they call *moirees* ?
They will know if you ask at Pardel's—
She begged me to join in a duett,
But the melody died on my tongue ;
And I thought I should never get through it,
It was one we so often have sung.

In your last you desire me to mention
The news of the court and the town ;
But there's nothing now worth your attention,
Or deserving of my noting down.
They say things are bad in the city,
And pa thinks they'll only get worse ;
And they say new bonnets are pretty,
But I think them quite the reverse.

Lady Black has brought out her three daughters,
Good figures but timid and shy ;
Mrs. White's gone to Bath for the waters,
And the doctors declare she will die.

It's all off 'twixt Miss Brown and Sir Stephen,
He found they could never agree;
Her temper's so very uneven,
I always said how it would be.

The Miss Whites are grown very fine creatures,
Though they look rather large in a room;
Miss Gray is gone off in her features,
Miss Green has gone off—with her groom!
Lord Littleford's dead, and that noodle
His son has succeeded his sire;
And her Ladyship's lost the fine poodle,
That you and I used to admire.

Little Joe is advancing in knowledge,
He begs me to send his regard,
And Charles goes on Monday to college,
But mamma thinks he studies too hard.
We are losing our man-cook, he marries
My French *femme de chambre*, Baptiste;
Pa wishes you'd send one from Paris,
But he must be a first rate *artiste*.

I don't like my last new piano,
Its tones are so terribly sharp;
I think I must give it to Anna,
And get pa to buy me a harp.
Little Gerald is growing quite mannish,
He was smoking just now a cigar!
And I'm lugging hard at the Spanish,
And Lucy has learned the guitar.

I suppose you can talk like an artist,
Of statues, busts, paintings, *virtu* ;
But pray, love, don't turn Bonapartist,
Pa will never consent if you do !
" You were born," he will say, " Sir, a Briton,"
But forgive me so foolish a fear ;
If I thought you could blame what I've written,
I would soon wash it out with a tear !

I pray, sir, how like you the ladies,
Since you've quitted the land of your birth ?
I have heard the dark donnas of Cadiz
Are the loveliest women on earth.
The Italians are lively and witty,
But I ne'er could their manners endure ;
Nor do I think French women pretty,
Though they have a most charming *tournure* !

I was told you were flirting at Calais,
And next were intriguing at Rome ;
But I smiled at their impotent malice,
Yet I must say I wished you at home !
Though I kept what I fancied *in petto*,
And felt you would ever be true,
Yet I dreamed of the murderer's stiletto
Each night—and its victim was you !

I'm arrived at the end of my paper,
So, dearest, you'll not think it rude,
If I ring for my seal and a taper,
And think it high time to conclude.

Adieu then—dejected and lonely,

Till I see you I still shall remain,

Addio mio caro—yours only—

Yours ever, AMELIA JANE.

P. S.—You may buy me a dress like Selina's,

Her complexion's so much like my own;

And don't fail to call at Farina's

For a case of his Eau de Cologne.

And whate'er your next letter announces,

Let it also intelligence bring,

If the French have left off the deep flounces,

And what will be worn for the Spring!

AN OLD-FASHIONED RECIPE

FOR MAKING TIME STAND STILL.

DEAR TOM! if you would learn the way
To quaff Life's true elixir,
To keep your curls from growing grey,
And, as joy flies, to fix her:
Though scholar in no modern schools,
Skilled but in old romances,
I've yet a few old-fashioned rules
To check grim Time's advances;
And this the first—If day and night
You'd shun the dotard's hold,
“Keep all about your Conscience right,”
And then—you'll *not* grow old.

And never mind, whate'er they tell,
Dear Tom, of modern uses,
Be sure you'll do just twice as well
To stick to old abuses;
So pay your taxes—love your king,
Howe'er our sages bore you,
Take opening med'cines in the Spring,
As your fathers did before you;

Don't lend your razor—nor your hack,
And when you lend your gold,
Be sure you don't expect it back,
And then—you'll not grow old!

And stern howe'er you play your part
In Life's more sober stages,
Keep one small corner in your heart
For boyhood's sunny pages;
Don't cut a friend because he's poor,
But pause before you choose him;
And when a man has shut the door,
Don't let his *friends* abuse him:
Sell off your claret—if you must—
But keep *yourself* unsold,
Then live upon a laugh, or crust,
And still—you'll not grow old!

And when, to dissipate your gloom,
You wander down some even,
And sit within the long brick room,
Re-formed since old Saint Stephen,
If you should hear a sacred name,
First taught by her who bore you,
And your father's ancient faith and fame
Denounced as "*cant*" before you;
Don't fancy that we're turned to Turks,
But just go home—unfold
Some page of Pitt's, or Fox, or Burke's,
And then—you'll not grow old!

And welcome, Tom, on heath or hill
Each bright green spot may greet you ;
Call Hope delusion, if you will,
But let her—let her *cheat* you !
Don't rob Life's roses of their bloom,
Though Benthamites deride you—
Don't sit within a childless gloom,
Though Martineau may chide you ;
But trust, when bright things round you die,
Something our mothers told
Of hopes and homes beyond the sky,—
And then—you'll *not* grow old !

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night to thee, lady !—though many
Have join'd in the dance to-night,
Thy form was the fairest of any,
Where all was seducing and bright ;
Thy smile was the softest and dearest,
Thy form the most sylph-like of all,
And thy voice the most gladsome and clearest
That e'er held a partner in thrall.

Good night to thee, lady !—'tis over—
The waltz, the quadrille, and the song—
The whisper'd farewell of the lover,
The heartless adieu of the throng ;
The heart that was throbbing with pleasure,
The eye-lid that long'd for repose—
The beaux that were dreaming of treasure,
The girls that were dreaming of beaux.

'Tis over—the lights are all dying,
The coaches all driving away ;
And many a fair one is sighing,
And many a false one is gay ;

And Beauty counts over her numbers
Of conquests, as homeward she drives—
And some are gone home to their slumbers,
And some are gone home to their wives.

And I, while my cab in the shower
Is waiting, the last at the door,
Am looking all round for the flower
That fell from your wreath on the floor.
I'll keep it—if but to remind me,
Though withered and faded its hue—
Wherever next season may find me—
Of England—of Almack's—and you!

There are tones that will haunt us, though lonely
Our path be o'er mountain or sea;
There are looks that will part from us only
When memory ceases to be;
There are hopes which our burden can lighten,
Though toilsome and steep be the way;
And dreams that, like moonlight, can brighten
With a light that is clearer than day.

There are names that we cherish, though nameless;
For aye on the lip they may be;
There are hearts that, though fetter'd, are tameless,
And thoughts unexpress'd, but still free!
And some are too grave for a rover,
And some for a husband too light.
—The ball and my dream are all over—
Good night to thee, lady! good night!

JOSEPHINE.

WE did not meet in courtly hall,
Where Birth and Beauty throng.
Where Luxury holds festival,
And wit awakes the song ;
We met where darker spirits meet,
In the home of Sin and Shame,
Where Satan shows his cloven feet,
And hides his titled name ;
And she knew she could not be, Love,
What once she might have been,
But she was kind to me, Love,
My pretty Josephine.

We did not part beneath the sky,
As warmer lovers part,
Where Night conceals the glistening eye,
But not the throbbing heart ;
We parted on the spot of ground
Where we first had laughed at love,
And ever the jests were loud around,
And the lamps were bright above :

“The heaven is very dark, Love,
The blast is very keen,
But merrily rides my bark, Love—
Good night, my Josephine !”

She did not speak of ring or vow,
But filled the cup of wine,
And took the roses from her brow
To make a wreath for mine ;
And bade me, when the gale should lift
My light skiff on the wave,
To think as little of the gift
As of the hand that gave :
“Go gaily o’er the sea, Love,
And find your own heart’s queen ;
And look not back to me, Love,
Your humble Josephine !”

That garland breathes and blooms no more,
Past are those idle hours ;
I would not, could I choose, restore
The fondness or the flowers ;
Yet oft their withered witchery
Revives its wonted thrill,
Remembered—not with Passion’s sigh,
But oh ! remembered still :
And even from your side, Love,
And even from this scene,
One look is o’er the tide, Love,
One thought with Josephine !

Alas ! your lips are rosier,
Your eyes of softer blue,
And I have never felt for her
As I have felt for you ;
Our love was like the snow-flakes,
Which melt before you pass—
Or the bubble on the wine, which breaks
Before you lip the glass.
You saw these eye-lids wet, Love,
Which she has never seen ;
But bid me not forget, Love,
My poor, poor Josephine !

MARSTON MOOR.

To horse ! to horse ! Sir Nicholas, the clarion's note is
high !

To horse ! to horse ! Sir Nicholas, the big drum makes
reply !

Ere this hath Lucas marched, with his gallant cavaliers,
And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter in our
ears.

To horse ! to horse ! Sir Nicholas ! White Guy is at
the door,

And the raven whets his beak o'er the field of Marston
Moor.

Up rose the Lady Alice, from her brief and broken
prayer,

And she brought a silken banner down the narrow tur-
ret-stair ;

Oh ! many were the tears that those radiant eyes had
shed,

As she traced the bright word "Glory" in the gay and
glancing thread ;

And mournful was the smile which o'er those lovely
features ran,

- As she said, "It is your lady's gift, unfurl it in the van!"

"It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest
ride

Midst the steel-clad files of Skippon, the black dragoons
of Pride;

The recreant heart of Fairfax shall feel a sicklier qualm,
And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,
When they see my lady's gewgaw flaunt proudly on
their wing,

And hear her loyal soldier's shout, "For God and for
the King."

'Tis soon. The ranks are broken, along the royal line
They fly, the braggarts of the court! the bullies of the
Rhine!

Stout Langdale's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's
helm is down,

And Rupert sheathes his rapier, with a curse and with a
frown,

And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in their
flight,

"The German boar had better far have supped in York
to-night."

The knight is left alone, his steel-cap cleft in twain,
His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory
stain;

Yet still he waves his banner, and cries amid the rout,
“For Church and King, fair gentlemen! spur on, and
fight it out!”

And now he wards a Roundhead’s pike, and now he
hums a stave,
And now he quotes a stage-play, and now he fells a
knave.

God aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! thou hast no thought
of fear;

God aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! for fearful odds are
here!

The rebels hem thee in, and at every cut and thrust,
“Down, down,” they cry, “with Belial! down with him
to the dust.”

“I would,” quoth grim old Olivèr, “that Belial’s trusty
sword,

This day were doing battle for the Saints and for the
Lord!”

The Lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower,
The gray-haired warder watches from the castle’s top-
most tower;

“What news? what news, old Hubert?”—“The bat-
tle’s lost and won:

The royal troops are melting, like mists before the
sun!

And a wounded man approaches;—I’m blind and cannot
see,

Yet sure I am that sturdy step, my master’s step must
be!”

“I’ve brought thee back thy banner, wench, from as
rude and red a fray,

As e’er was proof of soldier’s thew, or theme for min-
strel’s lay !

Here, Hubert, bring the silver bowl, and liquor quantum
suff.

I’ll make a shift to drain it yet, ere I part with boots
and buff;—

Though Guy through many a gaping wound is breathing
forth his life,

And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and faithful
wife !

“Sweet! we will fill our money-bags, and freight a ship
for France,

And mourn in merry Paris for this poor land’s mis-
chance :

For if the worst befall me, why better axe and rope,
Than life with Lenthal for a king, and Peters for a pope!
Alas! alas! my gallant Guy!—curse on the crop-eared
boor,

Who sent me with my standard, on foot from Marston
Moor !”

STANZAS,

WRITTEN UNDER A DRAWING OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL,
CAMBRIDGE.

EXTRACTED FROM AN ALBUM IN DEVONSHIRE.

Most beautiful !—I gaze and gaze
In silence on the glorious pile ;
And the glad thoughts of other days
Come thronging back the while.
To me dim Memory makes more dear
The perfect grandeur of the shrine ;
But if I stood a stranger here,
The ground were still divine.

Some awe the good and wise have felt,
As reverently their feet have trod
On any spot where man hath knelt,
To commune with his God ;
By haunted spring, or fairy well,
Beneath the ruined convent's gloom,
Beside the feeble hermit's cell,
Or the false prophet's tomb.

But when was high devotion graced
With lovelier dwelling, loftier throne,
Than thus the limner's art hath traced
From the time-honored stone?
The spirit here of worship seems
To hold the heart in wondrous thrall,
And heavenward hopes and holy dreams,
Came at her voiceless call;—

At midnight, when the lonely moon
Looks from a vapor's silvery fold;
Or morning, when the sun of June
Crests the high towers with gold;
For every change of hour and form
Makes that fair scene more deeply fair;
And dusk and day-break, calm and storm,
Are all religion there.

TWENTY-EIGHT AND TWENTY-NINE.

I HEARD a sick man's dying sigh,
And an infant's idle laughter,
The Old Year went with mourning by—
The New came dancing after !
Let Sorrow shed her lonely tear,
Let Revelry hold her ladle ;
Bring boughs of cypress for the bier,
Fling roses on the cradle ;
Mutes to wait on the funeral state ;
Pages to pour the wine ;
A requiem for Twenty-Eight,
And a health to Twenty-Nine !

Alas for human happiness !
Alas for human sorrow !
Our yesterday is nothingness,
What else will be our morrow ?
Still Beauty must be stealing hearts,
And Knavery stealing purses ;
Still cooks must live by making tarts,
And wits by making verses ;

While sages prate and courts debate,
 The same stars set and shine ;
 And the world as it rolled through Twenty-Eight,
 Must roll through Twenty-Nine.

Some King will come, in Heaven's good time,
 To the tomb his father came to ;
 Some Thief will wade through blood and crime
 To a crown he has no claim to ;
 Some suffering land will rend in twain
 The manacles that bound her ;
 And gather the links of the broken chain
 To fasten them proudly round her ;
 The grand and great will love and hate,
 And combat and combine ;
 And much where we were in Twenty-Eight,
 We shall be in Twenty-Nine.

O'Connell will toil to raise the Rent,
 And Kenyon to sink the Nation ;
 And Sheil will abuse the Parliament,
 And Peel the Association ;
 And thought of bayonets and swords
 Will make ex-Chancellors merry ;
 And jokes will be cut in the House of Lords,
 And throats in the County of Kerry ;
 And writers of weight will speculate
 On the Cabinet's design ;
 And just what it did in Twenty-Eight
 It will do in Twenty-Nine.

And the Goddess of Love will keep her smiles,
 And the God of Cups his orgies ;
 And there'll be riots in St. Giles,
 And weddings in St. George's ;
 And mendicants will sup like Kings,
 And Lords will swear like lacqueys ;
 And black eyes oft will lead to rings,
 And rings will lead to black eyes ;
 And pretty Kate will scold her mate,
 In a dialect all divine ;
 Alas ! they married in Twenty-Eight,
 They will part in Twenty-Nine.

My uncle will swathe his gouty limbs,
 And talk of his oils and blubbers ;
 My aunt, Miss Dobbs, will play longer hymns,
 And rather longer rubbers ;
 My cousin in Parliament will prove
 How utterly ruined Trade is :
 My brother, at Eaton, will fall in love
 With half a hundred ladies ;
 My patron will sate his pride from plate,
 And his thirst from Bordeaux wine :
 His nose was red in Twenty-Eight,
 'Twill be redder in Twenty-Nine.

And oh ! I shall find how, day by day,
 All thoughts and things look older ;
 How the laugh of Pleasure grows less gay,
 And the heart of Friendship colder ;

But still I shall be what I have been,
 Sworn foe to Lady Reason,
 And seldom troubled with the spleen,
 And fond of talking treason ;
 I shall buckle my skait, and leap my gate,
 And throw and write my line ;
 And the woman I worshipped in Twenty-Eight
 I shall worship in Twenty-Nine.

HOW SHALL I WOO HER ?

L'on n'aime bien qu'une seule fois : c'est la premiere.
Les amours qui suivent sont moins involontaires !

La Bruyere.

I.

How shall I woo her ?—I will stand
Beside her when she sings ;
And watch that fine and fairy hand
Flit o'er the quivering strings :
And I will tell her, I have heard,
Though sweet her song may be,
A voice, whose every whispered word
Was more than song to me !

II.

How shall I woo her ?—I will gaze,
In sad and silent trance,
On those blue eyes, whose liquid rays
Look love in every glance ;
And I will tell her, eyes more bright,
Though bright her own may beam,
Will fling a deeper spell to-night
Upon me in my dream.

III.

How shall I woo her?—I will try
The charms of olden time,
And swear by earth and sea and sky,
And rave in prose and rhyme;—
And I will tell her when I bent
My knee in other years,
I was not half so eloquent,
I could not speak for tears!

IV.

How shall I woo her?—I will bow
Before the holy shrine;
And pray the prayer, and vow the vow,
And press her lips to mine;
And I will tell her, when she parts
From passion's thrilling kiss,
That memory to many hearts
Is dearer far than bliss.

V.

Away! away! the chords are mute,
The bond is rent in twain;—
You cannot wake that silent lute,
Nor clasp those links again;
Love's toil I know is little cost,
Love's perjury is light sin;
But souls that lose what I have lost,—
What have they left to win!

STANZAS.

The lady of his love, oh, she was changed,
As by the sickness of the soul !

Byron.

Go thou, while in thy soul, and fill a throne
Of innocence and purity, in Heaven !

Ford.

I know that it must be,
Yea ! thou art changed—all worshipped as thou art—
Mourned as thou shalt be ! Sickness of the heart
Hath done its work on thee !

Thy dim eyes tell a tale,
A piteous tale, of vigils ; and the trace
Of bitter tears is on thy beauteous face,
Beauteous, and yet so pale !

Changed love ! but not alone !
I am not what they think me ; though my cheek
Wear but its last year's furrow, though I speak
Thus in my natural tone.

The temple of my youth
Was strong in moral purpose; once I felt
The glory of philosophy, and knelt
In the pure shrine of truth.

I went into the storm,
And mocked the billows of the tossing sea;
I said to Fate, "What wilt thou do to me?
I have not harmed a worm!"

Vainly the heart is steeled
In Wisdom's armor; let her burn her books!
I look upon them as the soldier looks
Upon his cloven shield.

Virtue and Virtue's rest,
How have they perished! Through my onward course
Repentance dogs my footsteps! black Remorse
Is my familiar guest!

The glory and the glow
Of the world's loveliness have passed away;
And Fate hath little to inflict, to-day,
And nothing to bestow!

Is not the damning line
Of guilt and grief engraven on me now?
And the fierce passion which hath scathed thy brow,
Hath it not blasted mine?

No matter! I will turn
To the straight path of duty; I have wrought,
At last, my wayward spirit to be taught
What it hath yet to learn.

Labor shall be my lot ;
My kindred shall be joyful in my praise ;
And Fame shall twine for me, in after days,
A wreath I covet not.

And if I cannot make,
Dearest ! thy hope my hope, thy trust my trust,
Yet will I study to be good, and just,
And blameless, for thy sake.

Thou may'st have comfort yet !
Whate'er the source from which those waters glide,
Thou hast found healing mercy in their tide ;
Be happy and forget !

Forget me—and farewell !
But say not that in me new hopes and fears,
Or absence, or the lapse of gradual years,
Will break thy memory's spell !

Indelibly, within,
All I have lost is written ; and the theme
Which Silence whispers to my thoughts and dreams
Is sorrow still—and sin !

THE CONFESSION OF DON CARLOS.

OH TELL not me of broken vow—
I speak a firmer passion now;
Oh! tell not me of shattered chain—
The link shall never burst again;
My soul is fix'd as firmly here
As the red Sun in his career;
As Victory on Mina's crest,
Or Tenderness in Rosa's breast,
Then do not tell me, while we part,
Of fickle flame, and roving heart;
While Youth shall bow at Beauty's shrine,
That flame shall glow—that heart be thine.

Then wherefore dost thou bid me tell
The tale thy malice knows so well?
I may not disobey thee!—Yes!
Thou bidst me,—and I *will* confess:—
See how adoringly I kneel—
Hear how my folly I reveal;
My folly!—chide me if thou wilt,
Thou shalt not—canst not call it—*guilt*.

And when my faithlessness is told,
 Ere thou hast time to play the scold,
 I'll haste the fond rebuke to check,
 And lean upon thy snowy neck,
 Play with its glossy auburn hair,
 And hide the blush of falsehood there.

Inez, the innocent and young,
 First snared my heart, and waked my song ;
 We both were harmless, and untaught
 To *love* as fashionables ought ;
 With all the modesty of youth,
 We talk'd of constancy and truth ;
 Grew fond of Music, and the Moon,
 And wander'd on the nights of June,
 To sit beneath the chestnut-tree,
 While the lonely stars shone mellowly,
 Shedding a pale and dancing beam
 On the wave of Guadalquivir's stream.
 And aye we talk'd of faith and feelings,
 With no distrustings, no concealings ;
 And aye we joy'd in stolen glances,
 And sigh'd and blush'd, and read romances.
 Our love was ardent and sincere,—
 And lasted, Rosa—half a year !
 And then the maid grew fickle-hearted,
 Married Don Jose—so we parted.
 At twenty-one, I've often heard,
 My bashfulness was quite absurd ;
 For, with a squeamishness uncommon,
 I fear'd to love a married woman.

Fair Leonora's laughing eye
 Again awaked my song and sigh:
 A gay intriguing dame was she;
 And fifty Dons of high degree,
 That came and went as they were bid,
 Dubb'd her the Beauty of Madrid.
 Alas! what constant pains I took
 To merit one approving look:
 I courted Valor—and the Muse,
 Wrote challenges—and billet-doux;
 Paid for Sherbet and Serenade,
 Fenced with Pegru and Alvarade;
 Fought at the Bull-fights like a hero,
 Studied small-talk,—and the Bolero;
 Play'd the guitar—and play'd the fool;
 This out of tune—that out of rule.
 I oft at midnight wander'd out,
 Wrapt up in love—and my capote,
 To muse on beauty—and the skies,
 Cold winds—and Lenora's eyes.
 Alas! when all my gains were told,
 I'd caught a Tartar*—and a cold.
 And yet perchance that lovely brow
 Had still detain'd my captive vow;
 That clear blue eye's enchanting roll
 Had still enthrall'd my yielding soul;
 But suddenly a vision bright
 Came o'er me in a veil of light,

* The original was a Spanish idiom which we found it impossible to render literally; we believe it comes very near to the English expression which we have substituted.

And burst the bond whose fetters bound me,
 And broke the spell that hung around me,
 Recall'd the heart that madly roved,
 And bade me love, and be beloved.
 Who was it broke the chain and spell ?
 Dark-eyed Castilian !—*thou* canst tell !
 And am I faithless ?—wo the while,
 What vow but melts at Rosa's smile ?
 For broken vows, and faith betrayed,
 The guilt is thine, Castilian maid !

The tale is told and I am gone !—
 Think of me, loved and lovely one,
 When none on earth shall care beside
 How Carlos lived, or loved, or died !
 Thy love on earth shall be to me
 A bird upon a leafless tree—
 A bark upon a hopeless wave—
 A lily on a tombless grave—
 A cheering hope—a living ray,
 To light me on a weary way.

And thus is Love's Confession done ;
 Give me thy parting benison ;
 And ere I rise from bended knee,
 To wander o'er a foreign sea,
 Alone and friendless,—ere I don
 My pilgrim's hat, and sandal shoon—
 Dark-eyed Castilian ! let me win
 Forgiveness sweet for venial sin ;
 Let lonely sighs and dreams of thee,
 Be penance for my perjury.

TO JULIA,

PREPARING FOR THE FIRST SEASON IN TOWN.

JULIA, while London's fancied bliss
Bids you despise a life like this,
While —— and its joys you leave,
For hopes, that flatter to deceive,
You will not scornfully refuse,
(Though dull the theme, and weak the Muse,)
To look upon my line, and hear
What Friendship sends to Beauty's ear.

Four miles from Town, a neat abode
O'erlooks a rose-bush, and a road ;
A paling, clean'd with constant care,
Surrounds ten yards of neat parterre,
Where dusty ivy strives to crawl
Five inches up the whiten'd wall.
The open window thickly set
With myrtle, and with mignonette,
Behind whose cultivated row
A brace of globes peep out for show ;

The avenue—the burnish'd plate,
That decks the would-be rustic gate,
Denote the fane where Fashion dwells,
—“Lyce’s Academy for Belles.”

’Twas here, in earlier, happier days,
Retired from pleasure’s weary maze,
You found, unknown to care or pain,
The peace you will not find again.
Here Friendships, far too fond to last,
A bright, but fleeting radiance cast,
On every sport that Mirth devised,
And every scene that Childhood prized,
And every bliss, that bids you yet
Recall those moments with regret.

Those friends have mingled in the strife
That fills the busy scene of life,
And Pride and Folly—Cares and Fears,
Look dark upon their future years :
But by their wrecks may Julia learn,
Whither her fragile bark to turn ;
And, o’er the troubled sea of fate,
Avoid the rocks they found too late.

You know Camilla—o’er the plain
She guides the fiery hunter’s rein ;
First in the chace she sounds the horn,
Trampling to earth the farmer’s corn,
That hardly deign’d to bend its head,
Beneath her namesake’s lighter tread.

With Bob the Squire, her polish'd lover,
She wields the gun, or beats the cover;
And then her steed!—why! every clown
Tells how she rubs Smolensko down,
And combs the mane, and cleans the hoof,
While wondering hostlers stand aloof.

At night, before the Christmas fire
She plays backgammon with the Squire;
Shares in his laugh, and his liquor,
Mimics her father and the Vicar;
Swears at the grooms—without a blush
Dips in her ale the captured brush,
Until —— her father duly tired—
The parson's wig as duly fired—
The dogs all still —the Squire asleep,
And dreaming of his usual leap—
She leaves the dregs of white and red,
And lounges languidly to bed;
And still in nightly visions borne,
She gallops o'er the rustic's corn;
Still wields the lash—still shakes the box,
Dreaming of "sixes"—and the fox.

And this is bliss—the story runs,
Camilla never wept—save once;
Yes! once indeed Camilla cried—
'Twas when her dear Blue-stockings died.

Pretty Cordelia thinks she's ill—
She seeks her med'cine at Quadrille;

With hope, and fear, and envy sick,
She gazes on the dubious trick,
As if eternity were laid
Upon a diamond, or a spade.
And I have seen a transient pique
Wake, o'er that soft and girlish cheek,
A chilly and a feverish hue,
Blighting the soil where Beauty grew,
And bidding Hate and Malice rove
In eyes that ought to beam with love.

Turn we to Fannia—she was fair
As the soft fleeting forms of air,
Shaped by the fancy—fitting theme
For youthful bard's enamör'd dream.
The neck, on whose transparent glow,
The auburn ringlets sweetly flow,
The eye that swims in liquid fire,
The brow that frowns in playful ire ;
All these, when Fannia's early youth
Look'd lovely in its native truth,
Diffused a bright, unconscious grace,
Almost divine, o'er form and face.

Her lip has lost its fragrant dew,
Her cheek has lost its rosy hue,
Her eye the glad enlivening rays
That glitter'd there in happier days,
Her heart the ignorance of wo
Which Fashion's votaries may not know.

The city's smoke—the noxious air—
The constant crowd—the torch's glare—
The morning sleep—the noonday call—
The late repast—the midnight ball,
Bid Faith and Beauty die, and taint
Her heart with fraud, her face with paint.

And what the boon, the prize enjoy'd,
For fame defaced, and peace destroyed !
Why ask we this ? With conscious grace
She criticises silk and lace ;
Queen of the modes, she reigns alike
O'er saracenet, bobbin, net, vandyke,
O'er rouge and ribbons, combs and curls,
Perfumes and patches, pins and pearls ;
Feelings and faintings, songs and sighs,
Small-talk and scandal, love and lies.

Circled by beaux behold her sit,
While Dandies tremble at her wit ;
The Captain hates “a woman's gab ;”
“A devil !” cries the shy Cantab ;
The young Etonian strives to fly
The glance of her sarcastic eye,
For well he knows she looks him o'er,
To stamp him “buck,” or dub him “bore.”

Such is her life—a life of waste,
A life of wretchedness—and *taste*.
And all the glory Fannia boasts,
And all the price that glory costs,

At once are reckon'd up, in one--
One word of bliss and folly — *Ton.*

Not these the thoughts that could perplex
The fancies of our fickle sex,
When England's favorite, good Queen Bess,
Was Queen alike o'er war and dress.
Then ladies gay play'd *chesse*—and ballads,
And learnt to dress their hair—and salads;
Sweets—and sweet looks were studied then,
And both were pleasing to the men;
For cookery was allied to taste,
And girls were taught to blush—and baste.
Dishes were bright—and so were eyes,
And lords made love—and ladies pies.

Then Valor won the wavering field,
By dint of hauberk and of shield;
And Beauty won the wavering heart,
By dint of pickle, and of tart.
The minuet was the favorite dance,
Girls loved the needle—boys the lance;
And Cupid took his constant post
At dinner, by the boil'd and roast,
Or secretly was wont to lurk,
In tournament, or needle-work.
Oh! 'twas a reign of all delights,
Of hot *Sir-loins*,—and hot *Sir* knights;
Feasting and fighting, hand in hand,
Fatten'd, and glorified the land;

And noble chiefs had noble cheer,
And knights grew strong upon strong beer;
Honor and oxen both were nourish'd,
And chivalry—and pudding flourish'd.

I'd rather see that magic face,
That look of love, that form of grace,
Circled by whalebone, and by ruffs,
Intent on puddings, and on puffs,
I'd rather view thee thus, than see
"A Fashionable" rise in thee.
If Life is dark, 'tis not for you,
(If partial Friendship's voice is true)
To cure its griefs, and drown its cares,
By leaping gates, and murdering hares,
Nor to confine that feeling soul,
To winning lovers—or the vole.

If these and such pursuits are thine,
Julia! thou art no friend of mine!
I love plain dress—I eat plain joints,
I cannot play ten guinea points,
I make no study of a pin,
And hate a female whipper-in.

LINES TO FLORENCE.

Long years have pass'd with silent pace,
Florence ! since you and I have met ;
Yet—when that meeting I retrace,
My cheek is pale, my eye is wet ;
For I was doom'd from thence to rove,
O'er distant tracts of earth and sea,
Unaided, Florence !—save by love ;
And unremember'd—save by thee !
We met ! and hope beguiled our fears,
Hope, ever bright, and ever vain ;
We parted thence in silent tears,
Never to meet—in life—again.
The myrtle that I gaze upon,
Sad token by thy love devised,
Is all the record left of one
So long bewail'd—so dearly prized.
You gave it in an hour of grief,
When gifts of love are doubly dear ;
You gave it—and one tender leaf
Glisten'd the while with Beauty's tear.

A tear—oh lovelier far to me,
Shed for me in my saddest hour,
Than bright and flattering smiles could be,
In courtly hall or summer bower,
You strove my anguish to beguile,
With distant hopes of future weal ;
You strove!—alas! you could not smile,
Nor speak the hope you did not feel.
I bore the gift Affection gave,
O'er desert sand and thorny brake,
O'er rugged rock and stormy wave,
I loved it for the giver's sake ;
And often in my happiest day,
In scenes of bliss and hours of pride,
When all around was glad and gay,
I look'd upon the gift—and sigh'd :
And when on ocean, or on clift,
Forth strode the Spirit of the Storm,
I gazed upon thy fading gift,
I thought upon thy fading form ;
Forgot the lightning's vivid dart,
Forgot the rage of sky and sea,
Forgot the doom that bade us part—
And only lived to love and thee.
Florence ! thy myrtle blooms ! but thou,
Beneath thy cold and lowly stone,
Forgetful of our mutual vow,
And of a heart—still all thine own,
Art laid in that unconscious sleep,
Which he that wails thee soon must know,

Where none may smile, and none may weep,
None dream of bliss, or wake to wo.
If e'er, as Fancy oft will feign,
To that dear spot which gave thee birth
Thy fleeting shade returns again,
To look on him thou lov'dst on earth,
It may a moment's joy impart,
To know that this, thy favorite tree,
Is to my desolated heart
Almost as dear as thou could'st be.
My Florence!—soon—the thought is sweet!
The turf that wraps thee I shall press;
Again, my Florence! we shall meet,
In bliss—or in forgetfulness.
With thee in Death's oblivion laid,
I will not have the cypress gloom
To throw its sickly, sullen shade,
Over the stillness of my tomb:
And there the 'scutcheon shall not shine,
And there the banner shall not wave;
The treasures of the glittering mine
Would ill become a lover's grave:
But when from this abode of strife
My liberated shade shall roam,
Thy myrtle, that has cheer'd my life
Shall decorate my narrow home:
And it shall bloom in beauty there,
Like Florence in her early day;
Or, nipp'd by cold December's air,
Whither—like Hope and thee—away.

STANZAS.

O'ER yon Churchyard the storm may lower ;
But, heedless of the wintry air,
One little bud shall linger there,
A still and trembling flower.

Unscathed by long revolving years,
Its tender leaves shall flourish yet,
And sparkle in the moonlight, wet
With the pale dew of tears.

And where thine humble ashes lie,
Instead of 'scutcheon or of stone,
It rises o'er thee, lonely one,
Child of obscurity !

Mild was thy voice as Zephyr's breath,
Thy cheek with flowing locks was shaded !
But the voice hath died, the cheek hath faded
In the cold breeze of death !

Brightly thine eye was smiling, Sweet !
But now Decay hath still'd its glancing ;
Warmly thy little heart was dancing,
But it hath ceased to beat !

A few short months—and thou wert here !
Hope sat upon thy youthful brow ;
And what is thy memorial now ?
A flower—and a Tear.

CASSANDRA.

“THEY hurried to the feast,
The warrior and the priest,
And the gay maiden with her jeweled brow ;
The minstrel’s harp and voice
Said ‘Triumph and rejoice!’
One only mourned !—many are mourning now !

“‘Peace ! startle not the light
With the wild dreams of night ;’—
So spake the Princes in their pride and joy,
When I in their dull ears
Shrieked forth my tale of tears,
‘Wo to the gorgeous city, wo to Troy !’—

“Ye watch the dun smoke rise
Up to the lurid skies ;
Ye see the red light flickering on the stream ;
Ye listen to the fall
Of gate, and tower, and wall ;
Sisters, the time is come !—alas, it is no dream !

“Through hall, and court, and porch,
Glides on the pitiless torch;
The swift avengers faint not in their toil:
Vain now the matron’s sighs;
Vain now the infant’s cries;
Look, sisters, look, who leads them to the spoil?

“Not Pyrrhus, though his hand
Is on his father’s brand;
Not the fell framer of the accursed Steed;
Not Nestor’s hoary head;
Nor Teucer’s rapid tread;
Nor the fierce wrath of impious Diomede.

“Visions of deeper fear
To-night are warring here;—
I know them, sisters, the mysterious Three;
Minerva’s lightning frown,
And Juno’s golden crown,
And him the mighty ruler of the sounding sea.

“Through wailing and through wo,
Silent and stern they go;—
So have I ever seen them in my trance!
Exultingly they guide
Destruction’s fiery tide,
And lift the dazzling shield, and poise the deadly lance.

“Lo! where the old man stands,
Folding his palsied hands,
And muttering with white lips, his querulous prayer:

‘Where is my noble son,
My best, my bravest one,—
Troy’s hope and Priam’s,—where is Hector, where?’

“Why is thy falchion grasped?
Why is thy helmet clasped?
Fitter the fillet for such brow as thine!
The altar reeks with gore;
Oh sisters, look no more!
It is our father’s blood upon the shrine!

“And ye, alas! must roam
Far from your desolate home,
Far from lost Ilium, o’er the joyless wave;
Ye may not from those bowers
Gather the trampled flowers,
To wreath the sad garlands for your brethren’s grave.

“Away, away! the gale
Stirs the white bosomed sail;
Hence!—look not back to freedom or to fame;
Labor must be your doom,
Night-watchings, days of gloom,
The bitter bread of tears, the bridal couch of shame.

“Even now some Grecian dame
Beholds the signal flame,
And waits expectant the returning fleet;
‘Why lingers yet my lord?
Hath he not sheathed his sword—
Will he not bring my handmaid to my feet?’

“ Me too the dark Fates call ;
Their sway is over all,
Captor and captive, prison-house and throne ;—
I tell of others’ lot ;
They hear me, heed me not !
Hide, angry Phœbus, hide from me mine own.”

SONNET TO ADA.

THE touching pathos of thy low sweet voice
Fell on my heart, like dew òn wither’d flowers,
And brought such memory of departed hours
As made me weep—yet in my tears rejoice.
For one I loved—now lost to me for ever—
Breathed even so the soul of melody,
And—since that voice has perish’d—never, never,
Till I heard thine, such sounds had greeted me.
E’en now thy tones, recall’d by night and day,
Linger in Memory’s echo-haunted cell,
Thrilling sweet agony : nor know I well
Whether to chide them, or to bid them stay.
At times I scarce can bear the pain’d regret
Which they excite—then cry, Oh do not leave me yet !

MY LITTLE COUSINS.

E voi ridete?—Certo ridiamo.

Così fan tutte

LAUGH on, fair cousins, for to you
All life is joyous yet;
Your hearts have all things to pursue,
And nothing to regret;
And every flower to you is fair,
And every month is May;
You've not been introduced to Care,—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

Old Time will fling his clouds ere long
Upon those sunny eyes;
The voice whose every word is song,
Will set itself to sighs;
Your quiet slumbers,—hopes and fears
Will chase their rest away;
To-morrow, you'll be shedding tears,—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

Oh yes; if any truth is found
In the dull schoolman's theme,—
If friendship is an empty sound,
And love an idle dream,—

If mirth, youth's playmate, feels fatigue
Too soon on life's long way,
At least he'll run with you a league,—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day !

Perhaps your eyes may grow more bright
As childhood's hues depart ;
You may be lovelier to the sight,
And dearer to the heart ;
You may be sinless still, and see
This earth still green and gay ;
But what you are you will not be,
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day !

O'er me have many winters crept,
With less of grief than joy ;
But I have learned, and toiled, and wept,—
I am no more a boy !
I've never had the gout, 't is true,
My hair is hardly gray ;
But now I cannot laugh like you ;
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day !

I used to have as glad a face,
As shadowless a brow :
I once could run as blithe a race
As you are running now ;
But never mind how I behave,
Don't interrupt your play,
And though I look so very grave,
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day.

ARMINIUS.

BACK, back ;—he fears not foaming flood
Who fears not steel clad line :—
No warrior thou of German blood,
No brother thou of mine.
Go earn Rome's chain to load thy neck,
Her gems to deck thy hilt ;
And blazon honor's hapless wreck
With all the gauds of guilt.

But wouldst thou have *me* share the prey ?
By all that I have done,
The Varian bones that day by day
Lie whitening in the sun ;
The legion's trampled panoply,
The eagle's shattered wing,
I would not be for earth or sky
So scorned and mean a thing.

Ho, call me here the wizard, boy,
Of dark and subtle skill,
To agonize but not destroy,
To torture, not to kill.

When swords are out, and shriek and shout
Leave little room for prayer,
No fetter on man's arm or heart
Hangs half so heavy there.

I curse him by the gifts the land
Hath won from him and Rome,
The riving axe, the wasting brand,
Rent forest blazing home.
I curse him by our country's gods,
The terrible, the dark,
The breakers of the Roman rods,
The smiters of the bark.

Oh, misery, that such a ban
On such a brow should be!
Why comes he not in battle's van
His country's chief to be?
To stand a comrade by my side,
The sharer of my fame,
And worthy of a brother's pride,
And of a brother's name?

But it is past!—where heroes press
And cowards bend the knee,
Arminius is not brotherless,
His brethren are the free.
They come around :—one hour, and light
Will fade from turf and tide,
Then onward, onward to the fight,
With darkness for our guide.

To-night, to-night, when we shall meet
In combat face to face,
Then only would Arminius greet
The renegade's embrace.
The canker of Rome's guilt shall be
Upon his dying name ;
And as he lived in slavery,
So shall he fall in shame.

VERSES

ON SEEING THE SPEAKER ASLEEP IN HIS CHAIR IN ONE OF THE DEBATES
OF THE FIRST REFORMED PARLIAMENT.

SLEEP, Mr. Speaker, 't is surely fair
If you may n't in your bed, that you should in your
chair.

Louder and longer now they grow,
Tory and Radical, Ay and No ;
Talking by night and talking by day.
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may !

Sleep, Mr. Speaker ; slumber lies
Light and brief on a Speaker's eyes.
Fielden or Finn in a minute or two
Some disorderly thing will do ;
Riot will chase repose away—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may !

Sleep, Mr. Speaker. Sweet to men
Is the sleep that cometh but now and then,
Sweet to the weary, sweet to the ill,
Sweet to the children that work in the mill.
You have more need of repose than they—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may !

Sleep, Mr. Speaker, Harvey will soon
Move to abolish the sun and the moon;
Hume will no doubt be taking the sense
Of the House on a question of sixteen pence.
Statesmen will howl, and patriots bray—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may !

Sleep, Mr. Speaker, and dream of the time,
When loyalty was not quite a crime,
When Grant was a pupil in Canning's school,
And Palmerston fancied Wood a fool.
Lord, how principles pass away—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

I REMEMBER HOW MY CHILDHOOD FLEETED.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
How my childhood fled by—
The mirth of its December,
And the warmth of its July;
On my brow, love, on my brow, love,
There are no signs of care,
But my pleasure's are not now, love,
What childhood's pleasure's were:

Then the bowers, then the bowers
Were as blithe as blithe could be,
And all their radiant flowers
Were coronals for me:
Gems to-night, love, gems to-night, love,
Are gleaming in my hair;
But they are not half so bright, love,
As childhood's roses were.

I was merry, I was merry,
When my little lovers came—
With a lily, or a cherry,
Or a new invented game:
Now I've you, love, now I've you, love,
To kneel before me there;
But you know you're not so true, love,
As childhood's lovers were.

MEMORY.

Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felici,
Nella miseria.

Dante.

I.

STAND on a funeral mound,
Far, far from all that love thee :
With a barren heath around,
And a cypress bower above thee :
And think, while the sad wind frets,
And the night in cold gloom closes,
Of spring, and spring's sweet violets,
Of summer, and summer's roses.

II.

Sleep where the thunders fly
Across the tossing billow ;
Thy canopy the sky,
And the lonely deck thy pillow :
And dream, while the chill sea-foam
In mockery dashes o'er thee,
Of the cheerful hearth, and the quiet home,
And the kiss of her that bore thee.

III.

Watch in the deepest cell
Of the foeman's dungeon tower,
Till hope's most cherished spell
Has lost its cheering power ;
And sing, while the galling chain
On every stiff limb freezes,
Of the huntsman hurrying o'er the plain,
Of the breath of the mountain breezes.

IV.

Talk of the minstrel's lute,
The warrior's high endeavor,
When the honeyed lips are mute,
And the strong arm crushed for ever ;
Look back to the summer sun,
From the mist of dark December ;
Then say to the broken-hearted one,
" 'Tis pleasant to remember ! "

TELL HIM I LOVE HIM YET.

TELL him, I love him yet,
Ah, in that joyous time!
Tell him, I ne'er forget,
Though memory now be crime.

Tell him, when fades the light
Upon the earth and sea,
I dream of him by night—
He must not dream of me!

Green, green upon his brow
The laurel wreath shall be—
Although that laurel now
Must not be shared with me!

Tell him to smile again
In pleasure's dazzling throng,
To wear another's chain,
To praise another's song!

Before the loveliest there,
I'd have him bend the knee,
And breathe to her the prayer
He used to breathe to me!

Tell him, that day by day,
Life looks to me more dim—
I falter when I pray—
Although I pray for him.

And bid him when I die,
Come to our fav'rite tree—
I shall not hear him sigh—
—Nor let him sigh for me!

STANZAS.

“She sung of Love, while o’er her lyre
The rosy rays of evening fell.”—*Moore’s Melodies.*

IF thou would’st pause to wake a string
That will not bear to play,—
If thou would’st yet unloose the wing
So chainless yesterday;
If thou be’st not that heartless one,
And false as thou art bright—
With smiles for all—and tears for none—
Sing not—sing not to-night!

I may have sought what all would seek,
And knelt where all would kneel;
The pulse might throb—the heart be weak—
And yet the lip conceal;
And had I never heard the song,
Or paused upon the tone,—
That pulse might yet be free and strong,
That secret still my own.

I might be formed to love, and feel
Love—life—and all, decay,—
I was not made to weep, and kneel
As I have knelt to-day:

And had I deemed the heart I nursed
 Could sue for such a healing,
I would have seen it wither first,
 Ere I had stooped to kneeling.

I'll meet thee where the gayest meet ;
 One look shall not distress ;—
I'll greet thee as the others greet,
 With words as meaningless ;—
I'll try to feel as heretofore,
 Or deaden feeling's spring ;—
So thou wilt sing those songs no more
 Where I may hear thee sing.

Yet, one, thou said'st but yesternight,
 Thy lips should learn for me !—
Oh ! when thou sing'st, and all is bright
 Around thy path—and thee—
If thou dost feel but half I felt
 Where first those echoes rung ;
I will not mourn that I have knelt,
 Or weep that thou hast sung.

Jan. 21st, 1829.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN IN LADY MYRTLE'S BOCCACCIO.

I.

IN these gay pages there is food
For every mind, and every mood,
Fair Lady, if you dare to spell them :
Now merriment, now grief prevails ;
But yet the best of all the tales
Is of the young group met to tell them.

II.

Oh, was it not a pleasant thought,
To set the pestilence at nought,
Chatting among sweet streams and flowers ;
Of jealous husbands, fickle wives,
Of all the tricks which love contrives,
To see through veils, and talk through towers ?

III.

Lady, they say the fearful guest,
Onward, still onward, to the west,

Poised on his sulphurous wings, advances ;
Who, on the frozen river's banks,
Has thinned the Russian despot's ranks,
And marred the might of Warsaw's lances.

IV.

Another year—a brief, brief year !
And lo ! the fell destroyer here,
He comes with all his gloomy terrors ;
Then guilt will read the properest books,
And folly wear the soberest looks,
And virtue shudder at her errors.

V.

And there'll be sermons in the street ;
And every friend and foe we meet
Will wear the dismal garb of sorrow ;
And quacks will send their lies about,
And weary Halford will find out,
He must have four new bays to-morrow.

VI.

But you shall fly from these dark signs,
As did those happy Florentines,
Ere from your cheek one rose is faded ;
And hide your youth and loveliness
In some bright garden's green recess,
By walls fenced round, by huge trees shaded :

VII.

There brooks shall dance in light along,
And birds shall trill their constant song
 Of pleasure, from their leafy dwelling;
You shall have music, novels, toys;
But still the chiefest of your joys
 Must be, fair Lady, story telling.

VIII.

Be cautious how you choose your men;
Don't look for people of the pen,
 Scholars who read, or write the papers;
Don't think of wits, who talk to dine,
Who drink their patron's newest wine,
 And cure their patron's newest vapours.

IX.

Avoid all youths who toil for praise
By quoting Liston's last new phrase;
 Or sigh to leave high fame behind them;
For swallowing swords, or dancing jigs,
Or imitating ducks and pigs;
 Take men of sense,—if you can find them.

X.

Live, laugh, tell stories; ere they're told,
New themes succeed upon the old;
 New follies come, new faults, new fashions;

An hour, a minute, will supply
To thought, a folio history
Of blighted hopes, and thwarted passions.

XI.

King Death, when he has snatched away
Drunkards from brandy, Dukes from play,
And Common-councilmen from turtle;
Shall break his dart in Grosvenor Square,
And mutter in his fierce despair,
“Why, what’s become of Lady Myrtle?”

EPITAPH*

ON THE LATE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

[Translated from the original of Crazee Ratefee, his Majesty's Poet
Laureate.]

BENEATH the marble, mud, or moss,
Whiche'er his subjects shall determine,
Entombed in eulogies and dross,
The Island King is food for vermin ;
Prisoned by scribblers and by salt,
From Lethe and sepulchral vapors,
His body fills his father's vault,
His character the daily papers.

Well was he framed for royal seat ;
Kind to the *meanest* of his creatures,
With tender heart and tender feet,
And open purse and open features ;
The ladies say who laid him out,
And earned thereby the usual pensions,
They never wreathed a shroud about
A corpse of more genteel dimensions.

* Written on the death of George IV.

He warred with half a score of foes,
And shone—by proxy—in the quarrel ;
Enjoyed hard fights and soft repose,
And deathless debt, and deathless laurel :
His enemies were scalped and flayed,
Whene'er his soldiers were victorious ;
And widows wept, and paupers paid,
To make their Sovereign Ruler glorious.

And days were set apart for thanks,
And prayers were said by pious readers ;
And laurel lavished on the ranks,
And laud was lavished on their leaders ;
Events are writ by History's pen :
Though causes are too much to care for :—
Fame talks about the where and when,
While Folly asks the why and wherefore.

In peace he was intensely gay,
And indefatigably busy ;
Preparing gew-gaws every day,
And shows to make his subjects dizzy :
And hearing the report of guns,
And signing the report of jailors,
And making up receipts for buns,
And patterns for the army tailors ;

And building carriages and boats,
And streets, and chapels, and pavilions,
And regulating all the coats,
And all the principles of millions ;

And drinking homilies and gin,
 And chewing pork and adulation,
 And looking backwards upon sin,
 And looking forwards to salvation.

The people, in his happy reign,
 Were blest beyond all other nations ;
 Unharm'd by foreign axe or chain,
 Unhealed by civil innovations ;
 They served the usual logs and stones,
 With all the usual rites and terrors ;
 And swallowed all their fathers' bones,
 And swallowed all their fathers' errors.*

When the fierce mob, with clubs and knives,
 All vowed that nothing should content them,
 But that their representatives
 Should actually represent them :
 He interposed the proper checks,
 By sending troops with drums and banners
 To cut their speeches short, and necks,
 And break their heads to mend their manners.

And when Dissension flung her stain
 Upon the light of Hymen's altar,
 And Destiny made Cupid's chain
 As galling as the hangman's halter,

* In the Sandwich Islands, no greater mark of respect can be paid to the parent, by the son, than the swallowing of part of his mortal remains. More civilized nations are content with the prejudices.

He passed a most domestic life,
By many mistresses befriended,
And did not put away his wife
For fear the priest should be offended.*

And thus at last he sunk to rest
Amid the blessings of his people ;
And sighs were heard from every breast,
And bells were tolled from every steeple ;
And loud was every public throng
His brilliant character adorning,
And poets raised a mourning song,
And clothiers raised the price of mourning.

His funeral was very grand,
Followed by many robes and maces,
And all the great ones of the land,
Struggling, as heretofore, for places ;
And every loyal Minister
Was there with signs of purse-felt sorrow,
Save Pozzy, his lord chancellor,
Who promised to attend to-morrow.

Peace to his dust ! his fostering care
By grateful hearts shall long be cherished,
And all his subjects shall declare
They lost a grinder when he perished.†

* When a native of the Sandwich Islands is weary of his first spouse, he may bring home another, but he may not divorce his original chosen consort.

† When the Sovereign of the Sandwich Islands dies, each of his

They who shall look upon the lead,
In which a people's love hath shrined him,
Shall say, when all the worst is said,
Perhaps he leaves a worse behind him !

subjects shows his respect for the deceased Prince, by extracting a valuable tooth from his head.

THE CHANT OF THE BRAZEN HEAD.

“I THINK, whatever mortals crave,
With impotent endeavor,
A wreath—a rank—a throne—a grave—
The world goes round for ever ;
I think that life is not too long,
And therefore I determine
That many people read a song,
Who will not read a sermon.

“I think you’ve look’d through many hearts,
And mused on many actions.
And studied man’s component parts,
And nature’s compound fractions ;
I think you’ve picked up truth by bits
From foreigner and neighbor,
I think the world has lost its wits,
And you have lost your labor.

“I think the studies of the wise,
The hero’s noisy quarrel,
The majesty of woman’s eyes,
The poet’s cherished laurel ;

And all that makes us lean or fat,
 And all that charms or troubles—
 This bubble is more bright than that,
 But still they all are bubbles.

“I think the thing you call Renown,
 The unsubstantial vapor
 For which a soldier burns a town,
 The sonneteer a taper,
 Is like the mist which, as he flies,
 The horseman leaves behind him ;
 He cannot mark its wreaths arise,
 Or, if he does, they blind him.

“I think one nod of Mistress Chance
 Makes creditors of debtors,
 And shifts the funeral for the dance,
 The sceptre for the fetters ;
 I think that Fortune’s favored guest,
 May live to gnaw the platters ;
 And he that wears the purple vest
 May wear the rags and tatters.

“I think the Tories love to buy
 ‘Your Lordships’ and ‘Your Graces,’
 By loathing common honesty,
 And lauding common places ;
 I think that some are very wise,
 And some are very funny,
 And some grow rich by telling lies,
 And some by telling money.

“I think the Whigs are wicked knaves,
And very like the Tories,
Who doubt that Britain rules the waves,
And ask the price of glories ;
I think that many fret and fume
At what their friends are planning,
And Mr. Hume hates Mr. Brougham
As much as Mr. Canning.

“I think that friars and their hoods,
Their doctrines and their maggots,
Have lighted up too many feuds,
And far too many fagots ;
I think while zealots fast and frown,
And fight for two or seven,
That there are fifty roads to town,
And rather more to Heaven.

“I think that, thanks to Paget’s lance,
And thanks to Chester’s learning,
The hearts that burned for fame in France,
At home are safe from burning ;
I think the Pope is on his back,
And, though ’tis fun to shake him,
I think the Devil not so black,
As many people make him.

“I think that Love is like a play
Where tears and smiles are blended,
Or like a faithless April day,
Whose shine with shower is ended ;

Like Colnbrook pavement, rather rough,
Like trade, exposed to losses,
And like a Highland plaid, all stuff,
And very full of crosses.

“I think the world, though dark it be,
Has aye one rapturous pleasure,
Conceal'd in life's monotony,
For those who seek the treasure ;
One planet in a starless night—
One blossom on a briar—
One friend not quite a hypocrite—
One woman not a liar !

“I think poor beggars court St. Giles,
Rich beggars court St. Stephen ;
And Death looks down with nods and smiles,
And makes the odds all even ;
I think some die upon the field,
And some upon the billow,
And some are laid beneath a shield,
And some beneath a willow.

“I think that very few have sigh'd,
When Fate at last has found them,
Though bitter foes were by their side,
And barren moss around them ;
I think that some have died of drought,
And some have died of drinking ;—
I think that naught is worth a thought,
And I'm a fool for thinking !”

CHARADES.

1.

THERE *was* a time young Roland thought
His huntsman's call was worth a dozen
Of those sweet notes his ear had caught
In boyhood, from his blue-eyed cousin.
How is it *now* that by my first
Silent he sits, nor cares'to follow
His deep-mouth'd stag-hound's matin burst,
His clear-ton'd huntsman's joyous hollo?

How is it now, when Isabel
Breathes one low note of those sweet numbers,
That every thought of hill and dell,
And *all*—save that sweet minstrel—slumbers.
Why does he feel that long, dull pain
Within my Second when she leaves him?
When shall his falcon fly again?
When shall he break the spell that grieves him?

And Isabel—how is it, too,
That sadness o'er that young brow closes?
How hath her eye lost half its blue?
How have her cheeks lost all their roses?

Still on her lute sweet numbers dwell,
Still magic seems the breath that sways it ;
But, oh ! how changed the tone and spell,
If Roland be not there to praise it !

One summer's eve, while Isabel
Sang till the starlight came to greet her,
A tear from Roland's eyelid fell,
And warp'd the string and spoil'd the metre.
She could not sing another note ;
Wherefore, or why, I've not a notion ;
And *he*—the swelling in *his* throat
Seemed working from some poisonous potion.

I know not—I—how sigh or tear
Cause these hysterical effusions ;
But from that eve, one little year
Witnessed, you'll say, such strange conclusions.
Beside my All I saw them sit ;
And that same lute of song so tender—
A little child was thumping it
With all his might—against the fender !

And Isabel—she sang no more,
But ever that small urchin followed ;
Who with the lute upon the floor,
Like a young dryad, whooped and holloed !
And Roland's hound is heard again,
And Roland's hawk hath loosened jesses !
But Roland's smile is brightest when
Beside my All his boy he presses.

II.

SIR HARRY is famed for his amiable way
Of talking a deal when he's nothing to say ;
Sir Harry will sit by our Rosalie's side,
And whisper from morn until eventide ;
Yet, if you would ask of that maiden fair
What Sir Harry said while he lingered there ;
Were the maiden as clever as L. E. L.
Not a word that he said could the maiden tell !

Sir Harry has ears, and Sir Harry has eyes,
And Sir Harry has teeth of the usual size ;
His nose is a nose of the every-day sort—
Not exceedingly long, nor excessively short ;
And his breath, tho' resembling in naught the "sweet
south,"
Is inhaled through his lips, and exhaled from his mouth ;
And yet from the hour that Sir Harry was nursed,
People said that his *head* was no more than my *First* !

Sir Harry has ringlets he curls every day,
And a fortune he spends in pomatums, they say ;
He is just such a youth as our Rosalie bides with,
When she has'nt got *me* to take waltzes or rides with ;
But not such a one as, I ween, she would choose,
Were a youth that *I* know to be caught in the noose ;
For I've oft heard her say—tho' so flighty she's reck-
oned—
That she'd ne'er take a bridegroom who hadn't my *Se-
cond* !

Sir Harry sat out, the last visit he paid,
 From when breakfast was over, till dinner was laid!
 He talked, in his usual lady-like way,
 Of the ball and the ballet—the park and the play.
 Little Rosa, who hoped, ere the *whole* day had passed,
 That the youth would speak out, to the purpose, at last,
 When evening at length was beginning to fall,
 Declared that Sir Harry was naught but my *All!*

III.

MORNING is beaming o'er brake and bower,
 Hark! to the chimes from yonder tower,
 Call ye my First from her chamber now,
 With her snowy veil and her jeweled brow.

Lo! where my Second, in gorgeous array,
 Leads from his stable her beautiful bay,
 Looking for her, as he curvets by,
 With an arching neck, and a glancing eye.

Spread is the banquet, and studied the song;
 Ranged in meet order the menial throng,
 Jerome is ready with book and stole,
 And the maidens fling flowers, but where is my Whole.

Look to the hill, is he climbing its side?
 Look to the stream—is he crossing its tide?
 Out on the false one! he comes not yet—
 Lady, forget him, yea, scorn and forget.

I V.

“My first was dark o’er earth and air,
As dark as she could be !
The stars that gemmed her ebon hair
Were only two or three :
King Cole saw twice as many there
As you or I could see.

“ ‘Away, King Cole,’ mine hostess said,
‘Flagon and flask are dry ;
Your nag is neighing in the shed,
For he knows a storm is nigh.’
She set my Second on his head,
And she set it all awry.”

V.

Come from my First, ay, come !
The battle dawn is nigh ;
And the screaming trump and the thund’ring drum
Are calling thee to die !
Fight as thy father fought,
Fall as thy father fell,
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought ;
So—forward ! and farewell !

Toll ye, my Second ! toll !
Fling high the flambeau’s light ;
And sing the hymn for a parted soul,
Beneath the silent night !

The wreath upon his head,
 The cross upon his breast,
 Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed:
 So—take him to his rest!

Call ye my Whole, ay, call!
 The lord of lute and lay;
 And let him greet the sable pall
 With a noble song to-day;
 Go, call him by his name;
 No fitter hand may crave
 To light the flame of a soldier's fame
 On the turf of a soldier's grave.

 VI.

SIR HILARY charged at Agincourt,—
 Sooth 'twas an awful day!
 And though in that old age of sport
 The rufflers of the camp and court
 Had little time to-pray,
 'Tis said Sir Hilary muttered there
 Two syllables by way of prayer.

My *First* to all the brave and proud
 Who see to-morrow's sun;
 My *Next* with her cold and quiet cloud
 To those who find their dewy shroud
 Before to-day's be done;
 And both together to all blue eyes
 That weep when a warrior nobly dies.

VII.

HE talked of daggers and of darts,
Of passions and of pains,
Of weeping eyes and wounded hearts,
Of kisses and of chains;
He said, though love was kin to grief,
He was not born to grieve;
He said, though many rued belief,
She safely might believe;
But still the lady shook her head,
And swore, by yea and nay,
My Whole was all that he had said,
And all that he could say.

He said, my First—whose silent car
Was slowly wandering by,
Veiled in a vapor faint and far
Though the unfathomed sky—
Was like the smile whose rosy light
Across her young lips passed,
Yet oh! it was not half so bright,
It changed not half so fast;
But still the lady shook her head,
And swore, by yea and nay,
My Whole was all that he had said,
And all that he could say.

And then he set a cypress wreath
Upon his raven hair,
And drew his rapier from its sheath,
Which made the lady stare;

And said, his life-blood's purple flow
My second there should dim,
If she he loved and worshipped so
Would only weep for him ;
But still the lady shook her head,
And swore by yea and nay,
My Whole was all that he had said,
And all that he could say.

VIII.

My *First* came forth in booted state,
For fair Valencia bound ;
And smiled to feel my *Second's* weight,
And hear its creaking sound.

" And here's a goaler sweet," quoth he,
" You cannot bribe or cozen ;
To keep one ward in custody
Wise men will forge a dozen."

But daybreak saw a lady guide
My *Whole* across the plain,
With a handsome cavalier beside,
To hold her bridle-rein :

And " blessings on the bonds," quoth he,
" Which wrinkled age imposes,
If woman must a prisoner be,
Her chain should be of roses."

IX.

I graced Don Pedro's revelry,
All dressed in fire and feather,
When loveliness and chivalry,
Were met to feast together.
He flung the slave who moved the lid,
A purse of maravedis ;
And this that gallant Spaniard did,
For me and for the ladies.

He vowed a vow, that noble knight,
Before he went to table,
To make his only sport the fight,
His only couch the stable,
Till he had dragged as he was bid
Five score of Turks to Cadiz ;—
And this that gallant Spaniard did,
For me and for the ladies.

To ride through mountains, where my *First*
A banquet would be reckoned ;
Through deserts, where to quench their thirst
Men vainly turn my *Second*.
To leave the gates of fair Madrid,
And dare the gates of Hades ;—
And this that gallant Spaniard did,
For me and for the ladies.

X.

ALAS ! for that forgotten day
When Chivalry was nourished,
When none but friars learned to pray
And beef and beauty flourished !
And fraud in kings was held accurst,
And falsehood sin was reckoned,
And mighty chargers bore my First,
And fat monks wore my Second !

Oh, then I carried sword and shield,
And casque with flaunting feather,
And earned my spurs on battle field,
In winter and rough weather ;
And polished many a sonnet up
To ladies' eyes and tresses,
And learned to drain my father's cup,
And loose my falcon's jesses :

But dim is now my grandeur's gleam ;
The mongrel mob grows prouder ;
And everything is done by steam,
And men are killed by powder.
And now I feel my swift decay,
And give unheeded orders,
And rot in paltry state away,
With sheriffs and recorders.

XI.

On the casement frame the wind beat high,
Never a star was in the sky ;
All Kenneth Hold was wrapt in gloom,
And Sir Everard slept in the Haunted Room.

I sat and sang beside his bed ;
Never a single word I said,
 Yet did I scare his slumber ;
And a fitful light in his eye-ball glisten'd,
And his cheek grew pale as he lay and listen'd,
For he thought, or he dream'd, that fiends and fays
Were reckoning o'er his fleeting days,
 And telling out their number.
Was it my Second's ceaseless tone ?
On my Second's hand he laid his own :
The hand that trembled in his grasp,
Was crush'd by his convulsive clasp.

Sir Everard did not fear my First ;
He had seen it in shapes that men deem worst
 In many a field and flood ;
Yet, in the darkness of his dread,
His tongue was parch'd, and his reason fled ;
And he watch'd as the lamp burned low and dim,
To see some Phantom gaunt and grim
 Come, dabbled o'er with blood.

Sir Everard kneel'd, and strove to pray,
He pray'd for light, and he prayed for day,
Till terror check'd his prayer ;
And ever I mutter'd clear and well
"Click, click," like a tolling bell,
Till, bound in Fancy's magic spell,
Sir Everard fainted there.

XII.

THE canvas rattled on the mast,
As rose the swelling sail ;
And gallantly the vessel passed
Before the cheering gale ;
And on my First Sir Florice stood,
As the far shore faded now,
And looked upon the lengthening flood
With a pale and pensive brow :
"When I shall bear thy silken glove
Where the proudest Moslem flee,
My lady love, my lady love,
Oh, waste one thought on me !"

Sir Florice lay in a dungeon cell,
With none to soothe or save ;
And high above his chamber fell
The echo of the wave ;
But still he struck my Second there,
And bade its tones renew
Those hours when every hue was fair,
And every hope was true :—

“If still your angel footsteps move,
Where mine may never be,
My lady love, my lady love,
Oh, dream one dream of me!”

Not long the Christian captive pined!—
My Whole was round his neck;
A sadder necklace ne’er was twined,
So white a skin to deck;
Queen Folly ne’er was yet content
With gems or golden store,
But he who wears this ornament,
Will rarely sigh for more;—
“My spirit to the Heaven above,
My body to the sea,”
My heart to thee, my lady love,
Oh, weep one tear for me!”

XIII.

UNCOUTH was I of face and form,
But strong to blast and blight,
By pestilence or thunderstorm,
By famine or by fight;
Not a warrior went to the battle plain,
Not a pilot steered the ship,
That did not look in doubt and pain,
For an omen of havoc or hurricane,
To my dripping brow and lip.

Within my Second's dark recess
 In silent pomp I dwelt ;
 Before the mouth in lowliness
 My rude adorers knelt ;
 And ever the shriek rang loud within,
 And ever the red blood ran ;
 And amid the sin and smoke and din,
 I sat with a changeless endless grin,
 Forging my First for man.

My priests are rotting in their grave,
 My shrine is silent now,
 There is no victim in my cave,
 No crown upon my brow ;
 Nothing is left but dust and clay
 Of all that was divine ;
 My name and my memory pass away :—
 And yet this bright and glorious day
 Is called by mortals mine !

XIV.

LORD RONALD by the rich torchlight
 Feasted his vassals tall ;
 And he broached my First, that jovial knight,
 Within his bannered hall :
 The red stream went from wood to can,
 And then from can to mouth,
 And the dence a man knew how it ran,
 Nor heeded, north or south :

“Let the health go wide,” Lord Ronald cried,
As he saw the river flow—
“One health to-night to the noblest Bride,
And one to the stoutest Foe!”

Lord Ronald kneeled, when the morning came,
Low in his mistress’ bower ;
And she gave him my Second, that beauteous dame,
For a spell in danger’s hour :
Her silver shears were not at hand ;
And she smiled a playful smile,
As she eleft it with her lover’s brand,
And grew not pale the while :
“And ride, and ride,” Lord Ronald cried,
As he kissed its silken glow ;—
“For he that woos the noblest Bride
Must beard the stoutest Foe !”

Lord Ronald stood, when the day shone fair,
In his garb of glittering mail ;
And marked how my Whole was crumbling there
With the battle’s iron hail :
The bastion and the battlement
On many a craven crown,
Like rocks from some huge mountain rent,
Were tumbling darkly down :
“Whate’er betide,” Lord Ronald cried,
As he bade his trumpets blow—
“I shall win to-night the noblest Bride,
Or fall by the stoutest Foe !”

XV.

ONE day my First young Cupid made
In Vulcan's Lemnian cell,
For alas ! he has learn'd his father's trade,
As many have found too well ;
He work'd not the work with golden twine,
He wreathed it not with flowers,
He left the metal to rust in the mine,
The roses to fade in the bowers :
He forged my First of looks and sighs,
Of painful doubts and fears,
Of passionate hopes and memories,
Of eloquent smiles and tears.

My Second was a wayward thing,
Like others of his name,
With a fancy as light as the gossamer's wing,
And a spirit as hot as flame,
And apt to trifle time away,
And rather fool than knave,
And either very gravely gay,
Or very gaily grave ;
And far too weak, and far too wild,
And far too free of thought,
To rend what Venus' laughing child
On Vulcan's anvil wrought.

And alas ! as he led, that festal night,
His mistress down the stair,
And felt, by the flambeau's flickering light,
That she was very fair,

He did not guess—as they paused to hear,
How music's dying tone
Came mournfully to the distant ear,
With a magic all its own—
That the archer god, to thrall his soul,
Was lingering in the porch,
Disguised that evening, like my Whole,
With a sooty face and torch.

XVI.

THE Indian lover burst
From his lone cot by night ;—
When Love hath lit my First,
In hearts by Passion nurst,
Oh ! who shall quench the light ?

The Indian left the shore ;
He heard the night wind sing,
And curs'd the tardy oar,
And wish'd that he could soar,
Upon my Second's wing.

The blast came cold and damp,
But, all the voyage through,
I lent my lingering lamp
As o'er the marshy swamp
He paddled his canoe.

XVII.

WHEN Ralph by holy hands was tied
For life to blooming Cis,
Sir Thrifty too drove home his bride,
A fashionable Miss,
That day, my First, with jovial sound
Proclaim'd the happy tale,
And drunk was all the country round
With pleasure—or with ale.

Oh, why should Hymen ever blight
The roses Cupid wore?—
Or why should it be ever night
Where it was day before?—
Or why should women have a tongue,
Or why should it be curs'd,
In being, like my Second, long,
And louder than my First?

“ You blackguard !” cries the rural wench,
My lady screams, “ Ah, bête !”
And Lady Thrifty scolds in French,
And Cis in Billingsgate ;
’Til both their Lords my Second try,
To end connubial strife—
Sir Thrifty hath the means to die,
And Ralph—to beat his wife !

XVIII.

A TEMPLAR kneel'd at a friar's knee ;
He was a comely youth to see,
With curling locks and forehead high,
And flushing cheek, and flashing eye ;
And the monk was as jolly and large a man
As ever laid lip to a convent can,
Or called for a contribution ;
As ever read, at midnight hour,
Confessional in lady's bower,
Ordain'd for a peasant the penance whip,
Or spoke for a noble's venial slip
A venal absolution.

“ Oh, Father ! in the dim twilight
I have sinned a grievous sin to-night ;
And I feel hot pain e'en now begun
For the fearful murder I have done.

“ I rent my victim's coat of green ;
I pierced his neck with my dagger keen ;
The red stream mantled high ;
I grasp'd him, Father, all the while
With shaking hand, and feverish smile,
And said my jest, and sang my song,
And laugh'd my laughter, loud and long,
Until his glass was dry !

“Though he was rich, and very old,
I did not touch a grain of gold,
But the blood I drank from the bubbling vein
Hath left on my lip a purple stain.”

“My son ! my son ! for this thou hast done,
Though the sands of thy life for aye should run,”
The merry monk did say ;
“Though thine eye be bright, and thine heart be light,
Hot spirits shall haunt thee all the night,
Blue devils all the day.”

The thunders of the Church were ended,
Back on his way the Templar wended ;
But the name of him the Templar slew
Was more than the Inquisition knew.

XIX.

Row on, row on !—The First may light
My shallop o’er the wave to-night ;
But she will hide in a little while,
The lustre of her silent smile ;
For fickle she is, and changeful still,
As a madman’s wish, or a woman’s will.

Row on, row on !—The Second is high
In my own bright lady’s balcony ;
And she beside it, pale and mute,
Untold her beads, untouched her lute,
Is wondering why her lover’s skiff
So slowly glides to the lonely cliff.

Row on, row on!—When the Whole is fled,
The song will be hushed, and the rapture dead;
And I must go in my grief again
To the toils of day, and the haunts of men,
To a future of fear, and a present of care,
And memory's dream of the things that were.

XX.

My first, in torrents bleak and black,
Was rushing from the sky,
When, with my second at his back,
Young Cupid wandered by:
“Now take me in; the moon hath passed;
I pray ye, take me in!
The lightnings flash, the hail falls fast,
All Hades rides the thunder-blast;
I'm dripping to the skin!”

“I know thee well, thy songs and sighs;
A wicked god thou art,
And yet most welcome to the eyes,
Most witching to the heart!”
The wanderer prayed another prayer,
And shook his drooping wing;
The lover bade him enter there,
And wrung my first from out his hair,
And dried my second's string.

And therefore,—(so the urchin swore,
 By Styx, the fearful river,
 And by the shafts his quiver bore,
 And by his shining quiver,)
 That Lover aye shall see my whole
 In Life's tempestuous Heaven ;
 And when the lightnings cease to roll,
 Shall fix on me his dreaming soul
 In the deep calm of even !

 XXI.

THE widow Jones is fair and fat ;
 And her gait is seldom hurried,—
 What has the widow Jones been at,
 That to-day she looks so flurried ?
 Sir Hugh has ridden a score of miles,
 And well "*my first*" has sped him,
 To drink in the tones of the widow Jones,
 And to ask her if she'd wed him.

Now simple maidens, who nothing know,
 Will melt when a lover woos 'em ;—
 Then how, when her suitors bend so low,
 Should a widow's lip refuse 'em ?
 And many a day, as her neighbours say,
 Though so grave and good she's reckoned,
 To win Sir Hugh, and keep him true,
 Has the widow spun "*my second* !"

And so when, at last, he declared his love,
And described his varied feelings,
And told how he needed some hand to move
“My all” from his doors and ceilings;
The widow Jones, with a gentle “yes,”
Put an end to the old man’s sorrow,
And declared that in cupboard, shelf, or press,
Not one should remain to-morrow!

Now though you may wonder the good old
knight
So long for a wife should tarry,
And though you may fancy the cause was slight
Which induced Sir Hugh to marry;
Yet I think you will see, in the Registry,
Where *all* weddings are now included,
That nine out of ten of our married men
Have wed for the cause Sir Hugh did!

XXII.

THERE kneels in holy St. Cuthbert’s aisles
No holier father than Father Giles;
Matins or vespers, it matters not which,
He is ever there, like a saint in his niche;
Morning and midnight his missal he reads,
Midnight and morning he tells his beads!

Wide spread the fame of the holy man,
Powerful his blessing, and potent his ban ;
Wondrous the marvels his piety works
On unbelieving heathens and infidel Turks ;
But strangest of all is the power he is given
To turn maidens' hearts to the service of heaven !

St. Ursula's prioress comes to-day,
At holy St. Cuthbert's shrine to pray ;
She comes with an offering—she comes with a
prayer—
For she leads to the altar the Lady Clare.
Mary, mother ! how fair a maid
To leave the world for a cloister's shade !

She yields to-morrow her golden lands
For the church's use—the church's hands ;
She quits the world, with its pleasures and wiles,
And to-day she confesses to Father Giles ;
Slight is the penance, I ween, may atone
For all of sin she hath ever known !

“Daughter, since last thou hast kneel'd for grace
Hath peace in thy heart found a dwelling-place ?
From thy heart hast thou banish'd each worldly
thought,
Save thy spirit's weal, hast thou pined for naught ?”
Moist is her kerchief, and droop'd her head,
But “my first,” is all poor Clara said.

- “Daughter! thy cheek hath grown pale and thin,
Is thy spirit chastened and pure within?
• Gone from thy glance is its ancient mirth,
Are thy sighs for heaven, or thy tears for earth?”
For earth are her sighs—yet poor Clara knows
“My second” no more than the spring’s first
 rose.

Why doth he tremble—that holy man—
At eye so sunk, and at cheek so wan?
Less bitter the tears, less burning the sighs,
Heaven asks from her willing votaries;
Alas! when “my all” weeps as Clara weeps,
Holy Church gaineth more than she oft times
 keeps “

St. Ursula’s altar was dress’d that day,
The maiden was there, but the monk was away;
St. Ursula’s altar was lighted that night,
There were murmurs of sacrilege—whispers of
 flight,
And legends tell us that Father Giles
Was never seen more in St. Cuthbert’s aisles!

XXIII.

IN other days, when hope was bright,
Ye spoke to me of love and light,

Of endless spring, and cloudless weather,
And hearts that doted link'd together !

But now ye tell another tale,
That life is brief, and beauty frail,
That joy is dead, and fondness blighted,
And hearts that doted disunited !

Away ! ye grieve and ye rejoice
In one unfelt, unfeeling voice ;
And ye, like every friend below,
Are hollow in your joy and woe !

XXIV.

My first's an airy thing,
 Joying in its flowers,
Evermore wandering
 In Fancy's bowers ;
Living on beauteous smiles
 From eyes that glisten,
And telling of Love's wiles
 To ears that listen.

But if, in its first flush
 Of warm emotion,
My second comes to crush
 Its young devotion,

Oh! then it wastes away,
 Weeping and waking,
 And, on some sunny day,
 Is blest in breaking.



XXV.

COUNT HAROLD.

I.

COUNT HAROLD hath built him the bower of his rest,
 On the rock where the wild bird hath fixed her nest,
 When, faint in the stretch of her uppermost flight,
 On the towers of Count Harold the eagle will light;
 The sturdiest yeoman that ever drew bow
 Could scarce send a shaft from the valley below,
 And the downiest plume in the young eaglet's lair
 Might ward off the bolt if it reached him there!

Little reck he—Count Harold—for Kaiser or King,
 All he lacks to his lair on the rock he can bring;
 The buck from the forest, the lamb from the fold;
He asks for no license—*he* pays with no gold:
 To prince or to prelate no tithe or no tax—
 He gives with the gauntlet, and takes with the axe.
 All *his* messengers say, when they ride from his steep,
 “What we lack, ye *must* give,—what we don't, ye *may*
 keep!”

And yet, amid merriment, wassail, and wine,
 Count Harold grew sad in his tower on the Rhine;
 And oft, when the feast and the revel were past,
 And the guests were all gone, would his brow grow
 o'ercast;

And oft would he turn, when no footstep was nigh,
 And oft would he listen, when none could reply:
 What step doth he look for?—what voice doth he
 hear?

Who laughs at all love, and who scoffs at all fear!

Oh! pleasant the bound of the courser may be,
 When he flies like an arrow o'er landscape and lea;
 And joyous the flight of the falcon true,
 When he follows his prey through the vault of blue:
 Yet who—when the course of the falcon is o'er,
 And the step of the courser is fleet no more—
 Hath not pined for *some* pillow that's softer than down,
 His evening to solace, his toils to crown?

The chase was done, and the quarry was won,
 And Count Harold dismounted at set of sun!
 The board is loaded with costly cheer,
 From bristled boar, and from antlered deer;
 Old Rudolph is bearing a sturdy chine,
 Grey Reginal comes with his ruby wine,—
 Yet coldly Lord Harold hath turned away
 From the festive board, and the goblet gay!

“I’ve tended his footsteps,” old Rudolph sighed,
 “From the hour that his sainted mother died;

I've followed him forth through foray and fray,
 Through good and through ill, since his natal day;
 But never before have I seen him wear
 So gloomy a look, and so sad an air,
 Since the eve we rode from yon tourney fight,
 And Harold, as ever, was victor Knight!

"Ten courses he ran there—ten lances he broke,—
 Their limbs ne'er quivered—their lips ne'er spoke,
 But at each *carrière* lay a warrior low,
 From that one dire shock,—and that one dread blow!
 Yet bore he nor war-steed nor armour away
 From the blood-stained lists,—or the breathless clay,—
 A silken gaud from a maiden's hand—
 And he turned his courser, and sheathed his brand!

"But small, since that morning, Lord Harold's de-
 light,
 In jocund forest, or joyous night:—
 Oh! oft have *I* fancied a young maid's eye
 Must be lit with some spell of glamourie!
 For ever, *they* say, who have felt the wiles
 Of its silent music, or speaking smiles,
 No mother's child that was ever nursed
 Is proof 'gainst its spells, till he's done '*My First!*' "

II.

There is clash of armour, and note of fray,
 In Count Harold's tower on the Rhine to-day!

And mailed men, in the court below,
Bear axe, and corslet, and brand, and bow!
No falcon is there, in his jesses and hood,
Nor varlet, nor page, for the gay greenwood—
But warriors grim, in their coats of steel,
With belted brand, and with armed heel!

With blood-red nostril, and fiery bound,
Lord Harold's destrier paws the ground—
With lance and shield, and with forehead bare,
Lord Harold's esquires are waiting there—
A hasty step, and a hurried word,
And he vaults to his seat like a wingèd bird!
And, marvel of marvels! a scarf of blue
Floats down from his helm in the morning dew!

"Now, Mary mother! be good to us all,"
Old Rudolph said, "he is witchcraft's thrall—
I've cross'd this drawbridge, through shower and shine,
For twenty years,—but a gaud so fine
As that he bears on his morion now,
Ne'er saw I—*but once*—on my master's brow!
Saints! be good to us all, I pray,
For mischief I ween's in the wind to-day!"

From the eagle's tower on the mountain side,
They come to the blue Rhine's rushing tide;
No ferry is waiting by that steep shore
To carry or steed or his rider o'er;

But when did torrent impose delay—
Or earth—or air—in Count Harold's way?—
One stroke of the spur—and their steeds are in,—
One more—and the furthestmost bank they win!

The chimes of St. Goar were tolling to prayer
When Count Harold rode from his rocky lair!—
St. Goar's monks had not told their beads,
When they heard the tramp of Count Harold's steeds;
“And who,” said the Abbot, “so bold as knock
At our holy gates with so rude a shock?
I know of but *one*, on the broad Rhine's shore,
Would strike with his brand at The Church's door!”

That morn had the Abbess of Nonnenworth rode
From the cloistered halls of her lone abode,
To hold high counsel with prelate and priest,
For sacred fast, and for solemn feast!
For, bound in the spell of some hidden sorrow,
The Lady Isabel seeks to-morrow,
In The Church's bosom, and Convent's gloom,
An orphan's home, and a maiden's tomb!

Ah me!—sad lesson for earthly pride,
With beauty so rare, and with lands so wide!
And now at the altar she kneels, to ask
Comfort and strength for her heavenly task;
Rest, in a world of holier bliss,
Pardon, for aught she hath erred in this;—

When, hark! like the roar of the thunder's shock
Rings a trumpet's blast, and Count Harold's knock!

"Ho! Monks of St. Goar! unbar your gates,
For the weather is rude,—and Count Harold waits!
He tells you, lead from her cloistered cell
Fair Nonnenworth's heiress—young Isabel!
And he bids you—both prelate and priest,
Both novice and nun—to a bridal feast!"
"Ho, ho!" quoth old Rudolph, "the greybeards
reckoned
On gentler guests, when they forged *my second!*"

III.

There was marvelous odor of pastries and pies
That night in St. Goar's butteries!
Flagon and flask have been emptied and filled,
Barrel and butt have been broached and spilled,
And good old Rudolph his morion lost
In a huge mulled hogshead of sack and toast;—
Never, I ween, for so godless a rout,
Hath Holy Church drawn her spigots out!

In a little chapel of sculptured stone,
Where the rite was breathed, and the benison,
Where evening stole with a softened spell,
Count Harold is kneeling to Isabel!
"And oh!" he said, "if my sin be great,
The priest can absolve—and the church abate,

And masses purchased at many a shrine
Shall pardon win for this deed of mine!

“I could not rest on my couch by night
Since I won thy scarf at the tourney fight,—
I could not rest in my halls by day;
When I knelt at the altar I could not pray;—
But here I turn from my ways of wrath,
And *thou* shalt teach me a Heavenward path,
And I'll hold both castle and lands in fee
Of Holy Church—for the love of thee!”

Ye who have known, in your heart's sweet prime,
To cherish one feeling that mocks all time,
To win but *one* look, and yet still adore,
To drink but *one* sigh, yet scarce ask for more,
Ye! who may tell what a young maid feels
When he she hath worshipped in secret knees,
Who have solaced one evening with love's sweet
 lore,—
Say! ask ye aught of the rhymers more?

And Harold grew to an altered man,
For the church can bless, as the church can ban,—
And mass, and penance, and holy lay
Have washed the stain of his youth away;
Buckler and brand he hath laid aside,
Seldom he strays from Isabel's side,—
For thus, they say, doth it ever befall
The wildest hearts, when they tempt “*my all!*”

L'ENVOI.

Young bride! when late *you* roamed along
 The magic scenes of my idle song,
 Say, did no words like Harold's fall
 From lips as bound in *thy* magic thrall?
 Change but this rhyming phrase of mine,
 Know'st *thou* no voice by the pleasant Rhine,
 That whispered a tale, and that knew a spell,
 As sweet as my Harold's for Isabel?

Broke *He* not, too, a lance for thee,
 With the flower of our English chivalry?
 Laid he not down, at thy command,
 The soldier's garb, and the warrior's brand,—
 Sits he not now by thy gentle side,
 In thine own proud halls, at eventide,
 Seeking no guerdon beneath the skies,
 Save a loving glance from those lovelit eyes?

Ah, me!—it was pleasant to minstrel eyes
 To look on your heart's young ecstasies!
 To think amid sorrow, and guilt, and sin,
 There is *something* of heavenlier origin
 That lingers yet in this world of ours,
 To tinge our landscapes,—to tint our flowers!
 Oh! Love! if through *thee* we lost Eden's skies,
 Thou canst still make the bleak earth—*Para-*
 dise!

XXVI.

QUEEN BESS will take the air to-day, with her princes
and her peers,
At her castle gates "*my first*" awaits—'mid its guards
and halberdiers;—
Sage Burleigh on his mistress tends,—and Walsing-
ham is there,—
And the stately step of Leicester waits beside the pal-
ace stair,—
A flourish on the trumpets, and a roll upon the drums,
And, like the sun from out the east, the Royal Lady
comes!

St. Hubert! what a ruff she wears! and what a glance
she throws,
As the shout "Long live our maiden Queen!" from a
thousand voices rose!
Bright diamonds gem her robe of gold, bright rubies
deck her hair,
But her queenly glance is brighter far than the bright-
est jewel there;—
'Mid belted earls, and booted knights, rough boor, and
churlish clown,
No eye but quails beneath her glance,—but blanches
at her frown!

What stops the Ladye of the Land?—why halt the
royal suite?—
Oh! heedless grooms! to leave the path unswept be-
neath such feet;—

One moment's pause—but one—when lo! a youth is
 kneeling there,
The mantle torn from off his breast, that queenly foot
 to bear;
One frown upon her angry brow, like a passing me-
 teor, shone,
One glance upon that kneeling youth—and the royal
 train sweeps on!

Oh! beauty every toil can pay with the coinage of
 her eyes,
And love requite, with one small word, a wilderness
 of sighs!
Yet though "*my second*" he had been in many a
 lady's bower,
And shared, with paroquet and pug, her fondness, or
 her power,
Yet never as to-day he feels hath Raleigh felt of yore,
And ne'er as they are throbbing now have those puls-
 es throbbed before!

"What, ho! Lord Marshal! by your leave, ere yet
 our way we take,
We'll see this youth who would thus mar gay man-
 tles for our sake;
For by my troth, my lords! there be who follow in
 our train,
From this same youth might stoop to learn a courtesy,
 or twain,—

How say you, sirs! such gentle deeds, methinks, were
 well repaid,
 My Lord of Leicester's cloak's unsoiled, wilt please him
 lend his blade?"

'Twas thus in good Queen Bess's time, in this our Eng-
 lish land,
 Young Raleigh won his spurs, they say, from good
 Queen Bess's hand.
 And never yet in ladye's eye did nobler youth find
 grace,
 And never yet, by sovereign's side, found better
 knight a place,
 To lead the fight in tented field,—the dance in courtly
 hall,
 Or to spread beneath Queen Beauty's feet, at the ban-
 quet board, "*my all!*"

 XXVII.

I CARE not, since our lot is cast
 To stem the stream of life together,
 For toil to come—for peril past—
 For summer sky, or wintry weather:
 Oh! scant howe'er "*my first*" be here,
 And dark as grows the wave I float on,
 At least I'll have forever near,
 The lips I love—the eyes I dote on!

And never,—so that lip, as now,
Breathes out that same sweet comfort to
me,—
Oh ! never shall my spirit bow,
Though fortune frown, or fate pursue me ;
Keep but the same soft voice to cheer,
The same warm eyes to glad and guide me ;
Be but “ *my second* ”—I shall fear
Nor change, nor chance, that *can* betide
me !

And so we'll reach some quiet nook
Adown life's stream—our trust unshaken
In Him whom we have ne'er forsook,
By whom we ne'er shall be forsaken ;
And when, at last, “ *my all* ” we say,
'Twill be with such a gentle sorrow
As souls may feel on earth to-day
When sure to meet in Heaven to-morrow !

Oh ! pleasant is the gift of song !
The fairy spell the rhymer borrows,
Which sunshine thus can fling along
Life's cold realities and sorrows :
Which makes him half forget his cares,
While thus he blends, with heart of feather,
The sadder thoughts his bosom shares,
And fancy's rainbow hues, together !

XXVIII.

UPON a cold December night,
When half the world had pressed their pillows,
Young Juan loosed his shallop light
From where 'twas moored—among the willows.
The boy had left the crowded hall,
His food untouched, his cup untasted ;
For what to Love is feast or ball
If she—the loved one—have not graced it ?
“ And ne'er,” he said, “ I quench my thirst
Where wit or wine are brightest reckoned,
Until *her* hand shall crown ‘ my first,’
Until *her* presence gladd ‘ my second ! ’ ”

Coldly the leaves the night breeze shook,
As down the wave the shallop glided,
Until it reached a quiet nook,
Amid the rushes hid—beside it :
A lattice gleams above the stream,
Bright eyes are looking o'er the water ;
A moment more—it is *no* dream—
He clasps fair Seville's fairest daughter :
“ Hush—hush ! ” the trembling maiden said,
As to his couch the boy she beckoned,—
“ Quick :—drain ‘ my first,’—prepare for bed,
And oh ! tread softly o'er ‘ my second ! ’ ”

He drained the cup—that wearied boy—

While those dark eyes, like magic, bound him,
And Isabel, with quiet joy,

Tucked in the curtain all around him :

“Hark ! ’twas a step !” the Virgin grant

Old Donna Inez be not waking ;—

Another yet—“my aunt—my aunt !”—

And Juan like a leaf is shaking.

Never a word the maiden spoke,

But, while she vowed a score of masses,
She shut poor Juan, with a poke,

Into “my all”—among the glasses !

There is no stir upon the air,

Again their hearts are calmly beating ;

There is no step upon the stair,

Again those burning lips are meeting.

Oh ! doubly sweet—the peril past ;

A lover’s sighs—a maiden’s errors ;

And skies whose blue is ne’er o’ercast

Lose *half* their charms—if *all* their terrors :

“But, by my soul !” young Juan said,

“While youths to beauty’s lattice clamber,

That maid is mad who goes to bed

Without ‘my all’ within her chamber !”

XXIX.

HE told her he had bent the knee,
And talked of daggers and of halters,
And vowed untired fidelity,—
At half-a-dozen shrines and altars!
And yet he swore “by Heaven above!”
Till *she* appeared—that all his senses
Ne’er learned to conjugate “I love”
Through half its moods, or half its tenses!

He told her—(and the simple maid
Felt, while he spoke, “my first” so fluttered,
That half the splendid things he said
Might just as well have ne’er been uttered)—
That never—till he saw *her* eyes,
Had sunlight seemed a farthing candle!
And never—till he heard *her* sighs,
Could he find music—out of Handel!

She listened: ah! what maid could chide
A youth with locks so raven,
Who wore his neckcloth all untied,
And left his beard a week unshaven:—
She listened,—till her lover sees
Poor Lucy’s heart no more a riddle,—
And till “my second” in his knees
Cut short his speeches in the middle!

Ah! Love!—a wicked Love!—thy shrine
 Is strewed around with broken fetters,—
 Who calls thine altars *now* divine?
 Who are thy priests?—insolvent debtors!
 Who pay a farthing in a pound
 To all who, like poor Lucy, treat them,
 And leave “my all,” where once they found
 But smiles and trusting hearts to greet them!

Athenæum, January, 1839.

XXX.

SIR GEOFFREY lay in his cushioned chair
 Nursing his gouty knee;
 The Lady Dorothy, tall and spare,
 Was mixing his Colchicum tea;
 And Beatrice, with her soft blue eyes,
 Was teaching her poodle to jump at flies!

Sir Geoffrey muttered—Sir Geoffrey moaned
 At each twitch of his ancient foe,—
 Aunt Dorothy grumbled—*aunt Dorothy* groaned,
 “Was there ever so red a toe?”
 That poor old Knight!—when it twinged him worst,
 To the hatchet had willingly yielded “my first!”

She smoothed his pillows—she mixed his draught,
 No doctor was half so clever;
 He swallowed the pill, and the dose he quaffed—
 But that toe! ’twas as red as ever!

Oh! a maiden lady of sixty-three
Makes "my second" but ill for a gouty knee!

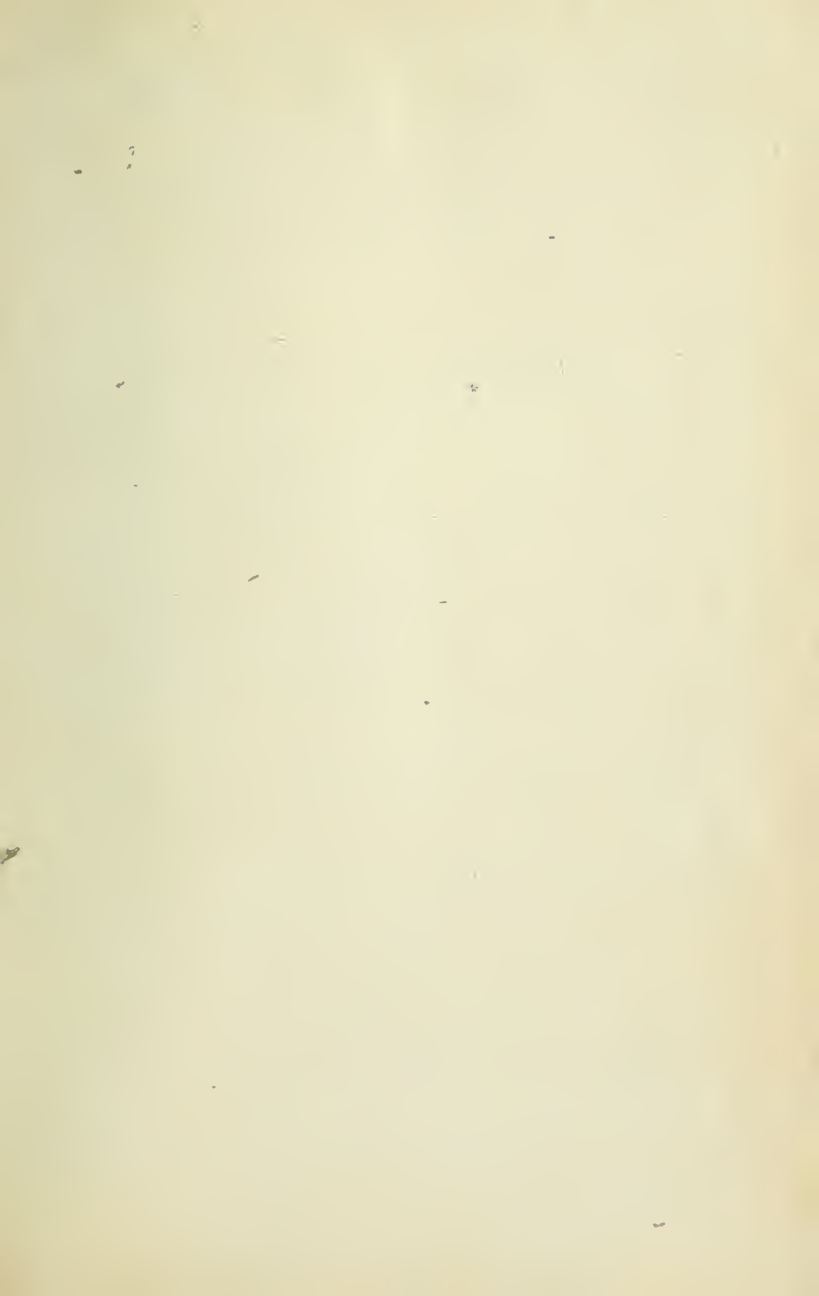
But Beatrice came with her tiny hand
To where the old Knight lay,
And a single touch, like the fairy's wand,
Hath banished his plague away.
And Sir Geoffrey uttered nor cry nor call
While blue-eyed Beatrice smoothed "my all."

I've heard of Sir Benjamin's far-famed skill
At setting a broken bone;
I've swallowed Sir Anthony's marvellous pill
When Sciatica twitched my own;
But I never could hear, among rich or poor,
Of so wondrous a thing as Sir Geoffrey's cure!

For all your doctors, with all their brains,
Might write till their pens ran dry;
But they ne'er could have banished Sir Geoffrey's
pains,
Shall I tell you the reason why?—
Old Galen's pages have quite left out
A young maid's cure for an old man's gout!







UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, LOS ANGELES
THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below

APR 5 1961

APR 27, 61

MAY 18 1961

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 372 414 3

PR
5189
P7
1860
v.1

